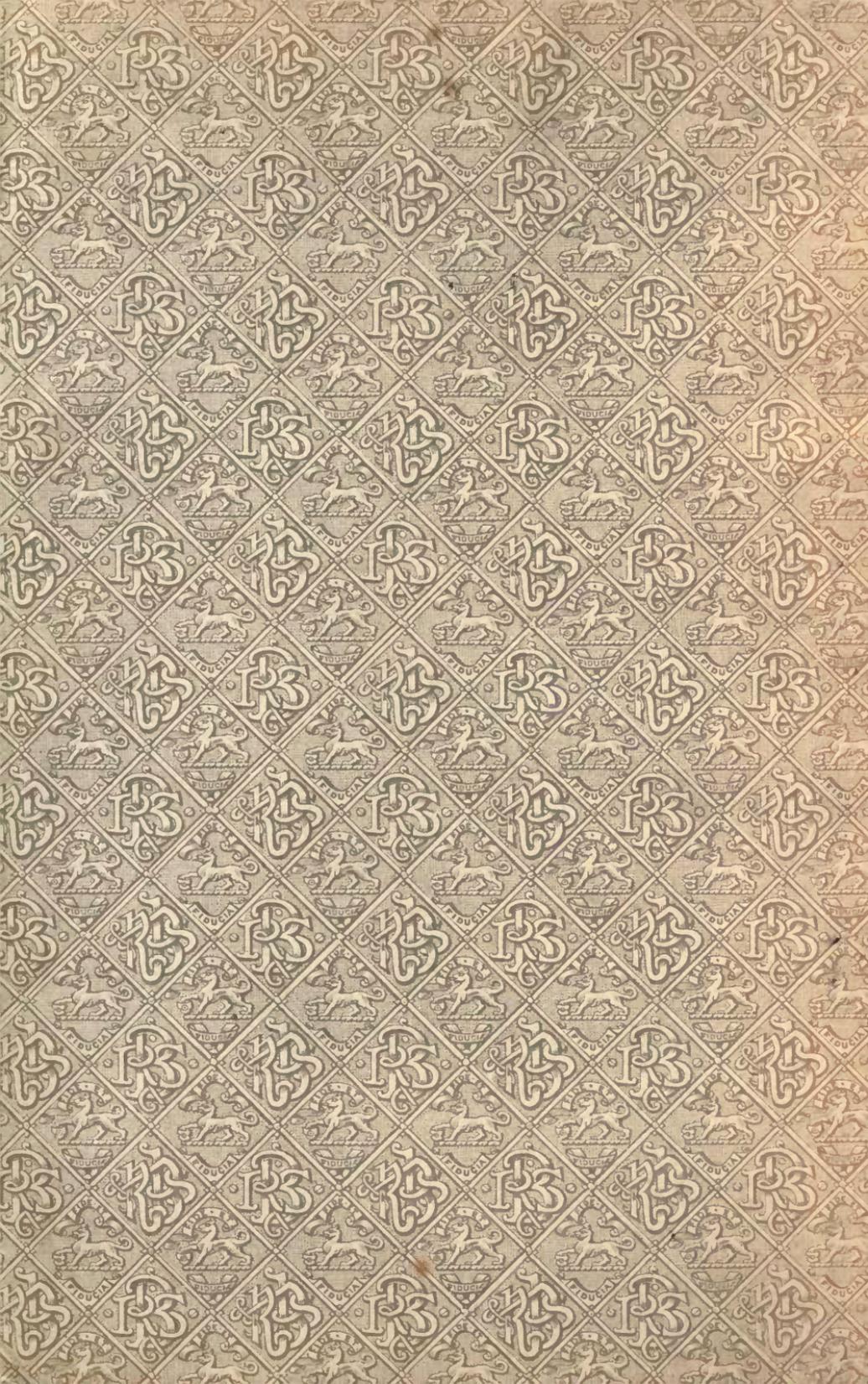




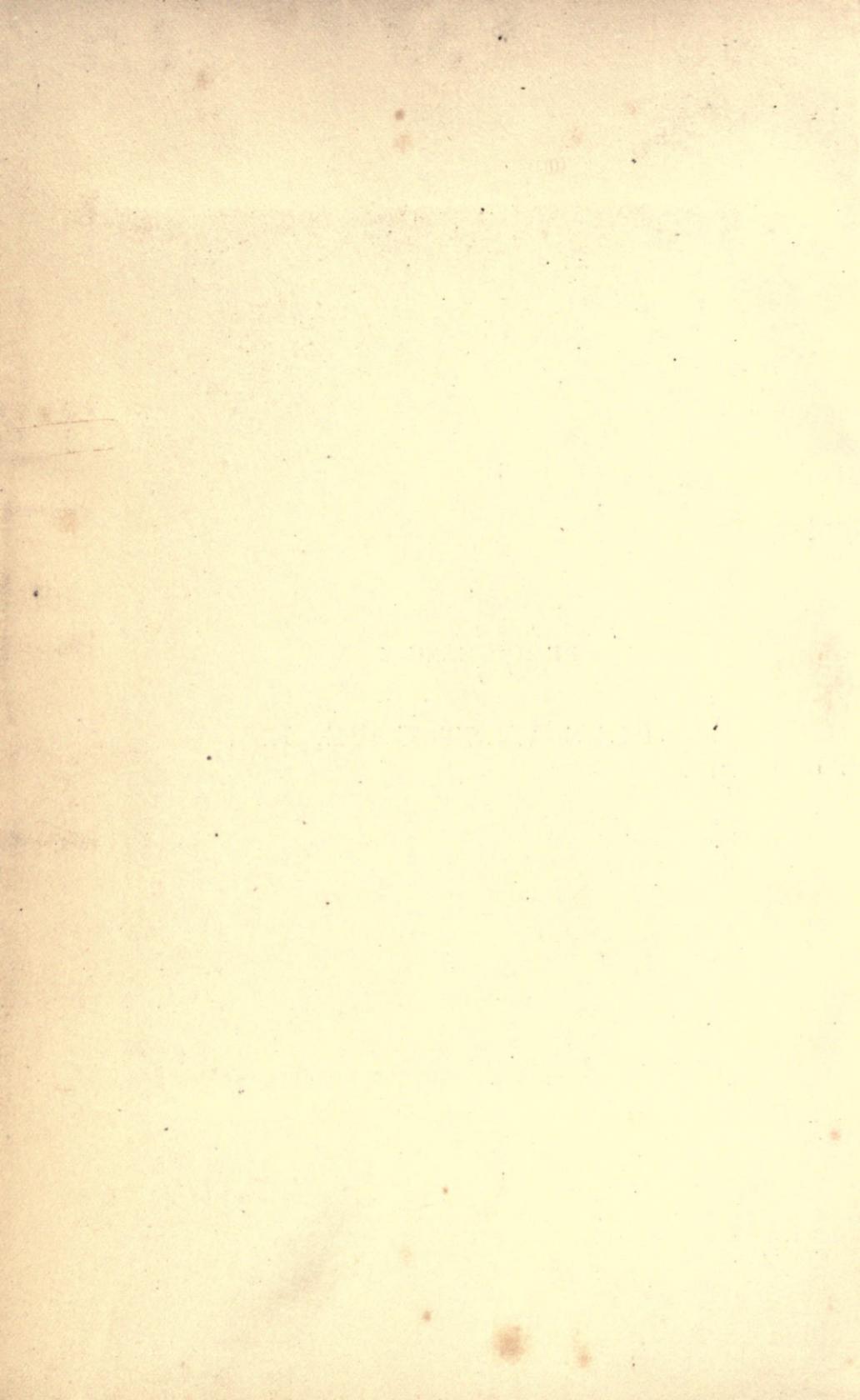
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REMINISCENCES
OF
CHARLES WEST COPE, R.A.







CHARLES WEST COPE, R. A.

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REMINISCENCES
OF
CHARLES WEST COPE

R. A.

BY
HIS SON
CHARLES HENRY COPE, M.A.



LONDON
RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON

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REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES WEST COPE, R.A.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE : 1811—1827.

HAVING been frequently asked by my younger children to give them some account of my early life, of which they are almost entirely ignorant, I proceed to jot down what I remember, as well as what I have been told, of my very few relations.

I was born at Leeds (in Park Square) on July 28, 1811. I had a sister a year older. Shortly after my birth my mother died, also her sister, 'Aunt Nancy,' of consumption, and my father was left a widower with two children.

He was an enthusiastic artist, and named my sister 'Ellen *Turner*,' and me 'Charles *West*,' Cope, after two eminent painters, both of whom he knew personally. My mother also, I was told, was a gifted amateur. Her drawings in water-colour were as good as could be, mostly of figure (rural) subjects, with refined and rich colour, of which I

only remember two or three. My father was a water-colour painter in landscape pure and simple. In those early days there was not a great demand for modern works of art, so that he gained his income by giving lessons. He had a great number of pupils, and was well-to-do in worldly matters, and highly respected.

As I was, I believe, rather a puny child, I was sent out to Woodhouse Moor, then quite in the country, to be nursed by a very strong, healthy woman named Jane Sharp, whose husband was the manager of a steam-engine near their cottage, and I have been told that I always accompanied Jane to take the dinner to her husband, William Sharp, toddling at her side and holding her gown. She was my foster-mother, and to her I attribute the good constitution I have had, which to a great extent must have modified any original delicacy. Jane Sharp had several sons and one daughter. She died in middle life, but her husband lived to a good old age, and in his last years I helped him till he died.

I must have lived at Woodhouse Moor for two or three years, as I so completely acquired the Northern dialect that, when I returned home, I was unintelligible, and it was thought advisable to send me to school in the South. I was therefore sent to London, and the first distinct recollection I have is of sitting on the knee of a pale lady, who kissed me and cried; this was my Aunt Eliza who afterwards resided in my father's house. From thence I was sent to a boarding-school in Camberwell Grove kept

by a Mrs. Johnson. It was a large old-fashioned house with a large garden. I remember our going to church, two and two, and an object of great interest in the town was a huge tin grasshopper over a grocer's shop-door, with which I renewed acquaintance many years after in a walk through Camberwell to Dulwich Gallery. Probably it still exists. At that school I dislocated my right arm. During the holidays I lived with Aunt Eliza and a very fat, good-natured old lady, called Aunt Strong, somewhere in Pimlico, near a canal. There was a very handsome collie dog, and a very old lady who sat and rocked in a chair all day, and muttered to herself. I was afraid of her, as she could not endure 'noisy children.' There was a rocking-horse overhead which caused many complaints. The collie dog went mad, and bit Aunt Eliza in the arm, and it was destroyed. I was next sent to school at a Mr. Terry's, at Great Marlow. This was a rough experience for a boy about seven years old. I was bullied by all, and led a miserable life. On half-holidays we went with an usher into the woods, and one of the amusements of the older boys was to drive small boys away and leave them to wander about when lost. Another was to climb the tall beech-trees to take squirrels' nests. The parents were killed by throwing at them short clubs loaded with lead. These animals were afterwards roasted over a fire in a hut in the play-ground, built of interwoven boughs covered with clay and thatched, and where we imagined ourselves very comfortable.

One day two big boys each held an end of a hedge-stake on their shoulders; another placed me astride it, and if I attempted to hold on with my hands I received a rap on the knuckles, so that I was obliged to try and balance myself. The boys occasionally gave a jerk, and the amusement consisted in seeing the awkward contortions of the victim. Of course I was upset, and falling across my left arm, it was dislocated, and also broken at the elbow-joint. Mrs. Terry, while waiting for the surgeon, gave me some pears, which I ate. When the operation of replacing the bones was going on she fainted, and had to be attended to. I was then bandaged and put to bed. At night some of the big boys came into my bedroom and roughly tore down the clothes to see what a broken arm was like, holding a candle over the arm, which fell out and burnt the arm above the bandage, and raised a large blister. I was then left for a few days in peace. At length I was allowed to walk in the master's private garden. The boys, however, enticed me out, and volunteered to wheel me in a barrow into a neighbouring cornfield. There they upset me into a dry ditch full of thistles, and my arm slipped out of the sling, and seemed all wrong again. Fever set in, and I was freely leeches, sitting in the hot sun in the kitchen, and then put to bed again, and the surgeon's amputating tools were sent for, to be ready for emergencies. But the swelling and fever subsided, and again I was allowed in the garden. I was very weak, and the hot sun and the odour of

scabious flowers made me feel faint. At the end of a hot gravel walk I found a cool green arbour, and made for it ; but to my dismay I found it occupied by a (to me) beautiful angel in a thin white dress. I retreated, but she gently rose and led me back, took me on her knee and kissed me ; on which I fell a-blubbering. I was not used to words of kindness. I afterwards had to undergo what was called 'passive motion' of the elbow, and very painful it was, bending the stiff joint by main force. Also I had to carry an oyster-barrel filled with stones to straighten it. In the master's garden was a fine plum-tree, and I was ordered by my tyrants to shake the tree and throw them the plums ; but at last my patience was exhausted, and I refused, and dire were the threats to punish me. How well I remember the outline of the Marlow woods as seen from my bedroom window, the summer fading into autumn ! At last deliverance came, and my father took me to London to consult an eminent surgeon, Mr. Clive. I hesitated to let him examine me, as a foolish woman had told me that he would break my arm again ; but the kind old man soothed me, and patted my head, and promised me not to do anything without my leave. I then suffered him ; and he said it was a good cure for so serious a smash, and that in time the arm would recover some degree of movement. This it did, but it has never since been other than a crooked limb with limited action. Next day I was taken to Mr. Cartwright, the dentist, and he extracted four teeth, 'to make room,' he said.

The following day the punishment was to be repeated with two double teeth; but I got under a circular table and clung to the pillar, and kicked so viciously that he let me off! My father then took me back to Yorkshire, and also Aunt Eliza. I remember only one incident on the journey. Our chaise was going through Sherwood Forest, and some men called to our postilion to stop. My father got out, and found two men with a prisoner they had taken for some crime, and we were requested to send constables from the next town, which we did. The prisoner looked a strong fellow, but he was firmly bound.

After my return to Leeds I was entered as a pupil at the Grammar School there. There were three masters. I was under the third, but soon got into the second school under the Rev. W——. He was a very severe master, and for his extreme cruelty he had been deprived of the power of flogging, and sent up all delinquents to be flogged by the head-master (Rev. G. Walker, Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge), a very humane man (*after* he'd had breakfast). To make up for this deprivation, W—— invented other punishments, such as pulling boys' ears, sometimes till they bled, knocking knuckles with his ruler, pulling hair out, causing boys to stand or kneel on forms holding up a heavy leaden ink-stand, etc., until some imposition, such as a hundred lines of Virgil, was executed, to be doubled each day if they were not finished. Of course, the debt increased daily, and boys sometimes stood up for

weeks together, till some great holiday wiped out the account, or the delinquent was disabled by broken health. W——'s favourite term for a dull boy was to call him '*it*'—'Doesn't *it* know?' 'Can't *it* tell?' etc. Under this treatment boys became rebellious, so that at last the method pursued was as follows: to call up (say) the fourth form; each boy was asked in turn, 'Do you know your lesson?' Those who said 'Yes' remained; those who said 'No' were sent down. If a boy who said 'Yes' stumbled in his task, he was punished for not knowing it by a hundred lines of Virgil, and another hundred for *lying*; so that boys found that the only safe plan was to say 'No,' and thus escape both work and punishment. This system had the ultimate effect of making all the boys entirely idle, save two or three exceptionally good lads, who had to bear the taunts and cruelties of W——'s ingenious torments and sarcasms. As a specimen of these he would, after getting a boy thoroughly puzzled, set him some absurd sum, *e.g.*, to 'multiply a load of hay by $15\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of cheese, minus 6 oz. of sugar'! The boys became quite demoralized. At last, one morning, W—— came with a blue bag full of unaddressed letters, and every boy was called up and one of these letters given him addressed to his parents, stating that he was an incorrigible idler, suggesting his removal from the school, and requesting an answer. The boys held a meeting, but no decision could be arrived at. Some would give the letter, some put theirs in the fire, and others

delayed under some excuse. I was of the first group, and gave the letter to my sister to deliver to my father. I was kept at home for two or three days. Nothing had been said to me, but my father seemed distressed. At last I was called in, and he spoke sadly, but kindly, and asked me what I proposed to do in life if I threw away the education offered me. He gave me a day to consider, and when I was recalled I told him that I had thought it well over, and promised to do my very best for the future. So a letter to W—— was written, and I returned to school. I believe this to have been the turning point in my life, as I was led for the first time to *reflect* on conduct and on the consequences of idleness. After this I got on pretty well at school, but I found it hard work trying to make up for lost time, often sitting up late at night doing with difficulty what ought to have been easy. However, I got a remove into the fourth form, and next term gained a prize and removal into the fifth, under the head-master, to my great content, though I found myself sadly handicapped by my previous idleness. I feel it right to say that W—— was (in his own way) kind to me after my reform, and even lent me books, such as logarithm-tables, etc., out of his library. About this time we had a holiday on account of the first York Musical Festival, and (to show how little malice is borne by boys) we of the fourth form who were to be promoted to the fifth determined to give W—— a breakfast at the White Swan. We concocted an invitation, and I and

another schoolfellow were deputed to take the note. When we had delivered it to the servant *we bolted!*

W—— accepted our invitation, and it came off most successfully. He was full of jokes and good stories, and we thought him quite charming, and when the chaise to take him to York Festival came to the door we all went down to escort him, and gave him hearty cheers.

Some few years after this W—— again got into trouble for cruelty, and was prosecuted by a boy's parent; and I was told that in his defence he quoted this breakfast as evidence of the great affection his boys had for him! He got off with a reprimand, I believe, and ultimately retired on a living.

To do him further justice, I may mention that many years afterwards, while staying with my friend, Professor Chevalier, at Durham, happening to speak of schoolmasters, I told him some of my experiences under W——; whereon the professor said that he was an excellent mathematician, and his particular friend, and that a clock he much valued was constructed and given to him by W——, 'and he was a *good man.*'

I did not get higher in the school than the upper fifth, reading Xenophon, Homer, and Virgil, and about half of Euclid, most of which I have forgotten. My father took me to say farewell to Walker; and he expressed sorrow at my going, as he thought I should have done well if I had remained and gone to the University. Under Walker I never had even an imposition. Our only complaint of him

was that he was needlessly severe before breakfast, and rather drowsy after dinner. He was a good man, but rather a heavy preacher, like many other mathematicians. He held the living of Trinity Church, Leeds. I will not dwell further on school experiences, except to say that we had fights, of course, and one grand battle on a larger scale.

During my school-days I was expected to draw at home. My father fancied he discovered in me a talent for art; and I had to draw eyes, noses and mouths from the antique, which I thought dull work, and I did them badly. What I liked better was drawing groups from prints in the Choiseul gallery, from Cuyp, Paul Potter, Terburg, etc., and for these I got praised. During one summer holiday I went with two or three school-fellows to stay in a farm boarding-house at Ilkley, where I was told to make one drawing a day from nature, such as rustic weeds, etc. Not ever having seen a finished drawing of such things, I made bad selections, and worse copies, and the sketches were ignominiously torn up. In fact, I saw no beauty, and took no interest in them; and bathing, cricket and other games, and rambles over Rumbold Moor, had far greater attractions for me. Ilkley in those days was a beautiful sequestered moorland village with thatched cottages. I was also obliged to be held under the ice-cold water at the wells in order to strengthen my broken elbow, but all it did was to make it ache fearfully. Among the books I read most constantly for pleasure was one called 'Voyages

round the World,' and, still more dear, old Izaak Walton, of which I never tired, and it begot in me such a love of pastoral scenery and angling pursuits that it tinged my whole after-life. When he spoke of fly-fishing I supposed he meant mostly *house-flies*; so I caught a blue-bottle, and as silks and feathers were mentioned, I got a small piece of blue-black satin, and tied it into a bunch stuffed with cotton-wool: for wings I got the fibres from a pen; I tried black *beads* for eyes, and made a monster large enough and ugly enough to frighten all the fish in the river! However, one evening I saw a man fly-fishing for dace, and his flies were a revelation to me, so small and thin that I wondered to see him catch fish. I described *my* fly, at which he roared with laughter. I got him to take me with him sometimes, and thus became initiated into the mysteries of fly-fishing.

One day I met a gentleman with him, and he was very kind to me, and took me to his house and showed me how to dress flies, and at last asked me to go with him to fish in the Wharfe at Harewood. I asked leave at home, and was given some money, and went early to bed so as to wake in time (four o'clock) next morning. I arranged with the watchman to call me by pulling a string with a bullet at the end let down out of window, attached to my toe. I slept restlessly; and hearing the noise of footsteps, I got up, thinking that the servants were getting up, but they were only going to bed; so I turned in again, and was awakened

by tugs at my toe, when I found I had got into bed the wrong way, my feet being, on the pillow. I was soon ready, and went out in the dark to my friend's house, and pulled the kitchen-bell as directed. He let me in, and I found a nice breakfast of coffee, ham and eggs on the table in front of the kitchen fire. We started soon after five, and walked eight or nine miles to Harewood Bridge, on a beautiful summer morning. The only live things were the swallows flying about. My friend gave me one fly, and told me how to throw my line, but I soon got into trouble, lost my fly and broke my line, so I preferred going with him to look on. He took nothing, however, and about noon heavy rain came on and the river was flooded. Then he procured some cakes of a wasp's nest, and fished with these, sitting squatted on the grass, but still without result; so we adjourned to a snug little inn and had more ham and eggs by the fire, and he told me wonderful fishing stories till bed-time. Next morning, at seven, more ham and eggs, and out we went; but the river was too thick, so we set out on our return, and were joined by a professional angler who had a basket full of coarse fish, chub and dace, with a trout or two. The man's stories and language were coarse in the extreme—a bright, keen little sunburnt vagabond—but my friend seemed to extract much fun and information from him on *fera natura*, and I then and there became a firm devotee.

One summer, during the holidays, I was taken

by my father, with a friend, for a tour in Teesdale. Oh, the delight! I was about thirteen years old. We took the coach to Greta Bridge. What a Paradise it seemed—the large coaching inn; the bridge over the Greta; the beautiful stream, winding through meadows or dashing down ravines and over rocks! I got up at daylight, and went to a deep pool at the end of the meadow above the bridge, and having caught a few large flies, blue-bottles, etc., I lay down on my face, and just peered over the edge of a rock, and dropped a tempting fly on to the water; raised him again and dropped him artfully; and at last a large trout eyed him and rose. I struck too soon, and missed him; so I tried him again, and gave more time, and next time he rose he hooked himself and I pulled him out, a pounder. I soon caught another; and hearing footsteps in the long grass I saw my father, who had been waiting breakfast, and was alarmed at my long absence. So I returned with him to the inn; and while walking a mist overspread my eyes, and I nearly fainted, from long fasting and lying in the sun; but my father supported me, and a good breakfast on the two big trout soon restored me. I afterwards bathed in this deep pool while my father was sketching, and swam across it and back; and when he saw that I could swim he seemed pleased, and then gave me leave to bathe in the river with other boys, which before had been refused me. We went to Greta Woods, Rokeby, Barnard Castle, up to Middleton and over the Winch Bridge

(then made of planks, and supported on chains), and so up to the High Force waterfall and the Caldron Snout, a long cascade down the hill-side coming out of a moorland pool called the Wheel, which may be considered as the source of the river Tees. We returned by Richmond, where I had another fishing adventure. My father went to the shop of a Mr. Saunderson to buy some gloves; and on the counter I spied some splendid artificial large white evening moths for fishing, in which I was deeply interested. The old man kindly talked to me about fishing, and said he was going to try these moths in the evening, and offered to take me with him. I joyfully assented, as my father and his friend were going to the theatre to hear Madame Catalani, who was 'starring' in the country towns. Mr. Saunderson waited till it was dark, but set me to work 'dapping' for trout. I got hold of a large one; but in trying to land him my short line caught on a bough, and the fish hung suspended in the air. At last the hook straightened, and he fell back into the water. It was now dark, so I sat under a tree to see Mr. Saunderson throwing his great white moth skilfully over a deep curling pool, but without raising a fish. Still he persevered, for hours, and I got very cold and sleepy. At last he said to me, 'What can those glancing lights be, far away?' Presently they came nearer, and we heard shouts. It was my father, with five or six men, ostlers, etc., from the inn, looking for us! It seems he had returned from the

opera, and went to see me safe in bed, and when he found the bed empty, became alarmed, and so set out to look for me. Mr. Saunderson said quietly, 'I didn't think of the time.' It was about two o'clock; and but for this interruption I believe he would have gone on all night. Then we all tramped home, two or three miles through the fields, and went to bed at our inn. This tour in Teesdale made a great impression on me, and its consequences tintured my whole future life, and also created in me a passionate love for romantic scenery.

My next great change of scene and life was being transferred to London, as a pupil in Mr. H. Sass's Academy of Art in Bloomsbury.

[Here I interrupt my father's narrative to supply an omission. He appears to have gone to London in August, 1827, being then just sixteen years old, and to have stayed first for a month on a visit to an old friend of his father's, D. F. Ryan, Esq., an assistant secretary in the Excise Office, London. I give extracts from letters from his father which he had preserved, probably the last he received from him, to fill up the interval :

' Leeds, *Sept.* 10, 1827.

' MY DEAR CHARLES . . .

' From Mr. Sass I have received two letters, the one explanatory of your wish to remain in London with him. . . . Be assured, my dear boy, everything that lies in my power shall be for your

improvement and advantage consistent with my means, and I trust I need not urge your exertions in every branch of your studies that may be of benefit to you as an *artist* and a gentleman. As so much depends upon *self*, remember the *true* path is perseverance and industry. I do not give you this as a *sermon*, but only continually to bear in mind the duty you owe yourself. I hope ere this Maria (Sass ?) has procured for you the lodgings that we wished her to do, for it is time to think of leaving the hospitable roof of our good friend Mr. Ryan, the month having elapsed that we proposed your visit should extend ; in fact, we rather expected a line—only a line—from her, for I dare say her time is fully occupied with her little invalid, to say if her application had been attended with success. You never mentioned her name in your letter of this morning, nor the health of little D——. On this subject, in your next and future correspondence, be more explicit. I say next, because *we* do hope *every* Saturday you will not fail to send us a line by the same conveyance ; indeed, I am sure Mr. Ryan will give you a *frank* at any time, so that you will have no excuse on this subject. We are only anxious now as to your lodgings being comfortable and respectable, having given my consent for six months, or probably twelve, if your improvement will justify this indulgence. I shall send you an early remittance, that you may not feel at all uneasy. I only wait for the opportunity of sending it securely. . . . I propose to carry you on for six

months (twenty pounds), or the deposit for twelve months, agreeable to Mr. Sass's printed terms. . . . I think a few good studies in black-lead would make a pleasant change, and fill up a few vacant hours very agreeably, but I should wish you to read, as much as opportunity will allow you, Rollins' "Ancient History," the Histories of England (Hume) and Scotland. Travels and biography will be both pleasant and instructive. All these you will be able to get from Mr. R—— or a good circulating library. Have you seen Miss Sass? If not, I am sure Mr. S—— will introduce you, and they will be happy to see you, for they know "*papa*" very well. Aunt and Ellen join in love, and with a father's blessing, believe me very affectionately,

'C. COPE.'

'Leeds, *Sept.* 17, 1827.

'DEAR CHARLES,

'You will perceive by aunt's note that your "time of duration" is extended to a twelvemonth for study in London. During the proposed period I hope and trust you will lose no opportunity of improving the time allotted you; indeed, much may be done in that time, and if this advantage is taken as it ought to be, it will lay the foundation—and, I trust, a good foundation—for your future prospects. . . . Aunt has just heard from Mr. W——,* who is very anxious to be informed of *what* you intend to be. His inquiry will be answered speedily by announcing

* 'Wildgoose,' I believe.—ED.

the profession of artist. Your friend Brownhill has likewise interrogated me as to your pursuits. Convince all your friends by your *skill* that you have not selected a profession in vain. Our friend Bellam† was here as usual last night. He has just produced a new farce at our theatre, called "The Devil amongst the Doctors" (I regret to say I was not present). . . . God bless you, and believe me affectionately yours,

‘C. COPE.’

I now leave my father to continue his own narrative.]

I lodged in Mornington Crescent with a Mrs. Borland, who had also as lodger Mr. J. B. Kingdom, a clerk in the Admiralty, and a kind of second cousin of ours. I went to Sass's from 10 till 4. Here I had to draw outlines from the antique, and then shade a ball and a profile antique mask. These were sent home, and elicited the warmest praise from my dear father. But now followed the first great grief of my life. I received a letter announcing my father's sudden death. He was returning from Crofton (I believe) on the stage coach. The coachman was drunk, ran against a coal cart, upset the coach, and was killed. My father died two days afterwards from concussion of the brain. He never spoke after the accident. It was a terrible time, and I will only hastily refer to the sad results. After the funeral, in Chapeltown burial-ground, where I was

* See *infra*.

dazed with the number of sympathizing friends and carriages, the sad business of administration began. My poor Aunt Eliza was struck down with nervous fever, and never entirely recovered. One day her brother, who *to us* was an entire stranger, appeared, and claimed to administer as next-of-kin, our poor aunt being *hors de combat*. He seemed very sedate, said kind words, and took things into his own hands; and one morning took my sister and me to the vicar of Leeds, and we were required to sign a paper stating that we had confidence in him as our guardian. (This is the custom in the province of York only.) My sister and I thought that, as we were over fourteen and fifteen, we ought to have been consulted, and as the vicar merely mumbled over a form in a perfunctory manner, we had not really understood it.

And so things went on at home in administration, all business matters devolving upon my sister, while I was sent back to London. Here I told J. B. Kingdom and other friends what had happened, and they were more than dissatisfied, and hinted that, unless we resisted the appointment of the guardian, he would probably make as free with our little property as he had already done with his sister Nancy's, *for whom he had been trustee!* So I was recommended to speak to Mr. Sass, and he took me to Mr. Walls, his lawyer, who said we must apply to the Lord Chancellor. The would-be guardian objected, and a lawsuit resulted, by which we were freed from the said guardian. My Northern friends

suggested Mr. Sass in his place. He assented, and administered the estate most honourably and satisfactorily. The expenses of the lawsuit were heavy. My poor afflicted Aunt Eliza and my sister came to live in London, and Aunt Strong joined us, and we took a house in Clarendon Square, but left it in a year, as it did not answer, Aunt E.'s nervousness causing too great friction in the whole household. So (great) Aunt Strong took her niece to live at Shepherd's Bush, where there was a large garden, and it was hoped that the fresh air and quiet might restore her. I took lodgings in Great Ormond Street with my sister, but this arrangement did not answer either ; so we gave it up, and she boarded with a lady in Mornington Crescent, where also lived our friends the Ryans. Thus she had a little society, and her neighbour, J. B. Kingdom, proposed, and they were married.

The end of Aunt Eliza was tragical. She and Aunt Strong were surreptitiously removed from their cheerful home at Shepherd's Bush to her scheming brother's house in London. There she lingered in her bedroom in nervous misery, till death relieved her from her tormentor by mortification of the feet. She had made a will in our favour, but her intentions were never carried out. Possibly the will was destroyed, and the brother, as next-of-kin, secured her little property, as I was told he had already made away with his other sister's, having spent the principal and for a time paid her what was *supposed* to be interest. He lived for years, and de-

scended so low as to solicit alms from me! This period of my life was a painful and an anxious one, and its recollection still causes a pang. The moral atmosphere seemed tainted, and we were relieved when the threatened tragedy was over, and we could again breathe a pure and healthy atmosphere, free from the contagion of that miserable evil-doer.

My father was a handsome, well-built man, about 5 ft. 10 in. in height, with a bald forehead. He was a great enthusiast in art, collected engravings largely, and was a great lover of Turner's works, and from him I obtained the collection called 'Liber Studiorum.' He also had fine engravings of Turner's 'South Coast,' and the Northern series, engraved in line, and hundreds by other masters. He had a keen sense of humour. He was never so happy as when listening to reading aloud in the evenings while drawing, and woe to me if I crept in to listen and had not done my lessons. He was a deeply religious man and a water-drinker. I used to be amazed at the number of white wraps round his neck, reaching up to his ears, *à la* George IV., with large frills down the front of his shirt. In winter he wore a drab great-coat and thick yellow buckskin gloves, which emitted a powder when he clapped his hands. He wore Wellington boots, which he always aired before putting on by dropping into them a lighted paper, a performance to me as a child highly interesting. On Sunday afternoons he had a doze, with a yellow silk handkerchief thrown over his head. In the evenings of Sunday my sister and I had to

read aloud grave books, such as Hannah More, till the weekly arrival of his friend, F. T. Bellam,* put a joyful stop to our reading.

During all the weary time that succeeded my father's death I was hard at work in drawing and painting, and in 1828 I was admitted as a probationer,† and afterwards a student‡ in the Royal Academy at Somerset House, Mr. Hilton, who succeeded Fuseli, being the keeper. He was to me always encouraging, except at times of careless work, when he would say to me, 'There is no interest in your drawing; you had better be a good carpenter than a bad artist.' He was a painter of high ambition, eclectic, rather leaning to the school of the Caracci. His 'Christ crowned with Thorns,'§ 'The Crucifixion,' and 'Sir Calepine rescuing Selina,' from Spenser, were fine examples. After his early death the last-named was purchased by his old pupils in the Royal Academy, amongst whom I was energetic, as a testimony of their respect, and presented to the National Gallery. Our scheme of purchasing it having been reported to the Royal Academy, the committee were invited to meet the president and council, who sanctioned and supported it. There, for the first time, I saw the venerated Wilkie amongst the others. The picture was duly accepted by the trustees, and hung amongst the Old Masters, with an inscription; but unfortunately it

* See letter, *supra*.

† July 17.

‡ Dec. 8, 1828.

§ Formerly the altar-piece, and now in the north transept of St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square.

was painted greatly with asphaltum, and the heat of the room caused the colour to 'flow' to such an extent that it was removed, for *treatment* ! I never saw it again.

It was about this time that Wilkie had an 'asphaltum' fever, and this pigment caused the destruction of some of his finest works, *e.g.*, 'The Duke of Wellington writing his Despatches,' and 'John Knox,' a picture which, for power and glowing colour, when first exhibited, I never saw equalled. It is now a comparative wreck.

About my nineteenth or twentieth year I took my first lodgings in Great Russell Street, and painted my first attempt at a picture, Iachimo stealing Imogen's jewels as she slept—a very poor performance—and when I showed it to Mr. Hilton he said it had little in it to praise, and he hoped better things from me. He was right. While living here I got into bad health, and having read something about vegetarianism, I determined to try it. I ate nothing but bread and vegetables for a fortnight, and thought I had made a discovery ; but I had then such a craving for meat that I ordered at a dining-house a rumpsteak. While waiting for it, I felt faint, and went into the passage entrance for fresh air. There I fainted, and when I recovered I found myself in a back-yard with cooks and people round me sprinkling water over me. I resumed my coat and necktie, and was told my steak was ready. I paid for it and went home without tasting it. Then I had inflammation, and

Mr. Sass sent me some brandy and laudanum, and I went to bed. I awoke early. It was a bright morning, so I dressed, took a change in a fishing basket, and went to the White Horse Cellar, and mounted the box-seat of the Brighton coach at six o'clock. I sometimes felt giddy, but held on. It rained, and I got wet.

At Brighton lived some family friends, Mr. Busby and family, and I had been told I ought to call on them before proceeding on my contemplated little tour round the coast. Mr. B. was out, but Mrs. B. pressed me to stay dinner. I declined, and then confessed I was wet. They made me wear a long-tailed black coat of Mr. Busby's. The tails nearly touched the ground. When he came in he was amused at my appearance, and so were his daughters, and I was laughed at. This made me feel more at home. Instead of leaving that evening I stayed for a fortnight. My friend Mr. Busby was by profession an architect, but he had a great interest in mechanics. He one day asked me to hire a boat, and with a sailor we rowed it to Shoreham Harbour. Here he met us with a horse and cart filled with machinery. Two carpenters set to work, and fitted a wooden wheel with diagonal flanges outside the stern of the boat. A long crank with two handles at the end reached amidships. He then told us 'You are the motive-power; as soon as the boat is well afloat you are to go on turning.' He took his place in the stern, the large wheel behind him. On his signal 'Off,'

we turned and turned ; the boat progressed rapidly, and the inventor was in ecstasy. 'Go on, go on ; now we move !' The experiment was a magnificent success. This was, I believe, the first application of the screw system for propelling steamers. We all promised secrecy. Some adjustments were necessary, as the rotation of the wheel ladled quantities of water over his head and shoulders, but he didn't mind it. 'It's the principle I care for,' he cried. At last the 'motive-power' was exhausted, and we reminded him we were not steam-engines ! So the gear was taken to pieces and replaced in the cart, and he returned to Brighton on foot, a weary, wet and draggled man, but supremely happy. The sailor and I then pulled out of the harbour to sea and rowed back to Brighton.

During my stay I spent a good deal of money on boating, taking the girls out to Worthing, etc., so that my funds ran low. I calculated that by abjuring inn dinners I could manage to carry out my intentions. This I did, making good breakfasts with meat or eggs, lunching at some village ale-house *en route* on bread and cheese, and having a 'meat-tea' and bed at my inn in the evenings. I thus visited all the towns along the sea-coast, Pevensey, Rye, Romney, Hastings, etc., etc. I enjoyed the trip greatly, and had my first experience of independence, and got into vigorous health. At Canterbury I found that I had money left to pay the fare of a coach to London. I therefore took a

place on it, and ordered a rumpsteak and dined. I found the steak affected my head, it was so stimulating. I spent the evening watching a fly-fisherman on the Stour, and sitting under a tree I fell fast asleep. Next morning I went by coach back to London perfectly restored, and determined never again to try vegetarianism.

Among my fellow-students at Sass's were Stonhouse, J. Reed, and John Bell the sculptor. We entered the R.A. schools about the same time. Stonhouse and I were great friends, both then and throughout life. He had been destined for the Church, but resigned a probably good prospect of preferment, as two of his uncles were bishops, and devoted himself to Art. He had been a pupil of Wilkie's during his Spanish tour. Wilkie at that time was in precarious health, and was only allowed two hours a day for painting. He then executed the famous Spanish series, 'Siege of Saragossa,' etc., etc. They were painted in his new later manner, very slight, and finished bit by bit at once. Under his direction Stonhouse copied parts of pictures by Velasquez, and seemed to me a wonder of learning in Art. He kindly gave me his help in painting in my first attempt from still life, painted in the Wilkie manner, with much vehicle (megilp) and tints mixed carefully with the palette-knife. With this first attempt I gained the silver medal* at the Society of Arts, presented by the Duke of Sussex. Dear Mr. Sass highly dis-

* 1829.

approved of the Stonhouse-Wilkie method, but after the picture was done he came round, and boasted of his 'friend and pupil Cope,' a term which ever after he always employed when speaking of me. I competed for two medals in the Royal Academy. I was beaten by Maclise in both first medals, but I gained a second medal* in the Life School, and thus gained a Life-Studentship.

During our pupilage Stonhouse and I had a delightful ramble through North Wales. I was to join him at Eaton Bishop, near Hereford. I took the night coach from London, which brought me to Worcester at four next morning, expecting another coach on at six or seven to Hereford. The hotel was stuffy, no one about, housemaids not up, so I could not have a bed. I therefore determined to walk, as it was a fine summer morning, some twenty miles, and on I trudged. It was a broiling hot day. At a village public-house I got ham and eggs, and flat beer; arrived at Hereford about three or four, and dined. It was four miles farther to Eaton Bishop, but I went on and arrived at the parsonage during dinner, and found the house entertaining a bridal party. I thought of retreating, but had been seen, and was dragged in to join the party. In the drawing-room afterwards there was no spare chair, and I fell asleep leaning in a window-corner, tired out with want of sleep and the sun's heat. Next day we went to the bishop's palace at Hereford for a day; took a long ramble by the

* Dec. 10, 1831.

river and got wet and dirty, and in that state had to pass the evening, our shoes full of water. We slept there, and left next day at 6 a.m. after an early breakfast. The Welsh walk was a great success.

Another of my friends was Francis Cary. I had the highest regard for him, and first knew him at Sass's Academy when he was about twenty years of age, I being fifteen. Through him I knew his father, the translator of Dante, and a friend of Charles Lamb. He was a librarian, residing in the British Museum, and many pleasant evenings I spent there, looking over rare illuminated manuscripts. Mrs. Cary (*mère*) died, and Mr. Cary was so affected by the loss that for a time his mind was unhinged. He retired from the Museum into a private house, where Francis filled the duties of son and housekeeper in an exemplary manner. Devoted as he was to his art, nothing was allowed to prevent him from driving out with his father daily, during the finest parts of the day. His devotion to him was most touching. At the occasional meetings of young friends in the evenings Mr. Cary would always be present, quietly enjoying their talk and fun, sitting with a long clay pipe in his lips. His amiable gentle nature spread a calm through the room, and seemed to sanctify it. After Francis' marriage Mrs. Cary was as a daughter to him. My friendship with Francis Cary was life-long. His exterior was rough, but his heart was all gentleness. He late in life built a house at Abinger, where Stonhouse (then the Rector of

Frimley) and I paid an annual visit ; and we three chatted and strolled about, and talked of old times. We have become old men ! Both Francis Cary and Stonhouse are 'gone before.' During sixty years of friendship, I never once ceased to appreciate the worth of Francis S. Cary.

Another of the students at Sass's was an enthusiastic amateur, Cornelius Harrison, a Yorkshireman and Cambridge student. We became great friends, as he was a good fisherman. Our intimacy began by our going together to fish at Foots Cray. We walked there before breakfast, and fished the inn water without success ; so we returned to the inn, and Harrison found some translations from Demosthenes' Orations, and he stood on the table and declaimed them. We afterwards went to Paris together, and spent three months in the Hotel Wagram, and worked in the Louvre. He made large outlines from David's pictures, often standing on the top of high steps the better to see them, and as he was about 6 ft. 2 in., he was a conspicuous object. He admired David more than any other painter. I entirely disagreed with him, I made some small studies in oil of some fine pictures there by Titian, Rembrandt, etc. This friendship with Corny Harrison had important results in my after-life, as will appear later. Harrison afterwards took to music, and raved about Mozart. He fell into weak health, and died at Brompton, at the age of about twenty-four, his poor old father, a Yorkshire squire, being quite broken-down, as he was his only son and heir.

During my student life in London I became very much addicted to boating. Stonhouse, Moresby, a barrister (brother of Admiral Moresby), and I had a very fine boat built in Devonshire, a captain's gig, the *Siren*. We rowed either four oars or a pair, and carried a large light linen lug-sail, and the boat soon became celebrated for fast going, both above and especially 'below bridge' (old London), and many were the trips we took down the Thames, and even round the North Foreland. Moresby and I frequently rowed in the afternoon or evening to Gravesend, slept in a water-side inn till the watchman woke us to say it was high water, then rowed down again as far as we could get, and frequently sailed home the whole way in one tide, some fifty or sixty miles. We sometimes slept in the boat at anchor, and it was fine on a moonlight night to find ourselves high and dry on the sands at low water, with wild fowl flying around us. We constructed a canvas shelter to sleep under, and on our first trial it came on to rain, and in the early morning we found ourselves lying in a warm bath, the rain having poured into the unprotected ends and flowed in till it rose above the flooring-boards. However, a bathe in the sea while our clothes were drying soon set us all right again.

Twelve miles below Gravesend is Hale, or Old Haven, in which was moored the hull of a lobster-smack, in which the captain of a lobster fleet lived, and where he was always on the look-out for incoming smacks from Sweden. This gradually

became a rendezvous for us. We used to breakfast there, as it was still water, and the captain joined us: he providing coffee and a fresh-boiled lobster; we bringing a meat-pie, bread, etc. We also sometimes 'turned in' and had a sleep till the tide began to rise. Sometimes we gave the captain a lift as far as Greenwich, where his wife lived in a small wooden house close to the river.

We met with many adventures, being frequently followed by coastguard men in a cutter, who thought us smugglers, but they rarely caught us if there was a breeze. One trip was a great success. F. Cary, E. Price, and I set out for a cruise. We rowed and sailed as far as Herne Bay, where we slept. Next morning a gale was blowing, and we could not launch our boat through the breakers; so we waited for two or three days, and spent the time at Canterbury, looking about and sketching. Edward Price, an amateur artist, sat down on the grass in the Close opposite a residence which he thought picturesque. He soon attracted the notice of the inmates whom he was besieging. Some young ladies and their father crossed the road and talked to him, and looked at his attempt. He apologized for its imperfections, but told them that his friend, meaning me, could sketch well. They invited him to luncheon. Price's position, squatted on the grass opposite a house-full of young ladies, was amusing.

When the gale ceased we got afloat with difficulty through the breakers. There was a heavy swell on. Price and I rowed, and Cary steered, at the same

time baling out the boat, as the tops of waves sometimes broke over us. We reached Margate, and bought some bread and cheese. When leaving the harbour a boatman asked us where we were going.

‘Round the Foreland.’

‘Then,’ said he, ‘you can’t do it in that cockleshell. I wouldn’t venture in my big boat even.’

Suspecting that he wanted the job of taking care of our boat if he could persuade us to remain at Margate, we pulled out to sea. The waves were high but long, and we got on fairly well as long as we kept well off shore; but when we began to turn round the Foreland we had breakers which drenched us, so we kept further off shore. When opposite Broadstairs we determined to turn the boat head landwards, and, taking advantage of a slight lull in the sea, we succeeded, so that we had the swell on our quarter, but not without a drenching. We were met in the little harbour by a group of excited on-lookers. One of them told us he had been watching us for an hour with his glass, and that when we disappeared in the trough of the sea he never expected to see us again, till our wet backs reappeared on another wave. We took a little lodging, and had a comfortable ‘square meal.’ Price and I had rowed the whole way, as we could not move from our seats. He went to bed, and was sea-sick all night! Next day he elected to walk to Sandwich.

Cary and I hoisted sail and had a pleasant run into Sandwich Harbour, where we were chased by a revenue cutter. We were suddenly brought up by

a warp across the water, were taken prisoners, and towed down to the coastguard-station. Three men kept possession of the boat; the fourth demanded our license. He took it up to the officer, and came back with a rueful face, saying, 'It's all right.'

In the meantime the captors had been examining the horsehair rowing cushions in search of lace, but not breaking them open. When they found their mistake, they grumbled and left the boat; but one said 'they'd had a long pull arter us, and they'd like a drink out of our little keg in the bow.'

'Certainly,' said we; so he took off his cap, and wished 'our werry good 'ealths,' and lifted up the keg to drink. What a shock—it was *only water!* His disgust was most comical. He was very angry, and his mates laughed at him as much as we did. We then sailed up the harbour into the river Stour, and found ourselves often in shallow water. At one place a mill crossed the river, but the workmen came out and carried our boat to the upper water. At Canterbury a Church dignitary met us, and through him we got the railway people to put our boat on two trucks, and we ran across to Whitstable, launched our boat, and sailed in the twilight to Sheerness. Again we were chased for some miles by a revenue boat with four oars, till they were lost in the gloom of night. We anchored, took out our traps, and went to a public-house for supper and beds. While regaling, heavy footsteps were heard, and in tramped four overheated sailors. One advanced and said gruffly :

‘Have you a license?’

We showed it to him.

‘Humph!’ said he, ‘why did you not haul down your sail in answer to our signal?’

Said we: ‘It was too dark to see it.’

‘Humph!’ again. ‘Well, *gents* (!), we’ve had a terribly long pull after you, and we hopes you’ll stand a trifle of drink.’

Next morning, with a fair wind, we sailed up to London.

Another time we were drifting for want of wind; it was a misty, hot morning, so we had a bathe out of the boat. A few distant sails were just visible. After a good swim Stonhouse and I clambered into the boat, and while dressing we remarked that Moresby was not to be seen anywhere. We shouted and rowed about, and at last concluded he had gone down, so we sorrowfully took the oars and began to row up towards London. When we had pulled a mile or two we overtook a small cutter drifting for want of wind. We stopped and told the skipper of our loss. Said he: ‘Really, *gents*, how sad!’ But there was a kind of twinkle in his eye. He invited us on board to have a snack, and lo! in the cabin was Moresby, with a glass of hot brandy and water! He had seen the sail and knew it, and swam to it; and told us the old skipper could not make out who was calling his name out of the sea, till at last Moresby’s wet head appeared. This old skipper was quite a character. He kept his little vessel at Westminster,

close to our boat-house. Every day he swept his deck, and then sat and smoked his pipe in the steerage, and once a week sailed to Gravesend and back, smoking and drinking gin-and-water the whole way.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST EXPERIENCES ABROAD.

AMONGST my early friends was Edward White. Harrison and I first met him in Paris (September, 1832), and saw much of him both in the Louvre and at our rooms in the Hôtel Wagram. He was an excellent judge of art, and a diligent amateur painter when he was disengaged from the East India House. He was intimate with Charles Lamb, and at his weekly soirées he was a constant guest, and met there many of the literary celebrities. Charles Lamb drank largely of weak gin-and-water, and generally had to retire early to bed in consequence. The rest used to sit up late, in spite of their host's departure. Edward White was a collector of works on art, and had copies of the Italian authors, Boschini, Lomazzo, Ridolfi, etc. He had a small collection of oil-paintings, and a large one of engravings, including all Watteau's works. At his house at Chelsea, close to the bridge, I always found a hearty welcome, and usually dined with him once a week for years, and long were our talks about art. He was principally an admirer of Giorgione, and having procured an

engraving of his picture of a 'Knight, and Page buckling his Armour,' though he had never seen the picture itself, he made many duplicates of it, varying the tones of colour in each. Not succeeding to his satisfaction, each was discarded in turn, till at length he had perhaps thirteen or more arranged round his room. He frequented print-shops and picture sales, and his riding-horse, knowing his tastes, would sometimes stop suddenly, if he saw what looked like prints in a shop window, greatly to the risk of White's equilibrium in the saddle.

After retiring from the India House, he came to Italy, and joined me at Florence. He spoke to me of my friend Stonhouse, whom I had introduced to him, and who had often dined with him during my absence.

'What a good fellow,' said White, 'is Stonhouse—so quietly humorous, and such excellent company! But he is no great judge of wine. I used to give him of my finest, and he drank it like water; but one day I asked him how he liked his wine. Stonhouse had taken about half a bottle, but he again filled his glass to *taste* it, and then said, "Oh, it's not bad at all." After that I gave him from another bin. Quantity he thought more of than quality.'

Our meetings were renewed after his return to England. He subsequently went to live at Twickenham, and I seldom could go there. On my last visit to him he did not remember me; and when Miss Perry, his relative and housekeeper, mentioned my

name, he woke up to his old liveliness for a few minutes, and then relapsed into quiet forgetfulness.

[The following extracts from a letter of Cornelius Harrison's supply a link here :

' 376, Rue St. Honoré,
' Jan. 20, 1833.

' MY DEAR COPE,

' Your letters are always acceptable, and your company will be equally so if you will make up your mind to go to Italy with me the beginning of next April. As far as I have arranged my scheme, I purpose to go straight to Florence, there to remain till the autumn, and so on with Bell to Rome. The Sistine Chapel and the Vatican until the spring or summer, and then to Venice, or where you like. At all events, there would be little doubt of our being able to agree as to our plans when we are once steadily off. A man (an artist) who has just returned tells me that the expense of the journey from Paris to Florence is from ten to twelve pounds. Whether you go or not, I shall. I must not lose the opportunity of having such good company in the Capella Sistina. Pray give up your lodgings and sell all and follow me. I will learn Italian for us both, and will charge myself with all necessary information. Your "Titian's Mistress" has not turned out a bad spec, I guess. Mine is excessively feeble in the execution, but like enough in the general colour. Ingres was exceedingly pleased with it, and the other things that I showed him, and praised the colouring, which, however, goes for little, as he knows nothing about

that part of the art. In drawing, and in all the qualities that are requisite for a good master, he is capital. His *atelier* is in the Institute: sixty pupils (double the number of any of the others), and really not very noisy. Anyhow, they don't interrupt you at work. Ingres comes in three times a week, and corrects with the greatest possible severity. It is not near so good a place as Sass's for beginners, and, of course, not so comfortable or civilized; but we must suffer something for the art. I am drawing from the antique with vigour. The rascally Louvre was closed on the 22nd December, and will continue so till the 15th June. The modern exhibition is not to be opened until the 1st March. Ingres has three pictures for it, amongst which are two portraits, for one of which he had 4,000 francs (£160). Darley has *locked himself* up for *three weeks*, and has not been seen by any living soul. I believe some young lady with whom he was in love is dead. Who would have thought that such a gray-headed fellow had so much sentiment? When he comes out of his nest I will tell him what you said. Price must certainly be in England now; when you see him, remember me to him, and also very kindly to that excellent fellow White, whom I hope when I come to England to see much of. Perhaps he would take a trip with us as far as Florence. No one would make a better travelling companion. Bell writes me word that your copies are quite to his taste. I hope that your "Golden Age" is not to be of a less dimension than your "Giorgione." . . . Kindest

remembrances to Stonhouse, who might accompany us to Florence or Venice, as the Louvre will be then closed. Since I wrote I have been very well, very gay, and at the same time very steady. . . . Pray let me hear soon from you or Stonhouse, and tell me all that pertains to yourselves. Never mind the *egotism*.

‘Yours sincerely,

‘CORNELIUS HARRISON.’]

I first knew William Darley in Paris—a diligent art student living high upstairs in solitude.* He was an Irishman, with a fine taste, but was never successful as an artist. We became friends, and I saw much of him in Paris. I one day asked him where he dined. ‘At a private boarding-house.’ He asked me to dine there with him. I was glad to accept, and I went. The scene was amusing from the curious mixture of the diners. At the top of the table, near the hostess, sat three old ladies, curious specimens of old France both in dress and manners—fossils. Their politeness to each other was charming, and they varied their conversation with one another by an interchange of snuff, which they ladled out of bottles with small spoons. I was fascinated with them. At the lower end of the table sat the hostess’s son, a thickset fellow, without his coat. His seat was a music-stool, on which he was continually twirling, as he got up constantly to fetch something from the sideboard. Darley asked me

* See letter above.

(in English) what I thought of the company. I told him I was deeply impressed by the three old ladies, for I had never before seen such curious specimens of humanity. A young man opposite turned red, and then crammed his napkin into his mouth to conceal his laughter. Darley gave me a kick, and I found afterwards that the young man was the *son of one of the old ladies!* Darley and his two brothers afterwards came to Rome. All were clever men. The eldest, George, was a mathematician and an excellent poet. They were all of feeble health. If they dined on boiled turkey, they were well; if on roasted, all were ill! They wore thick list slippers over their shoes, but could not keep warm. George Darley was an art critic, and one day asked me how I liked a certain picture by Salvator Rosa. I told him, 'Not much.'

'Then,' said he, 'I'm s-s-s-sorry for you!'

A poem he wrote was called 'Sylvia.' It was published by a bookseller to the University of London in Gower Street. I went there and asked for it. The young man said he had never even heard of it. I persisted. At length another person found a copy in the warehouse, covered with dirt. Evidently it had not been in great request. I was delighted with it. George Darley used to visit me occasionally and criticise what I painted—I thought then severely; I do not think so now.

[In an old notebook, bought at Paris, September, 1832, are several extracts, headed 'Scraps from "Sylvia, or the May Queen," a Lyrical Drama, by

George Darley. Publ. J. Taylor, Waterloo Place, 1827.' In the same notebook are also other extracts from Butler's 'Analogy,' Young's 'Night Thoughts,' Campbell, Shakespeare, Burns, Crabbe, Wordsworth, Spenser's 'Faerie Queene,' Tasso's 'Gerusalemme,' Pope, Hemans, Coleridge, Rogers, Goldsmith, Shelley, Sir H. Davy's 'Consolations in Travel,' Wilberforce, Epictetus, Plutarch, Marcus Antoninus, and several from the Bible as well. Some of these are subjects for pictures, others doubtless kept for their own sake. In the same notebook also are several pieces of journal of travel in Italy, which may serve to supplement his own latter, and perhaps less vivid, recollections, and which will be indicated by the letters N.Bk.]

After I had been at work in the Royal Academy for a year or two, and tried my hand at one or two original pictures, which I showed to the kind keeper — one a 'Hero and Leander' (very poor they were) — he thought that, as I had no desire to try for school honours, a visit to Italy would be advantageous. I accordingly left London* with Stonhouse, who accompanied me to Paris, and after three weeks' stay I took diligence for Geneva.

[' Left Paris on Friday morning, and arrived here on Monday afternoon, having been four days and three nights in the diligence — passed through Dijon, Dole, etc. Dijon I merely saw by moonlight, so could not judge of the celebrated two spires. The

* Sept. 20, 1833.

passage of the Jura I was much delighted with. The view of the Lake of Geneva and Mont Blanc in the distance perfectly astonishing. I arrived at Geneva at half-past four, and strolled about till eight, when I returned to my hotel (Grand Aigle) to a *table d'hôte* supper. I, being the last comer, was placed at the head of the table—pleasant for an Englishman not particularly skilled in French. However, I flatter myself I got on very well. I asked questions in abundance, and very often was quite ignorant of the nature of the answers. However, I elevated my eyebrows, and said, "Oui," etc. This morning I met an Englishman at breakfast (name, Roberts, of Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square), a Cambridge man. After breakfast I delivered a letter of introduction from Stonhouse to his brother-in-law, Edward Willes, who lives at the Maison Diodati, the same that Byron occupied here. He received me most kindly, was just going to leave for Nice, gave me three letters of introduction—one to Severn, one to Chev. Luigi Chiaveri, and a third to Mr. Ewing, all at Rome. At twelve o'clock I went with Forster* to Voltaire's villa at Ferney; saw his bedroom and saloon, his prints, and, indeed, everything just as he had left it; dined at four at *table d'hôte*, a trout from the lake at table weighing 14 lb. . . .

' Oct. 14th, Milan.—I left Geneva on the 10th of October, and arrived here on the 13th. Took my place in a diligence, for which I paid sixty-nine

* He means Roberts.

francs, and came through Lausanne, Villeneuve (in the evening), Martigny, St. Maurice, etc. Slept the second night at Brieg, a small town at the foot of the Simplon, and started at two o'clock in the morning for the ascent. The road all the way from St. Maurice is wonderfully fine. It winds through an extensive valley of the Alps, which rise on each side of the road in most majestic grandeur. The valley contrasts very beautifully, being a luxuriant pasture-land, with vineyards, Indian corn fields, etc. The ascent occupies five or six hours. Of course, it was dark when we started, but I, being anxious to see as much of the Simplon as I could, walked on ahead, and I never felt so much what solitude was. I soon got out of hearing of our vehicle, and then the silence was awful. There was a dim twilight, with a few stars peeping forth here and there. The mountains were black against the sky, and the firs shot up, spreading forth their branches abruptly—altogether wonderfully fine; and then, looking down from the low parapet wall into the yawning abyss beneath, darkness visible; rocks half seen, half fancied; a torrent whose waters made a low moaning—in fact, the thing can't be described; it may be *felt*. We arrived near the top about seven, where we breakfasted—a large house. By-the-by, all along the road there are houses, about two miles distant from each other, called “Refuges” (this is about the middle Refuge), a word admirably chosen, having the same meaning in nearly all languages. In about an hour after we reached the summit, where

all signs of vegetation had ceased, except turf here and there. The summits of all the mountains are here covered with snow, but nevertheless it was not nearly so cold as I expected.

‘ We then continued to descend for about six hours more, till we arrived at Duomo d’Ossola. The descent is much finer than the ascent. There are several falls of water from an immense height, and then the grottos cut in the solid rock. We left the latter place at three o’clock, having changed the diligence, and arrived at Arona about nine, having during that time passed the Lago Maggiore, but I grieve to say it was dark. The road from Duomo d’Ossola is splendid—altogether such as I had only fancied—couldn’t have believed it. I could not describe the ascent; I must fain keep my peace now. The vines in this valley grow to a much greater height, being trained on a sort of rude trellis-work, so that a man can walk under them. The people are all here much handsomer than those in Switzerland, of whose beauty I can say nothing. They all look like gipsies; the women indeed *very ugly*, being, whether young or old, both brown and wrinkled, and mostly having enormous swellings on their necks called goitres. However, they are very kind and hospitable. I arrived at Milan at eight in the morning, having had my trunk examined twice during the journey from Geneva—on the Swiss and on the Austrian frontier. A Frenchman I travelled with was going to the Hôtel de Suisse, so I agreed to go with him. It is a first-rate place, where I pay

five francs a day for my bed and dinner, and a right good table d'hôte. . . .

'The Arch of Peace at the end of the Simplon Road, begun by Napoleon, is not yet finished. It is a fine ending to a grand undertaking. The Austrians are going on with it. Milan, indeed, is full of Austrian troops, fine, stout-looking fellows in ugly dresses—an ugly sort of cap something like a French travelling-cap, with a "front behind"; white coats, and dark-blue worsted tights, with boots laced up the ankle. These are infantry. The cavalry look better, as also do the chasseurs.

'*Oct. 21st.*—Arrived at Florence this evening at dusk. I left Milan on the 16th in the Bologna diligence (fare 36 francs), passed through Piacenza and Parma in the night, Modena and Bologna, where I arrived the end of the second day, having slept on the road at Parma. There were three Englishmen in the diligence—an officer, named Spencer, returning from Vienna, where he had gone by land from Constantinople, and two others, one also an officer. Captain Vernon, Spencer and I put up at the same place—Pension Suisse—the other two elsewhere.

'I went with Spencer to the Opera on Saturday evening, where we heard the "Straniera" by Bellini, and some most capital singing by Madame Schütz and Gressy, or some such name. However, I slept nearly all the time, being rather fatigued. Sunday morning Captain Vernon and his friend called. They were going on to Florence, and wished me to

join them in a vettura. I agreed, and, after losing much time in talking to the vetturino, succeeded in getting away to the gallery. They have a splendid collection of the school of Bologna, Guido and L. Caracci especially; also Domenichino, and Raffaele's sweet picture of "St. Cecilia"—for sweet indeed she is. Such expression and delicacy of feeling! The musical instruments in this picture were painted by Giovanni da Udini. Two of the Guidos, "Madonna della Pieta" and the "Slaughter of the Innocents," are particularly fine. There is a picture of Domenichino's of "Peter the Martyr," taken from Titian, with a slight alteration. The standing, or, rather, rushing forward figure has his arms extended and a front face—I think not near so good as Titian's. But his "Martyrdom of Sta. Agnese" is particularly fine, as is also the one opposite, "The Martyrdom of S. Pietro," more especially in the upper part. . . .

' Left Bologna at six o'clock with the two Englishmen, and after a tedious journey over the Apennines . . . I arrived at Florence, and have established myself in the Hôtel de l'Europe, kept by Madame Imbert, and the men I came with also. They are very different fellows. One, the Captain, has some humour and a little funny sort of testiness; the other, an Oxford man, is fat and lazy, with no earthly pursuit (money and idleness!), and spends most of his time on the Continent. The Captain, on the contrary, is fond of painting and the arts, and dabbles at landscape—in a small way, he says him-

self. We smoked and ate and slept, and sat in the sun, and smoked again, and I half succeeded in smoking myself into a fever. This Italian sun is no joke at mid-day, even at the end of October. *Obs.* vine-leaves straw-coloured, green and *bright scarlet* mixed; shadows of mountains about ten o'clock, *blue*; lake and brown in lights, though delicate. First view of the Val d'Arno very beautiful and rich.

' *Thursday, Oct. 24th.*—Florence is indeed a queen of cities, and "delightfull exceedinglie"; the buildings are fine, especially the churches and palaces; the streets are paved with flat stones all over (all pavement); the accommodation good, abundance of corn, wine, oil, fruit, etc., etc.; beautiful situation and delicious air, and so clear! It unites all the beauties of all the cities I have ever seen. Wednesday morning I went to the Royal Gallery of Paintings and Sculptures,* and a right royal gallery it is. What a room is the Tribuna! *Such* pictures, such statues! *The* "Venus" of Titian and another; the "Venus dei Medici"; Raffaele's "Fornarina," "St. John," and a "Holy Family"; a Correggio, with pictures by Michael Angelo, Rubens, Paul Veronese, etc., etc. Titian's "Venus" is in very fine preservation; the flesh is so beautifully clear and pearly, though warm; and *such* a face and hair and hands! It is a perfect picture. The other is fine, but not equal at all to the first. The "Fornarina," too—*lovely creature! so captivating, so*

* Now the Uffizi.

*gentle!** And then that Correggio—the mother (Madonna) kneeling over her sleeping child with all a mother's fondness. Such delicacy of sentiment! Then the statues. I don't wonder at the French carrying them off during the last war; they might well envy them. Among other of my wanderings about the gallery, I sauntered into a room full of portraits of painters done by themselves, some modern (members of the Academy), and bad enough they were. There were three English—Reynolds, Harlowe, and Hayter. The Reynolds is a fine portrait. This morning I visited the Pitti Palace, and was as much delighted as the day before at the Gallery. Really, one fine thing after another started up in such quick succession, that they were almost too much for me. Two Titians, to begin with—one a most lovely female portrait, as Mrs. Starke says, "Titian's favourite," and a "Holy Family." No wonder the former *was* a favourite; she is bewitching enough on canvas. The dress of the lady is most beautiful; blue silk embroidered with blue—and such blue! And the neck is so delicate; the eyes, too, looking at you—such sweet eyes they are, too! I was desperately smitten myself. Then came the "Madonna della Seggiola" of Raffaello!!! Perfect. Then Raffaello's "Giulio II."!!! Then "Leo X." Vandyck's "Cardinal Bentivoglio"!! (*Not* blue in the sky, like Burnett's little sketch.) Rubens had several also; and Giorgione one very fine,

* Words in italics are, in note-book, crossed through, and above is written, 'Don't think so—March, 1835.'

portraits of Calvin, Luther, and Caterina a Boria. Then Titian's portrait of the Cardinal de Medici, with his red cap and green feather, and brown, lake-purple dress. It is a princely collection. What useful sketches one might make there!

'Visited the Giardino di Boboli also—a delicious retreat! The cool fountains and thick shade are wonderfully refreshing after an Italian sun, and the statues placed about—and good statues they are, too. How Bell will enjoy all this! . . .

'Visited many churches also. Saw M. Angelo's tomb, Machiavelli's, Dante's. Some frescoes, very fine, of A. del Sarto. By-the-by, I admire *him* more and more. He unites good drawing with the most refined taste, and not the least trumpery. There are some beautiful pictures of his at the Pitti Palace. Donatello is a great man. I had no conception of him before I came to Florence.

'Oct. 25th.—I went this morning to the Museum of Natural History and Anatomy. The anatomical preparations in wax are exceedingly true; I believe the finest there are. . . . Paid a second visit to the gallery, and confirmed* all my first impressions. *Rule*: If the lights of flesh be glazed, the *shadows* must be *painted into*, especially the light ones. Continually re-paint the shadows. In white drapery, paint the lights and shadows stronger than you intend (and put the *lights* on thickly with smart touches), and then, when *quite dry*, spread a layer of *thin* white *over the whole*, leaving the first painting to show

* Scratched out, and 'did not' written above.—ED.

through, especially the lights, and finish by re-painting the deep shadows. After having drawn in your picture from your previous careful studies in chalk, go over and correct the outlines of the whole with water colour. A thin, warm brown will do. By-the-by, at the museum there are some most fearful representations of the Plague, done by the Abbate Lumbo in the Medicis' time. They are small, but horribly true; dying and dead mingled together, black and shrunk bodies, with others half decomposed. "The blackening, the swelling, the bursting of the trunk; the worm, the rat, the tarantula at work; and the mushrooms springing fresh in the midst of corruption" (Forsyth). Shocking! Too shocking to look at.

'Made a bargain to-day with a voiturier to take me to Rome for thirteen dollars or scudi, breakfast, dinner, and bed included. Was greatly delighted with the music at the opera here, "La Norma," by Bellini. Signora Schütz and Anna del Sere sang exquisitely. A duet in the second act was perfect. An old fellow sitting behind me was quite touched with one of the dying cadences. He cried "Cara!" (with the tears oozing out at the corners of his eyes) with such a plaint, that he was extremely affecting. I leave Florence to-morrow morning at five o'clock for Rome—26th October, 1833.

'*Rome, Nov. 2nd.*—I left, as I have said, on the 26th, in a voiture for Rome . . . for which I found I had paid five dollars too much. My companions were an Englishman travelling for his health from

India, a very quiet, gentlemanly fellow ; a Scotchman named Jamieson, who intended to practise at the Scottish Bar, and was travelling for improvement, a quaint fellow, with some humour and classical knowledge ; two Italians, and a Dominican priest whom I had before met at Bologna, a pale, quiet, good-natured fellow. Our route was by Perugia, Spoleto, and Terni. It is a highly interesting road, as there are remains of antiquity throughout, more especially at Perugia, Ossaia, and Otricoli. Indeed, in this last town the modern cottages are half built with ancient remains ; bits of beautiful friezes and columns appear in the mud and brick walls in all directions.'—N.Bk.]

At one place a bumptious gendarme, with cocked hat and sword, demanded 'Vos passeports' very roughly. Scotchman (Jamieson) stood by, and a large dog looking out of a vettura window was asked by him, with wonderful mimicry, 'Monsieur, votre passeport.' The dog wagged his tail, all the bystanders laughed, and the gendarme withdrew.

['The first view of Rome I was disappointed with ; it rather reminded me of the *suburbs* of London (a distant view of Pentonville, for instance), and the principal feature in the foreground was an Englishman driving a four-in-hand. I am established at present in the Hôtel d'Allemagne ; charge ten pauls a day (four bed, and six dinner). Yesterday I found out Harrison and Heaviside ; they had just arrived from Naples, and had taken lodgings in the Piazza di Spagna, at forty dollars a month. Harrison looked

ill. Heaviside had been making copies, but they were very feeble. I went yesterday to St. Peter's. It is grand beyond all idea. Such a scale of magnificence! The dome is not so large in appearance as I expected, but in perfect accordance. The interior fills the mind; there is nothing more to wish for. It is, indeed, a noble pile, and the triumph of human skill. I also visited the Sistine Chapel, where the Pope* was performing Mass. The "Last Judgment" is in better preservation and clearer than I expected, but I had no more than a peep. The Prophets and Sibyls of Raffaele in the Chiesa di Pace, and "Isaiah," in S. Agostino, are very fine. The Sibyl writing (the head of) is particularly so; both well preserved.'—N.Bk.]

At Rome I was called upon by Cromek, the son of one of the engravers of Turner's works. He had known and respected my father, and was very kind. He lived with his widowed mother, and at their rooms I met Arthur Glennie, who has since been my life-long friend.† They procured me two rooms, where I was very comfortable. The padrone was a very effusive old fellow, and called me 'Figlio mio' always. His daughter, a spinster, attended me, about forty and very lean, but most kind. I used to go out sketching from nature with Cromek or Glennie in water-colours, which I had not before practised, and soon began to be at home in it under their advice. I spent about six months in Rome,

* Gregory XVI.

† He died at Rome, Jan. 28, 1890, aged 86 years.

studying the fine works of art ; but what I thought the finest things were the antique Greek marbles in the Vatican and Capitol, where I made many drawings in pen-and-ink. The galleries were usually empty of visitors, so that my work was not interfered with by idlers.

The Anglo-Roman artists usually dined at a trattoria in the Piazza di Spagna ; Gibson, Williams, Desoulavey, Boxall (afterwards Sir W.), Rothwell, Cornelius Harrison (in bad health and living on macaroni), Henry Atkinson (architect), etc. With the latter I took a small walking tour, to Tivoli, Subiaco, Frascati, etc. He never followed his profession, but became a *philosopher* (!) and mesmerist ; gave lectures at Exeter Hall ; and afterwards was the close friend of Harriet Martineau, and her medical adviser. With Boxall an intimacy sprung up which lasted throughout his life ; and we afterwards almost lived together at Sorrento and Florence. Many were our quarrels, but they did not interfere with our friendship. In the spring Glennie and I took an extended ramble in Umbria.

[I left Rome at the end of March, 1834, for a cruise through the towns northward. Engaged a vetturino to Orvieto for four dollars (eighty miles), eating included. Slept the first night at Viterbo, after passing Ronciglione. Viterbo a busy town, and pleasantly situated. A good sketch or two in the church of the Franciscan convent, which contains, amongst others, the tomb of Innocent VI. I had two pleasant companions, one a fat and rich

Roman tradesman, connected in some way with the Church. He called me "Il Signor Rostbif." I therefore christened him "Signor Finocchio," a jolly soul. The other was a very gentlemanly fellow, acquainted with Dante and Tasso, and well educated. We slept in the same room at Viterbo, and passed the evening together, separating next morning. He went to Bolsena on a visit to a Monsignore; I in the vettura to Orvieto. Found my fat "Finocchio" friend was going too, accompanied by a priest of the Franciscan convent, where he had been staying, and from all appearances had been enjoying right good fare—roast beef, I dare say.

' *Orvieto*.—Our carriage seemed to make a great stir through the streets here, which were all empty, shops all shut, inhabitants all at dinner. Signor Finocchio and the priest went to the Bishop's palace, I to the Frigitore inn near the piazza (five pauls a day). The first evening I took a survey of the town, which seemed half deserted of inhabitants. A very cold bitter wind whistled through the streets, and no other sound save the creaking of rusty weather-cocks, or the echo of my own footsteps. The town is finely situated on a sort of isolated rock surrounded at a distance by mountains, and overlooking an extensive valley watered by the Pallia and Chiana. . . . It has at different times afforded a retreat to about thirty-two Popes.

' The cathedral the only thing worth seeing, caused to be built by Urban IV. to preserve the memorial of the celebrated miracle, the cloth stained with the

blood of the consecrated Host on a Bolsena priest doubting the efficacy of the consecration. The architect was Lorenzo Maitani (Sanere); the lower front beautifully sculptured by Nicolo Pisano and Andrea, from Old and New Testament subjects. They were the first founders of modern art at the end of the thirteenth century. The sculptures contain most exquisite feeling; some of the angels are perfection . . . In the chapel to the right are wonderful frescoes, well preserved, by Luca Signorelli and Giovanni da Fiesole Domenicano. From these M. Angelo, Raffaele, etc., have stolen in abundance, although they have not added much to that which they have taken. The subjects are the "Last Judgment," the "Virgin and Prophets," the "Resurrection," the "Army of Martyrs," etc., etc. Each figure *has a soul*, and acts from a feeling different from his neighbour . . . It is a fine school indeed for sentiment and expression. Nothing that I have seen in Italy has given me more pleasure, few things so much . . . The case (reliquario) that contains the cloth is of silver, adorned by bas-reliefs by Ugolino di Vieri in 1338, I believe very fine; but did not see it, as that is impossible without the *presence* of a Cardinal, a Monsignore, and someone else; one having the key, another the permission, and the third something else; and the consent and presence of *all three* is necessary. After spending two days here Glennie joined me.'—N.Bk.]

There was no hotel in the place, but we found a wine-shop, and they got us three rooms in a store-

house opposite, very clean and comfortable. They sent our meals across the street, and when we wanted anything we summoned the bare-footed waiter by blowing a trumpet out of window, which also had the effect of waking up all the people from their mid-day siesta. We were supplied *ad libitum* with flasks of Orvieto wine, a delicious white wine, refreshing, but not intoxicating. We instructed our landlady to make a baked rice pudding. The waiter brought it in with a flourish, and, while he was removing the meat, he placed the rich-looking brown pudding on the floor, and, unluckily for us, in whisking round, he happened to put his bare foot into the middle of it. Our anger was hot; so was the pudding to his foot. He almost prostrated himself on the floor, knelt, and prayed for our pardon; and then, as we declined to eat of it, he sat on the ground and made a hearty meal of it himself, begging us 'per l'amor di Dio' to say to his mistress, if she asked how we liked her dish, that it was 'eccellentissimo.' From thence we footed it to Todi, a most interesting old Italian town amongst the mountains [eighteen long miles, and very tough; passed through a desperate wild country, especially near a part called the Mal Passo, famous for plenty of murders. At present only four mounds of stones cast by travellers on the fatal spots; the last, I believe, happened from revenge a few years ago. Half-way ate, at an inn called the Cerasa, brown bread and wine. Bought a countryman's knife here. Landlord a hearty, jolly old cock of seventy-five. Two other men and two

women formed the family. One of the former, about fifty, was manfully employed in knitting stockings, and asked us many questions about our country—Was London in England? etc., etc. Old fellow, the landlord, very knowing. Very civil people, women well-looking. Todi is a regularly *retired* town; bad roads to it, and hard to find. The place itself is populous and flourishing. People much astonished at the sight of strangers. We lodged at the house of a saddler and wife, with a daughter married to a dancing-master—a *long* fellow, though doubtless able to skip tolerably high. Paid four pauls a day. Quiet, obliging people, especially the daughter, a fat little body with a child of six years old very noisy. Met a fellow-lodger here, “a character” — an old itinerant spectacle-vendor. Cathedral Gothic; made a tracing from a sketch of the interior by Glennie. . . . From thence to Perugia, twenty-eight miles; the road good, but dull, although for many miles it winds along the Tiber. Found decent quarters at the inn of Vincenzo Corsini, close to the piazza. Made a bargain for five and a half pauls a day, and the day after found out another fellow who would have given us the same for four pauls. (Satisfactory!) . . .

‘Made a few sketches in piazza of detail, and traced Glennie’s large sketch, and some others in the Church of St. Peter, which contains several P. Peruginos. The oak carving in this church is said to have been designed by Raffaele and his master; very pretty and various. In S. Severo is a fresco,

the upper part done by Raffaele, Christ in the midst of four saints; the lower, by P. Perugino, four others—nothing very particular, and in regular dilapidation. There are some beautiful figures in a picture at a church called . . . (?) attributed to P. Perugino, but *very* like Raffaele; one or two almost exactly agree with certain in the “School of Athens.” Also ceilings by P. Perugino in the Cambio. Weather here horribly cold and wet; on the 11th of April we had a *heavy* snowstorm. Set out for Assisi (eighteen miles). On passing Sta. Maria degli Angeli, met the Dowager Queen of Naples paying that convent a visit (on her way to Florence from Rome), now almost repaired from the damage sustained from the last earthquake. She was old and very commonplace, otherwise would have been a good subject, kneeling at the altar surrounded by groups of beautiful contadine, who, by-the-by, seemed greatly disappointed at her appearance, “*tanta brutta!*” and, after all, so like other *donne*.

‘*Assisi*.—On entering the town, we were accompanied by a hatter, who had been to see the Queen at Sta. Maria, and he took us to a house where we received most excellent fare and accommodation. The family consisted of the master and wife (aged twenty, lively and pretty); her mother, and an aunt* who had been twice a widow, was now childless, and for two years had been blind, but was contented and happy. She excited, poor body, our warmest sympathies, and seemed such a beautiful picture of

* *I.e.*, great-aunt, ‘husband’s old mother,’ in the later narrative.

resignation under affliction. . . . She spent all her time in knitting stockings. She was most friendly—always called me “Figlio mio.” There are three churches above one another. The lower contains the tomb of S. Francesco, pillars of marble containing veins of silver ore. Over the tomb hang innumerable garments or rags of people he is said to have healed. The man who showed it, an under-sacristan, seemed a most firm believer. The healing virtue, according to him, still remains; one miracle happened within his memory, and nothing more than faith was necessary.’—N.Bk.]

The lower church is most impressive. It is very dark, with deep, narrow windows of coloured glass. The walls are covered with early Italian fresco-paintings.

Against one wall there is a fine yellow marble pulpit, which is approached by a flight of steps and a gallery. This gallery is utilized on sermon days by the preacher, giving more scope to his energy, as he frequently leaves the pulpit and marches up and down the gallery, thinking what he shall say next, and mopping his face with his handkerchief. His fervid eloquence requires much action to support it. I believe the preachers to be picked men, carefully trained for this service. The action greatly helps the expression. The preacher will rush along the gallery, suddenly stop, and reach forward and thunder impassioned words; then lower his voice, and even weep, pointing to the crucified Jesus in marble on the pulpit, and implore the people to look up in faith to

Him. The 'dim religious light' revealing kneeling figures almost lost in the gloom, the solemnity and quiet, the all-pervading scent of incense, seem greatly to aid the solemn, picturesque scene, making you step noiselessly lest you should disturb the silence. The second church, over the lowest one, is lighter, so that the frescoes are discernible.

['Light is admitted through beautiful stained glass, which, falling on fine old bits of Gothic architecture surrounded by gloomy shadows, produces most wonderful effects, solemn and impressive in the extreme ; and when the Mass (cantata) is performed, which it always is every morning, and the peals of a fine organ are heard accompanying the deep voices of the friars and the responses of beautiful half-seen groups of kneeling peasantry, the feeling it excites is impressive indeed. The walls are covered by pictures of the thirteenth century. Over the altar, or sepulchre of the saint, are frescoes of his virtues—his marriage to poverty, his humility, charity, etc., and his glorification ; and in a chapel to the left, his receiving the five wounds of our Saviour, and one or two others, all by Giotto, well worth studying. Many also are by his pupil and rival, Stefano, called Giottino ; also two very fine ones of the Crucifixion and Entombment by Taddeo Cavallini Romano ; Puccio Capanna, the " Murder of the Innocents," a fresco much esteemed by Raffaele ; and one or two copies from old Greek artists by Cimabue.'—N.Bk.]

The upper(most) church is very light, and every-

thing is distinctly visible. . . . After you leave the lower church the brilliant sunshine nearly blinds you, just as your eyes were affected in a contrary way on entering.

[‘The upper church is also rich in works of art of the same period, but much decayed, and the inlaying of the choir is very curious and beautiful. W. Y. Ottley remained here six months, and has published engravings from many of the frescoes, with remarks. He presented a copy to the convent library, which we saw and compared on the spot. They are all exaggerated in their thin, angular drawing, and scarcely do the frescoes justice. However, it is a nice work, called “Plates from Early Florentine School.”* The whole of the silver of this convent has been carried off by the French. We received much attention from the friars, especially the head sacristan, a gentlemanly fellow with a fine head, agreeable smile, good eyes, and white hair; also from a friar called Damiano, who spoke English—a fat old fellow and short-winded exceedingly, who invariably came to gossip twice a day. The convent was built by Jacobo Allemano, who laid the foundations so strongly that the earthquake,† which shook and injured all the surrounding country, spared this building. Our days were spent in sketching, after which we walked about the country till dark, generally in the direction of an old ruined fortress

* Published by Colnaghi Molteno, Cooke, Hessey, Fleet Street, price 12 guineas.

† 1832.

on the top of the mountain behind Assisi, which we found means of entering by climbing the walls, and rummaged from top to bottom.

‘After supper we generally gossiped with our hosts, and derived much amusement from the old spectacle-maker we had before met at Todi. He had seen much of life, and had vended spectacles through the smaller towns of France, Germany, and Italy for forty years. He was fond of his bottle, and generally got rather merry every evening, when he lectured sometimes on the *fisico ottico* sciences, and on Governments. He was very bigoted, which was not wonderful, as he was a sort of oracle through the country, and was consulted in all emergencies. He never failed talking the old wife to sleep, and getting drunk with the padrone. I made a caricature of him for our young hostess, who was mightily delighted with it: “So like old ‘Signor Giovanne Occhiale,’ or ‘Papa Barbo,’ as he is generally called.” She wished to know an English word, so I wrote down “sweetheart” for her. Altogether most excellent people, and we were very sorry to leave them, the poor old blind woman especially, to whom we felt quite a sort of attachment. She said she should never forget us, and would pray to Santa Maria for us.’—N.Bk.]

As we were walking towards Narni my companion asked me how much money I had left, as we were still far from Rome. I had four pauls only! He was in the same plight, and we were puzzled what to do to ‘raise the wind.’ So we determined to

apply to the landlord of the Europa* for funds. On arrival at that hotel the head-waiter did not show us any great respect, for we were dusty and travel-stained, with only knapsacks for our luggage. However, we requested to see the proprietor, and were shown into his office. He took off his cap, and asked what he could do for us. We told him our story: how we had left Rome with only a small sum each, and having gone further than we at first intended, it was all gone. Would he, therefore, lend us some money, the sum lent not to exceed the value of our watches, which we would leave with him as security till the loan was repaid. He rose from his stool, bowed, and made a little speech, saying, 'Signori, voi siete Inglesi,' that he declined to take our watches, as he could *always trust to the word of an Englishman*. We might stay at his hotel as long as we pleased, and when we left he would be happy to advance as much as we might require, which we might repay him whenever we arrived at Rome. This was a great relief to us, and enabled us to take a still longer ramble. Of course we returned the loan, and in his acknowledgment he said that he hoped we would always recommend the Europa.

[' He kept us there in good style for a couple of days on good beefsteaks ; an excellent fellow, has been in England, and understands English cooking well ; was formerly a courier to a nobleman. His inn is the best on the road, and he thrives as well as

* Hotel at Terni.

he deserves. We treated ourselves to a bottle of Falernian wine here. Cascade here as fine as ever. What a beautiful valley is that below, where the gardeners are so troublesome! We also visited the lake, two miles above the falls, where there is a small town, and in the lake itself excellent trout and pike fishing. We took a boat from this side and got rowed over to a point where there is annually held a festa, and where is the most perfect echo I ever heard. You wait some moments before you hear it, and then so loud and clear that it is quite astounding. I attempted a tune through the speaking-trumpet, and was greatly shocked, when the echo returned it, to hear how tremendously out of tune my performance had been. After rowing back (an hour's row), Glennie found he had forgotten his portfolio; so away we went again, and by ourselves, in a square boat with two paddles greatly differing in size. Such rowing! Dined on our return at Terni, and afterwards walked to Narni, nine miles. Put up at the Bell (Campana), and agreed to give the landlord six pauls a day for bed, dinner of three dishes, and tea. He gave us these certainly, and *just* these; a close fellow, under an appearance of liberality; a good inn, though. The scenery about the bridge is very beautiful, and I should think a capital place for large trout; but the inhabitants knew nothing about the "arte of taking fishes with y^e angle." The convent on the hillside opposite Narni was stripped by the French, and is now inhabited by pigs and ghosts, the latter fond of

writing on the walls. Bathed for the first time this season in the Nar (27th April); tremendous current.

‘From Narni to Civita Castellana (twenty-one miles by Otricoli and Borghetto), where we put up at the Croce Bianco, corner of the piazza. Paid three pauls for our room (two beds); a good inn, but dear, and if the people have an opportunity of imposing on a traveller, they make good use of it. This man’s brother keeps the post, and a third brother the inn at Spoleto; all alike. Indeed, the more out of the highroad you get, the less you are cheated, and the more civilized the place, in the same ratio you are taken in. This town is surrounded by a beautiful ravine, through which winds a romantic little stream. The air here in summer is unwholesome, and the inhabitants greatly inclined to foppery and dirt.

‘Walked from Civita Castellana up to Soracte (now St. Oreste), distance about ten miles to the summit. There is a small desolate town on the right point as you approach, where, to all appearance, poverty, ill-health, and dirt reign with undisputed sway. The inhabitants looked like people left from a plague; pale, yellow, with purple lips, grave demeanour, slow speech, and a sort of mysterious wildness, and dislike to conversation. From inquiries we made of a priest, we found they all suffered more or less from diseases of the chest arising from the keenness of the air and the heat of the sun. *We* were great objects of curiosity, and

soon accumulated a "tail," who did not fail in following close on our heels wherever we went.'

From this place we ascended the mountain rock of Soracte. It was a rough climb, and we were dogged by two sinister-looking fellows. When about a quarter of the way up we determined to be rid of them, and so waited for them to join us. As they did not attend to our calls, we went back a short distance to meet them, and asked why they followed us. To show us the way, they said. We were each armed with a serviceable stick, which we told them we should use if they came a step further. They sulkily returned downhill, and we resumed our journey. On arriving at the summit we found a hermitage and a small chapel.

'A deserted convent of Camaldolesi, inhabited by a hermit, a German. From the romance and remote situation of the place our hopes were raised of finding a hermit like Parnell's, "The moss his bed, the cave," etc. We approached the convent and found a neat garden well stocked with beans and other vegetables. The door was closed, but through the grating we observed the reverend recluse dressed in a German cap and countryman's jacket and trousers, throwing stones at, and anathematizing his pig for getting among his cabbages. We rang his bell, and asked him might we enter. "Perche no?" was the reply. He seemed to live in a small kitchen well stocked with cooking apparatus, and three books, a crucifix, Dutch clock, and carpenter's tools. He gave us some wine as

musty as it could well be; we had part of a loaf in our pockets, so we made a tolerable meal, the hermit eating his bean-soup. He appeared about thirty-five years old, with a short sandy beard, a merry gray eye, and a good stout person, a regular sort of Friar Tuck. We asked how he lived. He received five baiocchi a day. Did he like it? *Yes*. Was he lonely? *No, he had his dogs, and his pigs, and his poultry*. Of course he had seen ghosts in the convent? Never, but heard odd noises on windy nights, when every shutter played a banging duet with its neighbour. He visited Civita Castellana, Rome, etc., when he liked. He then conducted us to another convent higher up, and, as he told us, *without* such a comfortable kitchen and bedroom, called St. Sylvester, where formerly lived a hermit named St. Onosso—"a real strict one"—with his bed in the rock and his damp cell. He was so sacred that he had performed miracles. One especially merited notice. "He desired a garden vastly, and was prevented by a large rock which occupied the wished-for spot. However, he would not be *done*; so he got up one morning and made this aforesaid rock scampare via over the mountain to the other side; and in its place remained a garden well stocked with finocchio and kidney beans." Our hermit friend showed it to us—truly a most unwieldy morsel for such a flight. The scene that followed was capital. He told us the whole story with a grave suitable demeanour, he standing opposite Glennie and me. When he had finished,

we all three looked at each other. The hermit's muscles relaxed a little ; Glennie looked at me ; I laughed slightly ; the hermit's gray eye rolled ; and with one accord we all joined in a regular hearty laugh. Hermit's lasted the longest. Truly a jolly soul !

After this he seemed anxious to get rid of us, and took us a short distance to show us a pathway through the woods, of small ilexes, back to Civita Castellana ; and a very rough way it was, the ground falling away, and the small trees so close together that we could scarcely squeeze our bodies between them. At the inn at Civita Castellana we had an unpleasant row with the landlord, who demanded three or four times more than he ought. We refused to pay, and put down the proper sum on the table. This he disdained, and told us if we did not pay his bill we should not depart ; and he went down the small staircase with his servant, to block the doorway. We shouldered our knapsacks, took our sticks, and marched down ; and then he said :

‘ Again I demand the sum of — Will you pay it ? ’

‘ No, ’ said we, and pushed him and his man aside and walked out ; when, to our great surprise, he said :

‘ Dunque, Signori, buon viaggio ! ’

‘ From Civita Castellana to Monterosi, a dull long street, and from thence, by a short cut to the right through a difficult path to find, and by a

beautiful wood for eight or nine miles to Trevignano on the Lake of Bracciano. The padrone of the inn had just moved into summer quarters, and great was our delight at getting out of the hot sun and dusty paths, after a six hours' tramp, into a deep cell, cut out of the hollow rock for forty yards.'

It was quite dark, except for a few dim lamps, and on first entering out of the bright sunlight nothing was discernible; but after a short time we found it full of countrymen sitting at tables quaffing the cold wine freshly drawn from the barrels. Never was a more refreshing meal of eggs fried in a tegame and good bread 'and cheese. Tried a sort of sketch of the interior of the cell. Went to see a picture called Raffaele at the church; subject, "Death of the Virgin"; like him in design, but more like Giulio Romano or other pupils in drawing and execution. Nothing very particular. From Trevignano to Bracciano, ten miles, through one of the most beautiful woods I ever saw, just decked in the full fresh verdure of spring; flowering hawthorn, honeysuckle, etc., in abundance, and all on the banks of the lake; and *such* an evening! Bracciano a seedy little place, its castle also; but the lake, and mountain view from the latter, are indeed delicious. The inn poor, but beds good; although the landlady made some difficulty in giving us clean sheets, alleging that the others were not yet dirty. From hence to Rome, thirty miles, passing Veii (now Isola) and down the valley of

the Cremera to Prima Porta, and so home by Ponte Molle.'

We arrived at Ponte Molle about 4 p.m., and being travel-stained and dusty, we agreed to stop and drink a bottle of 'Vino di Subiaco'* before we entered the city. The albergo at Ponte Molle was much resorted to by Romans to enjoy this wine, which paid no duty outside the walls, and was therefore cheap; but it was poor stuff, and not like what we had been enjoying at Orvieto.

I had agreed to return to my old quarters in Rome† during the Holy Week, at my landlord's earnest request, and I was to be his *guest*; but when I finally left, he brought me a long bill, charging me thrice as much as I had before paid him for lodgings. However, I said nothing and paid it, and then I presented his daughter with a little silver workcase as a thank-offering. I then took my leave and descended the stairs, and when going out I heard the old padrone calling out, 'Signor Carlo! Signor Carlo!' He came shuffling down, and then said he had discovered a little error in his conto; he had not charged for the washing of two or three handkerchiefs (!), some three or four baiocchi. Poor old slave to gain!

* Orvieto (?)

† Palazzo Fiano.

CHAPTER III.

ITALY.

[' I ARRIVED in Naples the 6th of May, 1834 . . . and got a room in the Hotel della Lombardie for four carlines a day. Laboured up to the convent of S. Martino, formerly a convent of the Certosini ; but the French effectually routed the monks out, and put in their places old, worn-out soldiers, and it is used in the same manner at present. One of them hooked me at the gate and conducted me to the door of the church, where he introduced me to the custode, who was once, he said, a gentleman, and of a first-rate family. His appearance *exactly* answered this description—about sixty-eight, with a mild old face, high cheek-bones, brown skin, though not thin, a long surtout, gray eyes, and a good forehead, surmounted by something which looked exceedingly like a wig—and I dare say was one—but rather auburn in colour and a little bristly. He received me with a bow, conducted me to each picture in turn, left me to myself for five minutes, and then returned to say that if I would excuse him he must go. The altar-piece, by Spagnoletto, is a wonderfully fine

work—the dead Christ, with the Virgin above ; her clasped hands and upturned, expressive eyes, *just tinged* with red from weeping, are perfect, and the solemn hue and deep effect are in beautiful keeping. His “ Christ giving the Sacrament ” is a fine work. The Christ pleased me particularly. His head comes against a blue sky and tells strong, and is in itself a good head. His prophets are peculiar, and fine in their way, but they are common *men*. There is also a picture called “ Guido.”

‘ On leaving the church with the old gentleman, I found my former ensnarer ready to show me the other wonders of the place—a beautiful view of Naples, etc. ; a delicious garden (rose, orange, lemon, fig and mulberry trees), surrounded by cloisters of marble (every bit marble). I also looked into the kitchen, and saw the old boys’ dinner-table ; there are 400 of them, 200 blind. These I met at every turn, merry and happy in appearance as possible. Lastly, a bas-relief of St. Martin, the founder, dividing his cloak. How astonished, by-the-by, he would be to see how his convent is now occupied!—although old, ruined soldiers who have suffered for their country seem more entitled to such a retirement than lazy, vagabondizing monks. This Neapolitan climate, I find, is very apt to render a man good for nothing—not, I think, enervating, but one feels so perfectly happy in doing *nothing whatever*. Conscience says, “ Be up and doing,” but climate says, “ Enjoy your present existence ;” and, as possession is nine points of the law, and climate

has you already in his power, you only agree with climate, and think him a right good fellow and conscience a bore. The only way is to leave it. Even *thinking* is labour. Paid ten carlines for a place in a diligence to Salerno (twenty-five miles), which goes from Strada Medina. Arrived late in the evening. Found out a fellow to take me to Pæstum for two dollars (seven or eight carlines too much). Started at four next morning, and arrived at Pæstum about ten, and was much pleased with the temples, especially that of Neptune. But the farmhouses near them destroy much of the effect. The temple ought to stand *in solitude*, everything else harmonizing—the wild mountains near, the desert or rankly-luxuriant plain, the flat coast, the placid sea. But as for the white-walled, red-tiled houses, nothing can be said for them, especially when you see the inhabitants eating and drinking *jollily*, as I did, with a priest flirting with a landlady in the foreground. The inhabitants of such a place should not be jolly; indeed, considering the effects of the malaria, it is a wonder they can be. . . .

. ' Attempted a sketch from the sea a mile off, but found it too hot to go on. The sand especially burnt one's feet, and the perspiration produced by the sun was tremendous. Dined at the little hole of an albergo there on fried eels and boiled eggs, and not bad wine, and had my cab-driver to dine with me. Salerno is a very prettily situated place, but confoundedly warm. Pretty walks, good sea and air, and civil people, especially the country-folk. Re-

turned to Pompeii, which I visited, and was highly satisfied. The wine-shops and bakers' forno, the old carriage-wheel-worn roads, the fountain whose edges are worn by the ancient damsels' water-jugs, are especially interesting; they bring the whole affair so vividly before you, and present the ancients in quite a new point of view—a domestic one. Strange that all their houses and temples should be so small, compared with our buildings. One would imagine Pompeii to have been inhabited by pigmies. Mrs. Starke gives a very minute detail of the different objects. Met two Italians there who were going sight-seeing, and I joined them. We went first to the royal palace at Portici with their order (quite necessary). Nothing well worth seeing. The apartments are well furnished and *elegant*, nevertheless, and in one are portraits of Napoleon, Murat, etc., the former by Gerard; the latter gives exactly the idea of a wild, reckless, jovial, active spirit—quite a brigand-like expression. Also some clever pictures by Granet. From hence to Herculaneum. Nothing is shown here but the theatre, which, judging from the width of the stage, is larger than S. Carlo. A great pity it is not all laid open; things are on such a far grander scale than at Pompeii. I believe excavations have ceased.*

‘Afterwards returned to Naples. Museo Borbonico† a regular treat. I take two rooms a day, and so enjoy them without fatigue. Visited the bronze

* Resumed in 1868 (scavi nuovi).

† Now Nazionale.

statues. They are very fine. The best are a Mercury, seated; a female bust; "Dancing Faun," as lively and elastic as possible; a Young Apollo; Alexander on horseback (old Bucephalus, doubtless), striking with his sword; an Amazon mounted, with a spear; a very fine bust of Seneca. The Farnese "Hercules" looks very grand here. I was disappointed with the celebrated Farnese group of the "Bull," etc. How interesting are the eatables, etc., found at Pompeii! The two loaves, with baker's name, nuts of all sorts, figs, prunes, corn; colours for painting (about two or three pounds of ultramarine); drapery, burnt, with gold edging; the remains of a purse, with money in it, found in the clasped hand of a female skeleton. Then, also, the gold ornaments: the cameos, very fine, one of the Venus de Medici; earrings, bracelets; soup-strainers; the celebrated cameo of Medusa, etc., from Hadrian's Villa, etc. The room of bronze utensils is also very interesting; they are numerous. There is a most excellent portable stove, with hot-water and cooking apparatus, and some rather intricate surgical instruments, besides knives, spoons, pots and pans, lamps, helmets, spears, breastplates, locks, hinges, etc., etc., without end. In the room containing the manuscripts was a person engaged in unrolling and deciphering the rolls of papyrus, resembling exactly thick bits of charcoal. The letters are *just* distinguishable, in a large, clear hand (X Θ cosi). Animals commonly called "nursery maids" abound everywhere, but especially at Naples—I mean English ones. Visited

the Albergo de' Poveri, where hundreds of children of poor people are brought up and kept. One half of the building is devoted to males, the other to females. The interior is excellently laid out in large halls or rooms, each devoted to a separate pursuit. We saw the children and youths learning reading and writing (the Lancastrian system), drawing (some very well), playing musical instruments, singing, pin-making, gun-lock-smithing, weaving, etc.—in short, brought up to everything. The playground is the interior of a large church, which has never been raised higher than twelve feet from the ground, and in which were young fellows drilling for soldiers. Afterwards accompanied my aforesaid Italian friends to the museum, where we got permission to view the cose riservate (and well they may be). However, I saw the antique "Faun teaching Young Apollo," of which Stonhouse has a small cast. It came from the Farnese, Rome.

'After dinner we all took coach to ascend Vesuvius; weather very unpromising. Started, five of us, from Salvatore's house at Resina on horses and one ass, on which rode a very fat jolly Roman, whom we christened Santo Padre. Our guides were two lads. Before we reached the Hermitage, half-way up, we were caught in a shower, which effectually cooled the courage of the Padre and another. Our party was now reduced to three besides the two guides; evening very dark, and cone of Vesuvius covered with clouds and raining continually. However, we pushed on, and rode for about two miles

further, when we fastened the horses to masses of lava and began to tramp up the cone, I leading the way, the Italians, each attached to a guide by a handkerchief, following. We arrived at length at the top, and found ourselves enveloped in thick cloud, so that we could not see more than ten yards. The night was coming on; guides rather unwilling, or afraid (especially as one of them said, "Ci vuol molto corraggio"), and Italians tired; so that the utmost we could do was to see two or three small craters, or red-hot holes, of bottomless depth, and return to the Hermitage by a path knee-deep in soft lava, and we went down in about three minutes that which had occupied us half an hour in ascending. There we drank some of the hermit's wine, and descended through the rain to Salvatore's, and arrived at Naples wet through about mezza notte. Paid forty-five carlines in advance for fifteen dinners at the Villa Milano, close to the Largo del Castello (three carlines a dinner instead of four when so taken); excellent feed. Good supper-place in the Strada Brigida, Signora Carlina's. The two Milanese have gone to Genoa; the other two, Romans, I joined in an excursion to Baia, etc. We started in the morning at three o'clock (three ducats a day for carriage), and arrived at Pozzuoli, where we examined the Solfaterra, a large plain with little mounds of sulphur and sulphur works. This keeps up a correspondence with Vesuvius. When the latter smokes so does the former, and *vice versâ*. Workmen here die suddenly. Small "piscina mirabile"; the amphi-

theatre, very much decayed, and where one sees the prison of St. Gennaro, who was exposed, like Daniel, to the lions, and they would have nothing to do with him. The temple of Serapis worth seeing ; pavement entire ; villa of Cicero, etc.

‘ Thence to Cuma by the Arco Felice, etc., where were nothing but a few scattered ruins amongst the vines, inhabited in winter by wild boars. Thence to the Lago di Fusaro (Acherusia Palus), famous for its oysters, and thence to Baia, and saw the remains of the temple of Venus on the Mole, a brick edifice, round and vaulted. The rooms called the Camere di Venere are stuccoed on the ceiling, and ornamented with sphynxes and other figures, and well blackened with soot from visitors’ torches, as indeed are all the ceilings shown here, some of them having the appearance of the inside of a chimney. Saw also the temple of Mercury, lighted and shaped like the Pantheon, but small. Here we took a boat for the day (one scudo) and rowed to Bauli, where we saw a few bits of brick wall called “ Villa of Lucullus.” The “ piscina mirabile,” or reservoir for purified water for the Roman navy, is very perfect. It consists of a large subterranean apartment supported by arches and pilasters, about forty-eight in number. Thence to the tomb of Agrippina, a small vault ornamented in stucco ; sooty, of course. Also the Elysian Fields, covered, from whence we crossed by the shores of the Mare Morto, or Cocytus (now a reservoir for fish called tonni), to the other side of Cape Miseno, and embarked for Procida, where we

were pestered to death by starers. Saw a fine view from the castle, and got a girl to dress in the costume, which is Greek, and is worn only on festas. We then returned to Nero's vapour-baths, and stripped to the shirt to examine them. Guide went first with torch, Italian doctor next, I next, and after me came our fat Roman friend, Signor Serafino, all walking with noses on knees to keep out of the vapour which filled the upper part of the vault. We had not gone thirty paces down before Italian doctor was heard to cry "Basta!" so he stopped, and on I went, followed by Fatty, who went about six more, and then retrograded faster than the other. Guide shouted "Corraggio!" so on we went, and at last got to the bottom in a most profuse perspiration. Then we got a bucketful of the water and boiled a couple of eggs, and then returned, running down with wet, and red as lobsters, but had the laugh against the Italians.

'From hence by sea to Lake Avernus, by the Stygia Palus, or Lucrine Lakes, and the grotto of the Sibyl of Cuma. At the end of the grotto are her apartments, two feet deep in water, and baths. Killed a snake here. We all got on guides' backs (Fatty also) and entered. There are three or four apartments, and about two or three baths in each room. From hence, they say, a subterranean passage leads to Baia, or, anciently, to Cocytus, Styx, etc. Thence back to boat and sailed over to harbour of Pozzuoli, where St. Paul embarked; saw there the cathedral built out of the Temple of Augustus; and there still remain, on one side, Corinthian columns, with the

architrave. From Pozzuoli to Lake of Agnana, where are the vapour-baths of S. Germano and the Grotta del Cane, neither of which we cared to see. Then home to Naples. Expenses of trip, thirty-nine carlines each.

‘ N.B.—Visit to Procida a waste of time. We all three supped together at Corona di Zeno, and settled accounts. All well, and enjoyed our trip much, though Fatty was once or twice heard to remark we had not dined, and that when we should arrive in Naples “ non ci sarebbe brodo, *non niente.*” Both these Romans are most excellent fellows; Fatty, a character.

‘ About a week after this Vesuvius began to vomit smoke and flame, and emit at night a brilliant red glare, which excited my curiosity once more; and, standing at the window of my hotel, I heard an odd voice talking about—

‘ “ Vesuvius is in un gran fochista.”

‘ So I hailed in English :

· “ Are you going to ascend to-night, sir ?”

· “ Yes, sir—oui.”

· “ May I accompany you ?”

· “ We shall be very glad.”

‘ So I descended, and found an Irishman I remembered to have heard, in the Vatican, talking great nonsense about the “ School of Athens,” and another (English) young fellow, equipped for the ascent. We started, therefore, about ten at night, and walked to Resina, where we got three mules and a guide, and joined two other parties at the summit

with old Salvatore at their head. The eruption was slight, but very beautiful ; and from a large hole in the cone flowed a stream of red-hot lava, which extended for about a quarter of a mile before getting stiff and black. We remained there till about five in the morning, and then Mr. Smith (the oddity) and I returned, leaving the younger man, Mr. Abraham, a friend of Glennie's, on the cone, where he remained that day and the following night. We were much pleased, as the moon was at the full, and the sunrise in the morning beautiful.

' *May 30.*—Parted with my two Roman friends, Dr. Paolo Ruga and Signor Serafino Maldura.

' Had a two days' trip with Abraham to Ischia. Boat from Naples every evening for two carlines. Castle fine from the sea. Walked to the Sentinella at Cal Amici, but they would not take less than a ducat a day, so went to a barber-restaurantore recommended to us by Guapp, a cicerone and donkey-keeper, a good-humoured fellow, who afforded us much amusement. We made with him the tour of the island, and in the course of the ramble stopped for refreshment at the Villa Fontana, where we were all three surrounded by thirty or forty women, men, and children, begging, selling, staring, etc. Suddenly there arose some contention between our two donkeys, and we all ran out to stop it, and on our return Signor Guapp missed his handkerchief, or napkin (a present from his mother), and raised immediately a desperate commotion ; would search the women, swore they were *all* thieves, etc. However,

he did not find it, and we left the village with our conductor, who vowed vengeance on the whole community, in a fever of anger. From hence to the top of the mountain, from which is a good view of the island and surrounding country (Baia, Naples, Gaeta, and Capri), and where reside a hermit and lay brother. Guapp told us not to give a farthing there, as without doubt the hermit would share the prize of his handkerchief; and we obeyed him, as we had no communication with them, and left without bestowing *elemosina for the Church*, an event which caused, in our guide's opinion, all his after-misfortunes. First, his donkey dislocated his left fore-leg.

"Ah," said Guapp, "St. Nicholas has punished me!" and he cried with anguish. We preferred walking, as the descent was in a raincourse, so Guapp mounted my ass, and had not been on five minutes before he was cascaded clean over its head, and cut his elbow and cheek. "St. Nicholas again!" said poor Guapp.

'I tried to convince him that the same thing would have happened if we had left fifty scudi; but Guapp was incredulous. However, he mounted his own ass, and had not gone much further, when his *cucia* took some amorous whim, and once more spilt his master, who this time severely sprained his ankle, and was effectually lamed. He was now no longer doubtful, and told us that a misfortune had always happened, and always would happen, to anyone who slighted St. Nicholas. And he went home,

and all the neighbours agreed that he was deservedly punished by St. Nicholas for his advice to us and his neglect of *elemosina*. He put on leeches in the evening, and soon got better. We paid the barber twenty-four carlines for two days (all but a dinner), but not without a row, as he wanted three piastres. He was very like J. Reeve, the actor, and afforded us great entertainment. When we reduced his demand he was quite speechless. He sank down in a chair, and crossed himself in the most exquisitely ludicrous manner, and looked earnestly at *fourteen* pictures of Madonnas hanging over my bed. . . . Changed my lodgings at Naples, and have got a small room looking over the bay and Vesuvius, 21 Sta. Lucia, for two carlines a day.'—N.Bk.]

Oddly enough, after my return to England, happening to dine at a chop-house, I saw a man observing me attentively over his newspaper, and found he was my friend (Abraham) of Ischia and Vesuvius, arrived only that day! He died in India shortly afterwards.

I spent the summer at Sorrento, about a mile from the sea, paying eight carlines a day for board and lodging. The rooms opened on to a large flat terrace (*primo piano*), covered with a vine, trellised, very cool and airy, with a good view of the Bay of Naples and Vesuvius. While sitting there one day reading, I was aware of a lady watching me over the low dividing wall. She disappeared when I looked up. My landlady said there was an English family living in the next house, and the lady must

be the signora. Next day I received a visit from il signore, G. Hallam, of Brent-Pelham Hall, who invited me to spend the evening with them. There I met his cousin, Robert Sullivan, and his wife; a young lady—Miss F. Worthington—travelling with them; and a Norwegian painter on a visit, a character, stout and strong and very merry, Thomas Fearnley by name.

Near my quarters was a cottage, in which dwelt a very handsome mother, who used to sit at her doorway under a vine, nursing a prodigious fine baby, making a very pretty group. I asked her to sit to me, and began a small picture from them. The day after I met Sullivan. He called on me, and saw my little picture, and said, 'By Jove, how good!' He from that time to the end of his life became and continued my firmest friend. Daily he sent his man-servant to tell me dinner was nearly ready; and I almost lived at his house. And we sketched and boated together. He was an indefatigable sketcher. We used to drive out to some 'punto' with a luncheon-basket, and then he became so absorbed in his work that hunger was forgotten, while sandwiches melted and wine turned sour in the hot sun. During my sojourn at Sorrento, Vesuvius was in grand eruption, and we all made a party, rowed across the Bay of Naples, and spent the night on the mountain. The lava was streaming down and covering the vineyards and trees, while the natives of a village being submerged lay about in picturesque confusion on the ground, having barely

escaped with what household goods they could save from the burning lava, which gave out a lurid red light, except where the hot cinders were stopped by a tree and were heaped up against it. For a time the tree seemed not to suffer; but suddenly there was a shivering of rustling leaves, and a bright flame burst out like gas-light, and flared up for a moment, and then it fell, and all was again in red gloom. The heat was intense, and occasionally the wind blew the sulphurous vapour towards us, so that breathing was difficult. We had to drag and lift the ladies over walls, they stepping up on our backs. At last we retreated to our boats, an hour after sunrise; and as we had eaten nothing since noon the day before, we were almost famished, and utterly worn out and grimy with the fine dust of the lava. Fearnley rushed to the baskets and handed round some wine, and we pushed the boats off and began rowing; but, alas! there was a very heavy, queer ground-swell connected with the subterranean movement, and nearly all the party were sea-sick; and never did I see such a miserable company lighted up by a brilliant sun. We got to Sorrento about 7 a.m.; all went to bed, and few appeared for a day or two, and then much dilapidated.

During the summer William Boxall joined me; and there were in the house a Hanoverian officer who had been at Waterloo; an old fellow, Matzen; and Monachi, an Anglo-German. The Hanoverian officer had been wounded in the foot, and he told us that the fire was at one time so hot that wounds

were inflicted by the *splinters* of human bones. There was a Capucin convent near us, where I used to draw the monks ; and I made a study in oil of a very grand fellow. We became friends, and I used to supply him with snuff, pipes and tobacco, to his great content. These poor fellows never changed their brown dresses day or night, and had many services to attend ; but they seemed contented with what appeared to me a most useless and monotonous existence. Boxall painted small portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan. They had a young lady visitor, Miss H—— ; very pretty ; and she and I became rather intimate, and I tried to paint her, but failed ; the weather was too hot. She was travelling with a Captain and Mrs. B——. . . . Sullivan's visitor, T. Fearnley, was a ceaseless source of merriment. For a short time he and I did not much fraternize ; and he afterwards told me that he thought I might interfere with his affection for Miss W—— ; but we became great friends during his stay in England. He afterwards married the daughter of a Norwegian banker, and died the year following in Holland, leaving an infant son, who still continues to be my warm friend, and whose mother corresponded with my wife till the latter's death, and with me till her own. After Fearnley's death she married again, a Norwegian clergyman (Provst Heyerdahl), and they died within a few weeks of each other. It was amusing to witness at Sorrento, on the occasion of festas, the wonderful impudence of professors of the dental science, and

the credulity of the peasantry. I was present at a lecture given by one in a crowded thoroughfare. He occupied an open carriage, the horses having been taken out. His voice was of the loudest; and he told them that he could extract teeth with 'punto della spada'—the point of a sword. He made up with a handkerchief the resemblance of a huge tooth, the four pendant ends representing the fangs. These he told a peasant to hold very tight; and then, flourishing a sword, he suddenly inserted the point, and jerked the handkerchief into the air and caught it as it descended. He told lovers how important it was to have sweet breath; and he then held up small bottles, which contained a nostrum to effect this, 'only twopence each,' and of these he sold great numbers—men buying them to give to their sweethearts, and *vice versâ*. He then, in order to convince them of his great talents, brought out a large flat volume, bound in morocco, and showed them testimonials from kings and princes, stamped with their royal arms on each page, all of whom *he had cured*. This book was handed round in the crowd, and as no one could read, it was considered convincing. When it came near me I examined it with some curiosity. It was his *passport-book* only! I held it up and told him so; but he only grinned and got repossession of it, and went on as volubly as ever.

At Sorrento we had good bathing in the sea. On one occasion we went to a rock from which we could plunge into very deep water. As we walked there

Fearnley told Monachi stories of enormous star-fish with long tentacles, with which they grasped the limbs of swimmers. Monachi was the first to take a header into the sea; and then Fearnley (winking at me) slipped quietly into the water, dived beneath Monachi, seized his leg, and dragged him down. Monachi, of course, thought of the tales he had heard, and at last appeared on the surface striking out frantically for the shore; and then Fearnley's round face appeared above water, roaring with laughter. It was scarcely a fair joke.

I mention what struck me as an instance of the great confidence reposed in those days in Englishmen. I had sent for a letter of credit, directed to a banker at Florence, at which place I had expected to be; and as I found my money running low, I said to my hostess, Donna Maria, that I must leave Sorrento, or I should not be able to pay her for my board, etc. She said:

‘Can you not pay me when you get to Florence? I will *trust* you. Stay as long as you please, and send me the money when convenient.’

However, I did not need to delay payment, as I got the London bankers to transfer the money to Naples. This showed the same trust in Englishmen as I experienced from the hotel-keeper at Terni.

[‘Must not forget Carmela, Michele, Maria Giuseppe, Agnese and sisters; Teresina, Ursoletta, and Luigi; Donna Maddalena, Giuseppe the boatman, the old bore Vincenzo; also Raffaello, Benedetto and crew, etc., etc.—Padre Agostino and his monks.

From not getting a certificate from the Commissario of Police, certifying that the paintings I took away were done at Sorrento, I was obliged to leave the whole caseful with Turner and Co., bankers, who undertook to forward them to London to their agents.

' N.B. — Ascended Vesuvius in August (moon third quarter) from Sorrento—eruption tremendous—stream of lava ten miles by three—vineyards destroyed, also wood and a town, S. Giovanni, of fifty houses—fine groups of people *burnt out*; one woman leaning on vine-pole especially—roba scattered up and down—flashing of new wood—red-hot lava smoke—rascals with guns—saints and relics—monks—nuns kneeling—houses burning. View from boat on water: spectre-ship, mast and cordage dark against red smoke—one or two figures hanging in shrouds—town dark against smoke—water dusky—sky murky—lava above houses intense. All desperately ill coming home. I, *starved*. I regretfully left Sorrento, and took a steamer from Naples to Leghorn, en route for Florence.

' Fare to Leghorn in first cabin thirty-two ducats. . . . Leghorn, inn the Pension Suisse, bed four pauls (too much), dinner four. The opera there good. Saw "William Tell." From this place to Pisa two hours. Inn at Pisa, Hôtel Europa, opposite the principal bridge; bed three pauls, and dined at the restaurant in same house. Splendid cathedral. Campo Santo most interesting. Gozzoli

finer than I expected. By-the-by, where the *upper* preparation of plaster is fallen off, one sees an *under* preparation (not so finely prepared), and on *this* are *drawn* in red the figures that are painted on the upper one (not *always* exactly corresponding); so that it would seem that the whole picture was outlined on the wall before the upper preparation for painting was laid on, and that *that* must have been done, a bit at a time, over it. From Pisa to Lucca in time for the opera; two acts of "Otello" and two of "Romeo e Giulietta" (Malibran, Garcia, etc.). A small but select gallery here in the Palazzo Publico. A sweet Raffaele, a "Holy Family," or Madonna "delle Lume" (there are two lights burning in the picture); one or two Guidos; a Poussin, "Murder of Innocents," etc. In the Dominican church where Fra Bartolommeo lived are two of his pictures; one, which I like the least of the two, "The Assumption," is called his chef d'œuvre. A Guido, in the style of painting of the "St. John" of Lord Grosvenor, and the figure standing on the right certainly the same model. From Lucca to Florence by Pistoja, which I saw only by moonlight. My travelling companion in a cab from Pisa was a Captain O'Grath, an Irishman, gentlemanly and pleasant, though rather worn-out. He afterwards, poor fellow, died in Florence suddenly.'—N.Bk.]

At Florence during the winter of 1834 and spring of 1835 I had rooms opposite the church of Santa Trinita and near Lung' Arno, on the top floor, 138

steps of stairs.* There I began to paint again, and executed some commissions for pictures: 1. 'The Convent Door;' 2. 'The Sirens,' a subject inspired by the sea-caves I had haunted at Sorrento; 3. 'The First-born;' 4. A Portrait of Baby Hallam, naked, seated with flowers; besides a small head of a boy, son of Sir H. Fletcher and nephew to Sir R. Peel. 'The Convent Door' was for William Hey, of Roundhay, near Leeds. 'The Sirens' I sold to Miss Worthington, who presented it to R. Sullivan, and he left it back at his death, and it is now in the possession of Colonel Wilmer, the son of Mrs. Wilmer, née Worthington. 'The First-born' I took with me to England, and ventured, on Stonhouse's advice, to exhibit it at the British Institution. There it attracted notice; and was purchased on the first day by Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill, and I afterwards made a replica of it for Lord Lansdowne. This encouraged me in original work. I made a few studies in the galleries from famous pictures.

While copying a small Paul Veronese in the Uffizi, the martyrdom of Sta. Justina, I was aware of a visitor overlooking me. It was Mr. Pickersgill, R.A. After some preliminary 'ahems' he spoke to me:

'Sir, I believe, by the look of your work and that of your colour-box, that you are an Englishman.'

I replied: 'Yes, Mr. Pickersgill.'

'Ah!' said he, 'go *where* I will I'm known.

* Now the abode of the Philological and Italian Alpine Clubs (Baedeker).

Sir, look at me and see how I'm suffering for my country, a martyr to my desire of improvement in my art. Sir, I travelled three days and four nights without rest ; and on arriving here I retired to my couch. The window was open, and I was a prey to mosquitoes all night long. In the morning I was blind. Only see my nose ! But, sir, where have we met, that you should know me ?'

I said I was a student at the Royal Academy and had seen him there.

'Good, sir ; I shall be glad to know you.'

He had been painting La Fayette in Paris, I believe, and had extended his tour to Italy.

My friend Boxall joined me at Florence, and took an apartment on the floor below me. Also the Sulivans came for the winter and took a villa—Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, Miss Worthington and Eugénie—and of course I saw a great deal of them, and Sullivan was at my room almost daily, taking the greatest interest in my work. The Scottish painter, W. Simpson, was also at Florence, and I accompanied him and Captain O'Grath in a tour to La Certosa, and to a Camaldoli convent in the Apennines. Here the gallant Captain was in his element, telling the old monks his campaigning stories, and they followed him about with wondering interest, while he flourished his stick and 'showed how fields were won.' In the evenings the Prior used to visit us, and asked close questions as to the policy of Sir R. Peel ; a shrewd, deep fellow. I fear that this trip was too fatiguing for the poor Captain, whose lungs

were affected, for he died a short time after our return to Florence. I had missed him for a fortnight at dinner, and as I went up to my room, his door was open and a woman (nurse) was crying. I asked her, was the Captain ill?

‘Ill to death,’ she said.

Two priests were with him, administering the last rites of the Roman Catholic Church. When they left I went in. The Captain was nearly breathless, but he took my hand and thanked me. His eyes and fine white teeth glittered in the lamplight. During the night his spirit fled. He had made no will, so his boxes were sealed up by Government officials, and his only relative, a sister, was written to by a brother officer.

I observed, as I went out one evening to dinner at a restaurant, a very wild sky. When seated at a table, suddenly all the windows were dashed open and the lights extinguished. After dinner I returned to my rooms, and while seated at a table reading I observed that the pendant lamp-tweezers and extinguisher were vibrating. Presently I got sleepy, when, suddenly, my chair was pulled from under me. I held fast to the table, and, thinking that a trick had been played me, I called out, ‘Boxall, that’s not fair;’ but no one was in the room. I felt giddy, and, supposing that I was ill, I struggled to bed without undressing. In the morning I felt quite well, and supposed that I had been faint; but when I got out I found that everyone was talking of the *earthquake*. It was a severe shock, and was felt as

far as Rome ; and many houses fell forward, and had to be propped up to prevent their falling into the street.

My friend Sullivan wished me to join them, and spend the winter near Lago di Guarda, but I thought it was high time to think of returning, so I left Florence and visited Verona, Piacenza, and Parma (where is the finest Correggio), and so on by Padua to Venice.

Met at table an Englishman educated in Germany, of gentle, quiet manners, who told me that his father, a lieutenant in the royal navy, was killed at Trafalgar, and that his mother lived on a small pension at Hanover. He was a pleasant fellow, and we did the lions together. He regretted that he could not join me in my journey, but he was detained waiting for a cheque, and he hoped to meet me at Venice. I thought it a pity for him to be detained at Bologna, so I lent him two or three napoleons to enable him to pay his bill and go forward. I was several days en route, and when I arrived at my inn I found that he had called daily to inquire after me. I thought, 'What an honest fellow he is to be so anxious to repay his debt!' When we met he was in deep dejection, as his money had not arrived ; and as he had bought some clothes he 'felt ashamed of trespassing further on my purse,' so I lent him more napoleons. He would go everywhere with me. One evening he said he had an Austrian friend, a tutor to an Austrian Duke, and he persuaded me to accompany him to their hotel. The tutor and his

pupil were pleasant fellows, and I met them occasionally afterwards. After about a fortnight the tutor said to me :

‘ How is your friend ?’

I said I had not seen him for some time.

‘ *Indeed ?*’ said he.

His manner made me think something was wrong, so I said at once :

‘ Have you lent him money ?’

He said : ‘ Only a few naps.’

I told him that I also had done the same.

‘ *Indeed ?*’ he reiterated ; and then he told me that this fellow (Spondon) had said that *I* was hard up, and the loan was *for me !*

So I insisted that the tutor should accompany me to the agent of my banker, who convinced him of my not being impecunious. We then both laughed to think how we had been taken in by a rascal. But the unpleasantness did not end here. I agreed to travel to England with a very pleasant, well-informed man, a Colonel Smith. On board the Rhine-boat he met a British friend and introduced me to him ; and to my surprise he declined to know me. I demanded an explanation ; and he told Colonel Smith that I was the ‘ friend and companion of a known sharper,’ and ‘ birds of a feather,’ etc., etc. So I told Smith my adventure, and he said that this fellow would make use of my name in wheedling other gulls. The Englishman then told me what a skilful adventurer he was. He was very quiet and plausible in manner, and spoke of his widowed

mother with great feeling. The greatest evil done by these rascals is that they destroy all confidence between man and man.

[*Siena, March, 1835.*—Dome very rich and beautiful, though not equal to Orvieto outside. Sacristy contains frescoes in capital preservation by Raffaello and Pinturicchio, fifteen years older than Raffaello, all designed by Raffaello. Much pleased—with first and second most. Subjects, life of S. Piccolomini, afterwards Pius II. (*Æneas Sylvius*). Figure of him preaching to King of Scotland has much sentiment. Pulpit by Andrea Pisano, and floor of marble, from designs by Beccafumi, in marble of three colours only, white for light, gray for broad shadows, and dark for depths, like chalk drawings. The Graces are in the sacristy of this cathedral. Paintings by Spinello Aretino (1300), and Ambrogio Lorenzetti (1400), in Palazzo Publico. Beautiful costumes. Good deeds on one side, bad deeds on other; and in another room knights tilting, etc., etc. (made notes).

Florence, April 27.—Have been busy for a few days sketching in the city from frescoes by Ghirlandaio, in Chiesa Sta. Trinita, and from Gozzoli in a small chapel of the Riccordi Palace, Via Larga; the former beautiful for sentiment, the latter for costume, and a wonderful collection of characteristic old heads. . . .

Parma, May 2.—Arrived here in diligence in twelve hours from Bologna, fifty miles. One companion de voyage from Turin, an intellectual, lively fellow; two Parmegiani, and a Franciscan priest, been

on a tour to Vienna, and would shortly return to his convent, Maria degli Angeli, near Assisi. Fine head, simple in worldly matters, clever. Told us of his interviews with Emperor and Maria (latter pious), did the conducteur. Two days' rain and cold. Went to gallery. What Correggios! By heavens! Copies give no idea of Dr. Girolamo—clear, bright, fat, beauteous, graceful, che! 2. "Madonna della Scodella," mother and Christ; latter wonderfully sweet, playing with father and mother (six years old), and looking round at you. Angels poetical (see sketch). 3. Martyrdom of S. Flavio and his sister. Latter looking up (on being stabbed) in a sort of ecstasy; eyebrows elevated, smiling mouth, eyes looking to heaven. Executioner of brother fine. 4. Dead Christ and Mary, etc., also fine, but not so fine. Four different degrees of grief; Mary fainting; second figure assisting, and crying; third, full of melting tenderness; fourth, merely weeping. A grand Ludovico Caracci, Carrying to the Tomb (sketch). Called on Cavaliere Toschi, the engraver, and director of this academy; pleasant man, intellectual countenance, stout. Famous studio covered with fine prints. Twenty workmen, or students, engraving. Got leave to sketch.

'Sunday, 3rd.—Went up to cupola of cathedral; rather disappointed. Virgin's Assumption: colours dim, and some parts quite gone, except the legs of the angels in upper part, and give idea of nothing but arms and legs. Still they *are* Correggios, and give satisfaction. Cupola of S. Giovanni in finer

preservation, our Saviour ascending in presence of disciples. Latter grandissima. Gallery again. Correggios still finer than yesterday. Observed colour, or megilp, laid on thickest in dark shadows of drapery, and in high lights; very fat, not greasy but firm; and gray of ultramarine—carnations all different according to age of person—draperies glazed in lights, except some bright yellow; the brightest parts put on after, here and there. Appears to be painted or impastoed without much oil first, but laid on thickly with colour (opaque) afterwards. Look like objects in a looking-glass. Kill all other pictures near them; finest pictures in the world. Walked about all day. Here pretty girls and modest. Met the contents of two foundling hospitals, fine lasses, marriageable. Receive 200 francs when married with consent of governors. Hospital supported by Duchess of Parma. In the Palazzo del Giardino are some frescoes by Agostino Caracci, highly poetical in conception, and altogether most satisfactory. They fill a chamber. That of Venus presenting Bacchus to Ariadne is particularly so. She is all modesty and resignation, while he is reverentially saying “How do?” Venus is pretty, and young Cupid is taking his usual liberties with Ariadne. The followers of Bacchus, just landed, are capital, especially a young faun and boy struggling under the weight of a golden vine-vase, and two or three drunkards and porters in the rear. The “Triumph of Venus” is also good. She is kissing Cupid, perched up on the back of the car

drawn by fauns and loves; another young Cupid in the air is giving them the whip of his bow and guiding the reins; and the car is rolling over the emblems of war, science, literature, and the fine arts. The Graces follow behind. Then the third is good, "Rape of Europa." She is all pleasure, and seems highly satisfied with her seat on the gentle bull, who, nevertheless, looks round with a very suspicious sort of expression, evidently wanting to be off. The nymphs giving flowers are very pretty and graceful. There are others good, "Venus guiding the Boat of Æneas," etc., etc.

'In the same palace are some frescoes which have been painted over with white (*cose libidinose*), but they are now restoring them by taking off the coat of paint. The custode of fifty years' standing talked of Napoleon when there as Consul as a "dark, short *brute!*" The frescoes of Correggio in the Convent of S. Paolo, generally consisting of emblems of the chase in the hands of little boys, are playful and spirited; but, I confess, not first-rate for Correggio. The cupola of the *Steccata* fine, by Correggio, the Assumption of the Madonna, in presence of all the old worthies. Amongst others I recognised David, with Goliath's *head*. How should this last get there? N.B.—The blues in S. Jerome are very thick of oil indeed, as are some of the lights on flesh (foreheads, for instance), smooth polished hills which appear quite flat except on artist-like inspection.

'Inn at Parma, Alla Tedesca, bed one franc,

dinner two—good. Between Parma and Mantua (case of seventeen francs) no less than eight doganas ; out of Parma into Modena, then out of Modena into Parma, then Guastalla, etc. N.B.—Po a splendid river here, full of jack, and half a mile wide. Mantua seems the dominion of Giulio Romano. Here are his grand frescoes, his buildings, his bas-reliefs, his residence, and his tomb. The Palazzo del Te was both built and adorned by him, and truly he has indulged in the wildest freaks of an unrestrained imagination. The first sala is filled with amorous subjects, “Cupid and Psyche,” etc. One cannot but regret that some of such subjects should have been so forcibly treated. They injure the true taste for painting, which should refine, rather than inflame, the passions. The hall of the “Titans overwhelmed by their own work and the bolts of Father Jove” is astounding. The room is far too small for such monsters ; it could not contain them. They, in consequence, look like great-headed caricatures. The gods and goddesses above, in consternation at the lightning, are more reasonable, but have a hasty, unstudied, flighty look about them. Ceres is very pleasing. Jupiter himself looks as if the weight and force of his forked bolts were overbalancing him, and the old gentleman seems to have but an unsteady seat of it.

‘The Church of S. Andrea here fine. The Palazzo Ducale filled with roba ; some frescoes by G. Romano all about the battle of Troy, but not surprising, although the custode insists they are.

The Emperor of Austria pays a visit every tenth year. This (1835) is his year. The girls here very pretty, and the fortifications very strong. . . . From Mantua took a seat in vettura for Verona (eight swanzigers—two or three too much), and took up quarters in Gran' Parigi; dinner four francs. Found landlord dining at same table with a friend he was treating, and waiters, as I thought, rather free, now and then sitting down and helping themselves to wine; found out they were host's sons. Verona is a large, populous, busy, amusing, civil, gay place. The amphitheatre fine—nay, almost perfect. The upper outer arches only are wanting. The seats are so arranged that in any part it is impossible not to see the spectacle. I had an opportunity of trying, as there was a stage fitted up in the arena for a company of strolling players, and the audience sat in the very places occupied by the ancient playgoers. I was surprised also at what a distance one could hear the performers—from the very topmost seat; and had the wall remained, the voices would have been perfectly audible. The amphitheatre occupies the middle of the piazza, which is nearly a quarter of a mile square; and on one side is a delightful promenade (paved) as wide as Bond Street; cafés lighted up; and the evening I was there the full moon was shining and military music playing, and I very soon became a very Romeo. The Germans are hard at work fortifying Verona.

‘In one of the churches is a fine Assumption by Titian, and in S. Giorgio a most beautiful and im-

pressive picture, by P. Veronese, of the death of that saint. His head is very fine, and there is a choir of angels singing in the upper part of the picture, seen through a sort of misty glory which is shining out of heaven on the saint. Took vettura from that town to Padua, fifty miles, by Vicenza (fifteen swanzigers). Vicenza is the spot which Palladio so richly adorned. It is delightfully situated, and the walk in the Campo Marte is delicious. From thence you may wander up by an arched passage to the Madonna del Monte, a church built by Palladio, from which the view of the valley and the mountains beyond is well worth the trouble of the ascent ; especially as a few yards still higher than the church is an old-fashioned house in which "mine host" sells very excellent wine. I had a bottle and sat down on his house-top, vines overhead, olives, vines and orchards around ; Vicenza in the valley with river and Alps beyond. "Non che male." At two started for Padua, twenty-eight miles, in a miserable vettura. I sat in the cab, but discovered that inside there was a most beautiful girl of Padua, who speedily employed all my imagination. She was deadly pale, her lips were colourless, and her eyes possessed a sort of unearthly brilliancy. She looked like an angel. She reclined her head on the shoulder of a man of about thirty years, whom I took to be her spouse, as I observed the ring on her finger. I inquired about her of this aforesaid swain, who I found was a sort of upper gardener, and he had with him in the coach

several flower-pots and plants, whose fragile forms he seemed to guard with equal tenderness with this poor sufferer. He told me that she had been attacked severely, and in consequence had been bled twenty-seven times! Perhaps she was his sister, but there was a certain something in the way she clasped his hand, and fixed her sparkling eyes upon his face, that convinced me she was not. I wonder—no use wondering—arrived at Padua at eight o'clock, and put up at Grand Imperatore, a sounding name which scarcely corresponded with the interior of the albergo.

‘Walked a good deal about Padua without finding much of note, till I came upon the church of S. Antonio di Padua, a most doughty saint, and whose name is always invoked in important cases in Italy. It is really a magnificent building, and contains some fine frescoes by Giotto, and bas-reliefs by Donatello, and in the scuola adjoining are some magnificent frescoes by Titian. Made three recollections. By-the-by, in the morning of this day, I happened to ask my way of a threadbare old gentleman, and he insisted on being my guide to several churches, town-hall, etc. This latter is as large as Westminster Hall, and the roof without any support from pillars or otherwise, and covered with Giotto's works; but as they have all been repainted, they have lost their glory. The subjects, moreover, are unimportant, consisting merely of single figures, emblems, etc. Found men painting scenes in this hall. My old gentleman friend, in about an hour

after our acquaintance, taxed me with being a German student of the University of Padua ; and as he knew qualche poco of that language, he begged we might converse together in Tedescho. I said I was English, and the old gentleman was evidently surprised and a little disappointed in his lesson in German. However, he was more civil than ever, and showed me several things in the town which I could never have seen without him. True, it would have been no loss ; but the intention was good, and I praised accordingly.

‘Left Padua for Venice next morning at five. Landlord again in dudgeon with his wife, backed by daughters. Arrived within six miles of Venice about nine, when we embarked in a gondola, and landed at office in Grand Canal at ten, after an interesting ride in the omnibus, where, among ten people, not a word was spoken the whole way. I amused myself by composing, mentally, an essay on walking-sticks, and found that I could hit upon the character of any man by merely a glance at his favourite stick. There is the stout gent’s stick ; the dandy’s stick ; the grave, gay or careless stick ; the warlike or peaceful stick ; the bludgeon, invisible cane, and unpretending stick, etc.—all indicative of the character and pretensions of their owners. I entered the city of Venice in high good humour with this conceit, and paid the boatmen accordingly.’
—N.Bk. ends.]

Venice altogether delighted me. The picturesque buildings, the atmosphere, the gondola life, the fine

pictures, the fruit vessels, the people, all were interesting and novel. After a fortnight spent at an hotel I got lodgings (3rd piano) with some nice people. The husband had been a servant in the British Consulate, and he had taught his wife English cookery ; and I agreed with her to dine at home, as the Venetian cookery was too rancid with oil. I found here several English painters, Wm. Simpson, Fredk. Pickersgill, etc. When I took to dining at home naturally I was missed by them at the restaurant. I told them how much better I fared at my lodgings, and I gave them a little dinner at my rooms in proof. They had soup, roast meat, and a gooseberry pudding, and good wine. After dinner, a gondolier I employed came under my window, and we all went out on the canals. The sunset was splendid, and we all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves listening to music on the water. This was such a success that I arranged with my landlady for a daily repetition at so much a head, and this arrangement continued during my stay at Venice, and contributed greatly to our comfort and enjoyment. I made studies in oil in the galleries of the 'Assumption of the Madonna,' and part of the Frari* Titian, one of his finest works ; also the 'Peter Martyr' in water-colour, and a few sketches from nature. After three months of entire enjoyment I left with Colonel Smith, and we journeyed homewards together down the Rhine to Cologne, where I lost my dressing-case (Mrs. Atkinson's kind present), left in a bedroom

* Sta. Maria Gloriosa dei Frari (Franciscan Church).

drawer, and waited for it three days at Ostend in vain.

Thence to Dover. After nearly two years' absence, it seemed strange that as I strolled alone about Dover in the evening, and saw the pleasant rooms lighted up, and the figures flitting about in the warm glow of wax candles, there was not a soul I knew to speak to, and I almost regretted that I had returned. Next day by coach to London, and found dear Stonhouse at home at our lodgings in Newman Street.

I had received a letter from Mr. Pickersgill, R.A., requesting me to call on him when I returned, as he wished to hear from me what I thought of his son's progress in art, as I had seen much of him at Venice, so I called on him in Soho Square. I was shown into his gallery; and after some time he came in with a huge palette on his thumb. At first he seemed oblivious of me, so I said that I only ventured to call in compliance with his request to see me, but if I was not wanted I would take my leave.

'Sir,' said he, 'the information that I sought for has already been supplied me. Sir, I regret to say that my son has disappointed me. I consented to his travelling on *one* condition, namely, that he was to give me a weekly account of his studies, and thus he would have the inestimable advantage of deriving benefit from my instruction and advice. Sir, he only wrote to me when he wanted *money*, sir.'

The poor old gentleman seemed much perturbed; but I assured him that I thought highly of his son's

general conduct, that he had quite a genius for languages, and that he seemed to be working steadily in his art ; and I think he was somewhat consoled. He subsequently called on me occasionally, and I think was really friendly. His son died at an early age, leaving a young widow.

‘*Society of Ponte Molle.*’ This was a convivial society of German and other painters in Rome. They held meetings in the evenings occasionally, in a large room connected with a trattoria in the Corso. I know not if the society still exists. When I was in Rome, my friend Cornelius Harrison desired to become a member, and on the night of his election he invited some of his friends to accompany him. I was present, and also Horace Vernet, the famous French battle painter, and at that time director of the French Académie des Beaux Arts on the Pincian, and considered as the leading painter and representative of European art of the period. He held a weekly soirée, at which C. Harrison was a frequent visitor ; and there he met Mdlle. Vernet, daughter of the President, whom he greatly admired, and who afterwards married Paul Delaroche, The ceremonies (at Harrison’s election) were most amusing. The General of the society was a clever German painter, I forget his name. He sat in the centre at an upper cross-table. All round the room were long tables, occupied by members and their invited guests, who sat on chairs between the side-tables and the walls. C. Harrison was brought in on the back of the ‘Pilot,’ preceded by the

'Lictor' and the 'Interpreter.' The latter made a short speech to the President, to introduce an 'illustrious Englishman' who desired 'to be received into the honourable society,' etc. The General replied courteously, and then required the Secretary to read the rules. These were comic travesties, somewhat similar to those read at 'swearing-in at Highgate,' such as, 'You promise never to steal another's wine, but rather to give of your own,' etc., etc. C. Harrison, having sworn to observe them, was required to sign the book of members, and to pay for the entertainment at his reception. The General then shook hands with the 'illustrious Briton,' and he was conducted by the Lictor, armed with a bundle of canes, and holding an axe, to his seat. The General then made a lively address to the company, congratulating them on the happy addition to their great society, and proposed the health of the new honourable member. This was drunk with youthful enthusiasm, and all the honours, all standing up. They then sang, with much energy and with real musical taste, 'God save the King,' of which the chorus was tremendous.

The General then made a speech in honour of an illustrious visitor whom he observed sitting at Harrison's table: 'the President of the French Academy in Rome, Mons. Horace Vernet.' The cheers were deafening. All rose and drank his health and 'welcome'; and the enthusiasm was so great that they all crowded to our table to chink glasses with him. H. Vernet filled his glass to each

batch of about half a dozen at a time. They chinked and drank; and as there were about 200 present he consumed a good deal of wine, as he always emptied his glass. They then sang the 'Marseillaise' (I think). Then Horace rose to reply, in French, and made an excellent, terse, vigorous speech, speaking of the brotherhood of all art, and ending by declaring that the advantages of the French Academy were open to all nations, and that he, as director, invited all to make use of them. Then came another outburst of acclamation, and more wine was consumed. Later in the evening the General called 'To arms!' He used his chair as a horse, sitting astride with his face to the back. We all did the same, and then he called out, 'Charge!' Away we all went, round and round the room, between the tables and the wall. There were many falls over each other, and shouting and fun became 'fast and furious.' I took advantage of an open doorway as I passed it, and galloped out and got home to bed, so I did not see the end of it; but I heard it was considered one of their most lively meetings. The society had an annual outing into the Campagna, mounted on donkeys and armed with long canes as lances. My friend Fearnley, the Norwegian painter, was cook, and had the duty of mixing the salads. He was got up very professionally, and wore on his straw hat a cabbage-lettuce, radishes, etc. I was told that at one time the Papal Government interfered with the society, suspecting it was a political gathering, and tried to suppress it.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY PICTURES—SHEEPHANKS—LOVE-MAKING.

I FORGET why we left our Newman Street rooms; but Stonhouse migrated to Great Marlborough Street, and I took part of two floors at 1, Russell Place, Fitzroy Square. The house belonged to Mr. Kiallmark, a musical man. The Kiallmarks and I lived there pleasantly for some years; and nothing could exceed the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Kiallmark, and his sister, Miss Kiallmark, who often sat to me for my pictures. Both these ladies were handsome women—Mrs. Kiallmark gentle and lively, Miss Kiallmark tall, grave and grand in form. Here I painted some of my best pictures: 'The Osteria,' a recollection of Italian travels, in which Miss Kiallmark sat for the principal female, I sold to Mr. Villebois of Benham for 150 guineas, to me at that time a large sum; after his death it was acquired by the Liverpool Gallery—also 'Paolo and Francesca' from Dante. These two pictures were exhibited at the Royal Academy, were well hung, and attracted much notice as the work of a 'new man.' The latter picture was purchased by

an art society. Where it is now I know not. The 'Francesca' was painted from a young woman I had seen at the large confectioner's shop in Bedford Row, where T. Fearnley had taken the first floor. She was married, and I told her that if her husband would permit her to sit to me I would present him with a small likeness of her. He consented. This small portrait was duly given, and it was seen by the well-known Bow Street magistrate, Mr. Minshull. It seems that he took a great interest in this young woman, as she was the daughter of an old servant and friend, an Italian (hence her beauty), and he had approved of her marriage to, I think, a law-writer.

'Who did it?' said he. 'A monstrous pretty thing!'

Soon afterwards Minshull called on me, and, with a Bow Street manner, asked, 'Did you paint that picture?'

I said, 'Yes,' and told him how it happened.

'Well,' said he, 'do you think you could paint *me*?'

I said I would try, if he wished it. (He was a very ugly old man: hair like pins, nose bulbous, complexion yellowish-brown, eyes small.)

'Well,' said he, 'we will draw up an agreement: you to paint me for so much, and I to pay you so much.'

I asked what was the necessity, as, if I did not succeed, he could refuse to take the picture, so that he was quite safe, and I was contented to trust him for honourable payment. After this his magisterial

manner quite changed towards me. When he first sat, he told me that his colleague on the bench said, on being told that he should not be at the office as he was going to sit for his likeness :

‘ Then you’ll have a d——d ugly picture !’

We became great friends, and I received annually a basket of woodcock from Devonshire. When the picture was finished, my friend Sullivan happened to call, and Mr. Minshull asked him what he thought of it ; and then he asked to have his coachman called in to look at it, as he had been with him many years. The man was amusing.

Sullivan asked him, ‘ Is that like your master ?’

‘ Ye-es,’ said he, grinning, ‘ that it be.’

‘ You don’t say that you’d know it, eh ?’

‘ No-o-o,’ grinning again.

I made two replicas of this picture. I sent it to the Royal Academy, and it was the only picture I ever sent that was rejected, and I did not wonder. It *was* an ugly picture : a snuff-brown great-coat, red pocket-handkerchief, and stooping figure with ‘ knobby ’ knuckles.

Mr. Minshull was an interesting and good man. He had been on the bench for fifty years. In his early days he was a great Sussex landholder, and had kept terms only to fit him for serving as a county magistrate. The war with France was at its height ; and a friend of Minshull’s, a banker, told him that, as the ports were all closed, merchants were being ruined, and he feared his bank would have to stop payment. Minshull lent him

all his fortune ; and the banker told him with tears :

‘ I have ruined you as well as myself.’

Minshull replied, ‘ Sir, in like circumstances I would do the same again.’

But he was reduced from affluence, and took the office of magistrate as a means of living. He told me that there was no place equal to a London police-court for seeing real character ; and, added he, ‘ When I see the fearful strength of temptation to which poor people are exposed, and their ignorance and bad education, I feel that under similar conditions I might have been as bad, or worse, and I say mentally, “ Lead us not into temptation.” ’

I also painted here ‘ The Soldier’s Return.’ It was purchased by Mr. Mollet for the purpose of engraving. Also ‘ Lovers ’—a man playing the guitar to a young woman. This was purchased by Henry Atkinson. And I did a replica for the Kiallmarks, who were my models ; I also etched this picture. Another picture was ‘ The Flemish Mother,’ a life-sized group, three-quarter length. She rested her head on her husband’s shoulder, their child in her lap : a deep-toned picture, exhibited at the Royal Academy. When it came home unsold, an accident upset the picture, and a chair knocked a hole through it. I sent it to an old man to repair, a Mr. Jennings, a pupil of Benjamin West, P.R.A. He lined it, and sent it home shining with thick varnish, which tore the picture to pieces, so I destroyed it.

During these years I kept up exercise by regular hours of boating, meeting the crew every summer evening at Westminster at seven o'clock, and seldom getting back before eleven, pulling up to Richmond or down to Woolwich. Once a fortnight we took a whole day, starting at 6 p.m., and getting to Gravesend at low water, sleeping there for a tide, then pulling down further next morning, and returning in one tide. This kept us in good health. Also I was a frequent guest at my friend Sullivan's, at Ashford, near Staines, where I always found the warmest welcome. T. Fearnley frequently accompanied me, and also Richard Redgrave. Once I took an excursion with Fearnley to the English Lakes. He joined me at my friend's, Mr. Elam, 'the Squire' as he was called, in Dent Dale, Yorkshire, where I was staying. The evening he was expected, the Squire and I walked over the moors some miles to meet him. We could see nothing of him along the now dimly-seen road in the distance below us. We waited till dark and then returned. About ten o'clock a hammering at the door was heard, and I went out, and there stood Fearnley. When he came into the light I was amused at his appearance. He wore a blouse, crossed and re-crossed with broad straps holding a large sketching-box, fishing-basket and rod; an iron-spiked staff and knapsack; and these stuck out so on each side that he could scarcely get into the doorway. He wore a straw hat garlanded with flowers, and was in a profuse perspiration. Finding that there were two ladies in the house, he

declared he would not come in. I had deceived him, he said. I had mentioned a 'shooting-box,' this was a 'house.'

At last I got him to his room, where he gradually shed his numerous belongings, and I brought him downstairs. The Squire and ladies soon set him at his ease. He had missed his way, and meditated spending the night on the moor; but at last he got to the highest ridge, and from thence could see only a faint glimmer of a stream, the Dee, but no house. (The few houses were just below him, and he saw *over* them.) The descent was steep, but at last a house dimly appeared. He knocked. All gone to bed. However, a farmer directed him out of an upper window, and on he trudged. The stream had to be crossed over a narrow arch, and he was fortunate in the dark not to have fallen in, and at length the desired haven was reached. He gave me a great scolding, and thought he had walked thirty miles! It was over twelve. He gave us all infinite amusement. He had supposed that the North of England resembled the wilds of *Norway*! Next day he appeared in a striped calico jacket, a butler's, which he had bought as a light and becoming costume; and when he went out sketching, with his box, he was taken for a pedlar and asked for pins and ribbons. He went on to Ullswater, and the inn was full, so he had to dine in the kitchen, and sleep on a sofa after the guests had retired; but luckily he was not alone, for a young collegian, a son of Lord Strangford's, was in a similar condition,

and they fraternized. After he got a bedroom he pinned up his oil sketches, and the landlord (a boor) used to bring in his guests to see them. He hated the landlord, and asked me what to say to him when he asked him, 'Where are you going to this morning?'

I suggested: 'Mind your own business.'

'Oh no, that is not strong enough.'

He seemed satisfied with, 'What the deuce is that to you?'

So out he marched. The usual query was uttered. Said Fearnley:

'What shall that be for you the devil?'

He had forgotten his lesson. Several grooms at a stable door shouted with laughter. Dire was Fearnley's anger with me.

'You are a rogue; you make them laugh at me the more.'

However, I soon convinced him what an absurd jumble of English he had made. Here joined us my friends, the Atkinsons, and two Miss Hudsons, and we thus made a large party, and Fearnley was left in peace to make some beautiful sketches of scenery. One evening it was said by someone that the plural of *fungus* should be in English *funguses*, not *fungi*, which was Latin.

Said Fearnley: 'I think you are all wrong; it is neither.'

'What, then, do you say it is, Mr. Fearnley?' said a lady.

'Well, you say "gus (goose), geese," so you

should say also "fungoose, fungeese," replied Fearnley.

Redgrave and I had become friends in rather an odd way. He was a student at the Royal Academy, and being a steady and dependable fellow, was often asked to officiate if the visitors wished to leave early. One evening the model had ceased sitting and left the 'throne,' and Redgrave jumped up playfully in his place, and put his arm through a loop which the model, a tall guardsman, had been holding. Redgrave's hand caught in the loop and he was suspended, and then he fell down, almost fainting with pain. I ran up to help him, as his arm was injured, and got him out and hailed a cab. He told me he lived at Westminster, and thither we drove. It was raining hard, and when we had got as far as Charing Cross the harness gave way; the horse trotted on without us, the shafts tilted up, and we were thrown out in the muddy road on our backs. A crowd gathered, supposing that Redgrave's hurt was caused by the upset. I hailed another cab, and we drove off, leaving cabby No. 1 to catch and bring back his horse, and at last I got Redgrave home. He was very grateful, and thus commenced an intimacy which ended only with his death. There was a waste piece of ground at Kensington Gore, opposite the small cavalry barracks at the entry of Kensington Gardens and the turnpike, now both pulled down. This was the haunt of one or two donkeys which fed on the thin grass and thistles. It was purchased by a schoolmaster, a Mr. Hanson,

for about £300. He built himself a house on it, and let the rest gradually on building leases. Redgrave and I each took a portion, and later his brother Samuel took two, and four houses were built, and here I settled as a married man, with the brothers Redgrave as neighbours, and only left it after my dear wife's death.

About the end of my sojourn in Russell Place, my friend John Atkinson was interested in building a new church at Little Woodhouse, near Leeds; and it was determined that instead of a large east window, the space should be filled by an altar-piece; and I offered to paint it and present it to the church, on condition that my expenses (only) were paid. This was accepted, and I was glad of an opportunity of trying to do something in a higher phase of art. I took as my theme the text: 'He ever liveth to make intercession for us.' On the lower plane were represented groups of human sufferers; a dying man, supported by his wife, looking up to heaven; a widow and children; a contrite penitent on his knees, and an old man pointing up to the cross. In the upper plane were rolling clouds, and in a misty glory was shown the figure of the Saviour looking up in prayer. The picture was about sixteen feet high by about twelve, I think. I exhibited it at the Royal Academy: it was hung in the centre of the second room (at the old Royal Academy rooms of the National Gallery), before it was sent to its destination; and it was a great compliment to a young man* to place so large a picture in so good a place.

* Aged twenty-eight.

In order to execute this picture I left Russell Place, and took a large room which had been built for R. B. Haydon in a small street out of Lisson Grove. After Haydon's death it had been used as a temporary chapel while a church was being built. It belonged to Basil Wood, the wine-merchant, and he told me that Haydon's rent was £100, but he confessed that he had not paid it. So he took less from me, as I told him I would pay it. There was a small room out of the large one, which had been used as a vestry, which I made into a bedroom. It had a skylight ; and being open, mice got in and used to jump on me in bed. It was very damp and, I believe, unhealthy.

For many years I visited Mr. John Sheepshanks at Blackheath. He had been a friend of my father in my school-boy days, and sometimes I used to be taken to visit him. He was a collector of rare and costly books, in which, at that time, I had no interest, but I listened to their discussions about them. When I came to London I was invited to his rooms in Bond Street, to look at his collection of rare etchings. He seemed to me to value them more for their rarity than for their merit ; *e.g.*, an early impression which was scarce was to him worth much more than the finished production, and on my venturing one evening to say so, he was disconcerted ; and to show me how wrong I was, he made me count, with a magnifier, the number of dots on a sheep's tail ; and the impression with twenty dots he considered much better than that with fifty.

‘Why, then,’ I asked, ‘did the artist who did the etching add more than twenty? Was it not that, by so doing, he represented the form more perfectly, and was not he the best judge?’

After this, he shut up the book, and would show me no more; for which, in reality, I was not sorry, as I used to get very sleepy in dwelling so long on each impression.

He left Bond Street, and took a house with large gardens at Blackheath, where he made the beginning of his famous collection of cabinet pictures, mostly works of Leslie, Mulready, Callcott, and Edwin Landseer. Every Wednesday a dinner was prepared for chosen guests, who were expected without special invitation, and he was disappointed if his table was not filled. The standard guests were eminent engravers, Robinson, Fox, and J. Burnet; and Mulready, Leslie and Edwin Landseer were the principal painters. The dinners were always plain, but good, and excellently cooked, and the wines first-rate. We left early, as we had to walk across Blackheath to catch the train at Greenwich. He invited also any friends of his usual standing guests occasionally; and having heard of Tom Fearnley as a character, he asked me to bring him to dinner. I did so, and a very merry evening we had. Fearnley was in extra good spirits, and amused Mr. Sheepshanks very much. But he made one mistake, in saying that no port was equal to ‘white port.’ This irritated our host, who prided himself on his good cellar, and he said white port was ‘trash’; but in

order to convince Fearnley, he ordered his servant to bring up a bottle of it. Fearnley stood to his guns by declaring it *was* better than red, and he drank it. Each guest after dinner had three or four glasses beside him, as several wines were in circulation, and when Fearnley was reminded, 'The wine is with you,' he would empty his glasses of whatever remained in them, and then fill them *all* up again, by way of doing honour to his host's hospitality! When the time came to depart, Mr. Sheepshanks would see us part of the way, and seeing Fearnley rather unsteady, took his arm. Coming, in the twilight, on a sudden dip in the ground, they both fell into the hollow, and we had to help them out and then see Mr. Sheepshanks safe home again!

Another evening I met Robinson on a Greenwich steamer with Richmond, bound for Blackheath. Richmond, whom I had not seen before, was very complimentary and friendly; and what began as a casual acquaintanceship ripened into a life-long friendship and affection. Near St. John's Wood he had a friend, a musical man, Knyvett, at whose field, near his house, he had a weekly game at cricket, to which I was invited one day, and I took Stonhouse with me. Richmond was spending the summer at Hampstead, and used to ride over; but on this occasion he failed to appear. Mrs. Richmond and another lady were there, and when it got rather late Stonhouse and I escorted them across the fields to Hampstead. Next day Richmond called on me to thank me, and thus commenced our friendship.

At this time Redgrave was living with his brother in Kensington Square, and in the summer of 1839 he asked me what would be a good sketching-ground, as he wanted to make drawings from nature. I recommended the valley of the Tees and Greta, and offered to go with him, as I could get good fly-fishing for trout in those rivers, and I had a strong recollection of the beauty of the scenery. We put up at Greta Bridge Inn, the large posting-house overlooking the river Greta. My friend Sullivan wished to join me, so I fortunately found rooms for him and Mrs. Sullivan and Eugénie at Mortham Tower, a sort of castellated old house, close to the junction of Tees and Greta, most romantically situated, and where we anticipated a happy time. I took them to their quarters, with which they were delighted, and I returned to the inn. About three o'clock next morning a servant knocked me up and said that my friend was downstairs. It was Sullivan. He looked corpse-like, and panted for breath. A violent attack of asthma had seized him, and he had lain on the floor nearly all night struggling to breathe. There was nothing for it but flight, and he took a post-chaise for Redcar, the nearest sea-side place. So Redgrave and I took his rooms at Mortham Tower, where Redgrave sketched while I fished.

One morning I had fished down the Tees about five miles, and waded across the river to a small village inn to get luncheon. As I ascended the opposite bank I saw a very characteristic figure

standing talking to a villager. He was a tall big man, dressed in a green shooting-coat, red waistcoat, white cord breeches, large brown gloves and gaiters, and holding a stout hunting-whip. His face was rosy, nose prominent, strong square chin. He eyed me and said, 'Good-morning,' and I passed on; but it occurred to me that he resembled my friend Cornelius Harrison, and corresponded to his description of his father. So I retraced my steps and said :

'Am I addressing Mr. Harrison?'

'Yes; and what is *your* name?' said he.

I told him of my friendship with his late son.

'Sir,' said he, 'a friend of Corny's is *my* friend;' and, taking off his huge glove, he clasped my hand. 'Come along, and see his mother!'

I was too wet and muddy with wading to go; but I promised to call another day. I lunched at a public-house, on rock-like cheese, stale bread and sour beer, and fished back to Mortham. While Redgrave and I were dining, a groom came with a letter asking us to come next day and dine at Stubb House at three, on fillet of veal and a bottle of good port, and I was to bring my friend with me. On our way there next day a violent storm of rain and thunder drove us to a shed in a field, and there I found a native taking shelter. I got him to take a note of apology, and we returned to Mortham, wet through. Again appeared the horse and groom from Stubb House, and we '*must* go next day' and dine with him, and join the ladies in the draw-

ing-room in the evening, where I should find some nice girls as well as Mrs. Harrison. We went; and there for the first time I met two of the Miss Bennings, the younger of whom became my wife.

There were other young ladies whom I thought rather too forward; and they kept Miss Charlotte Benning constantly at the piano, although they talked loudly all the time she played. I thought, 'How amiable that girl is!' This was my first impression of her: modest, retiring, quite contented to be overlooked, and to make herself useful.

On the following Sunday Redgrave and I went to church at Barnard Castle, and after service we met the same young ladies, and were asked to call at the various houses. We went to Mr. and Mrs. Benning's, and were hospitably invited to visit them. Mr. Benning was an eminent surgeon, had a very large country practice, and kept three or four horses in constant work, one being used for hunting mainly. Mrs. Benning was a second wife. She was a Miss Preston, sister of the Rev. J. Preston, owner of Warcop Hall, where he resided, and also Rector of the family living. Mr. Benning had three daughters, Ellen, Charlotte, and Elizabeth, and two sons living. The eldest son, James, was in partnership with his father, but he died during the year following. The youngest, Charles, is now, and has been for many years, a solicitor at Dunstable, and was its first Mayor; a keen sportsman and good rifle-shot (third for the Queen's prize in the first year at Wimbledon), jolly and hospitable, but old enough to think of

retiring from business. My companion, Redgrave, left for London, and I remained for a few weeks longer, during which time I painted a picture of a Scotch terrier, which I exchanged for the real dog, belonging to the Bennings. I saw a great deal of my future wife, whom I liked more and more as I knew her better, and at last she consented to my speaking to her father, and asking for his consent to an engagement. I invited him to come and see me at Mortham Tower, and at last he gave a conditional consent, to depend upon further inquiries.

During part of this time Mrs. Benning was absent from home at Harrogate, and he said he should consult her, and went there for that purpose. Alas! the first result of his consultation was a letter from him to say that, until he had some proof of my respectability, he must withdraw from his provisional consent; that personally he liked me much, etc., but that he trusted to my honour not to visit the house in his absence. This, of course, was the result of his wife's advice, who was offended at all this happening during her absence. She thought she ought to have been the first person to be consulted. I was thus left in a dilemma; but I acknowledged his letter, and said I was most anxious to satisfy his very reasonable scruples, and if he would refer to my friend and legal adviser, John Atkinson, I would be glad to accompany him to Leeds. His wife said: 'As if a friend would say anything adverse!' When I found that he hesitated about going, I became angry, and wrote, rather hotly, to demand, as a right,

that he should satisfy himself on my character, on which I considered he had insinuated a doubt. So we went together, saw J. Atkinson, who heartily laughed at my adventure, and satisfied Mr. Benning's scruples. We stayed to lunch, where we met my friend and schoolfellow, Rev. S. Hey, and then I escorted him to the coach-office on his return, when he said: 'Well, if I don't say "Yes" at once, I can't say "No."'

Then, I said, I considered it settled.

During the time I was left in the lurch at Barnard Castle, I was not quite comfortless, for the doctor brother at home, James Benning, came to cheer me. And one day I was strolling through the churchyard, when I met the Rev. Burleigh James, the curate, who asked where I was going.

I said, 'Back to Mortham Tower.'

'Stay and dine with me and my wife,' said he.

I went, and in the evening who should be in the drawing-room but the two sisters, Ellen and Charlotte! Burleigh James set me down to play with Charlotte at chess (!), of which she did not know the moves even; but the game was pleasant, and I *lost* it, of course. I left early, and Charlotte escorted me as far as the Rokeby one-arched bridge, where we took a tender farewell of each other. I found afterwards that the doctor had consulted Burleigh James all along, and that he had been my stanch friend in opposition to Mrs. Benning: hence the father's irresolution. The young ladies were as much surprised to see me at his house as I was to find them there.

And how kind and thoughtful it was in Burleigh James to contrive it ! for if he had told them whom they would meet, of course they could not have gone.

During these weeks I was not always love-making, for I fished considerably and sketched somewhat ; and this appears to be a convenient place to describe two characters with whom I made acquaintance at the river-side. One was a rare good trout-fisher and fly-dresser, Tom Taylor. Our acquaintance began by his wading across Tees with me on his back, as I wished to cross over. I met him frequently, and he spoke of me as 'a fellow with a check suit, and a keen fisher.' He told me that he was a gentleman by birth, and none of 'your common sort'; his father was a lieutenant in the navy, got into trouble and was sent to a treadmill, where he proposed marriage to a female prisoner through the iron bars, and married her when they were released from gaol. Taylor was a good wrestler and swimmer, and in the winter taught dancing. He was a fearless, reckless fellow, and a great poacher, and perhaps a general vagabond. The Rev. W. Wharton, of Barningham, told me that on one occasion he was brought before him as magistrate for poaching. Taylor proved an alibi, and his accusers failed to convict him. So the magistrate told him to go about his business. Taylor hesitated and lingered, and then said to him :

'Am I clear of this charge, sir ; that is, can I be had up again for this offence ?'

'No,' said the magistrate; 'you are acquitted this time, only take care for the future.'

'Well, then,' said Tom, 'I don't like telling lies: I *was there*, Mr. Wharton.'

On one occasion, when a house was on fire, Tom Taylor volunteered to go up on to the ridge of the roof, and he was seen sitting astride and hauling up buckets of water to throw over the burning rafters. He was once backed by some gentleman in a two-days' fishing-match in the river Eden against a celebrated Penrith fisher. Taylor was gradually filling his creel, when the fish ceased to rise. He got impatient, and waded rapidly up the stream, and suddenly came in sight of a man fishing in front of him, and of course disturbing his fishing-ground. Taylor went up to him and told him that, as he was fishing a match, he hoped he would withdraw. Not he; and he d——d Taylor.

'Then,' said Tom, 'if you won't go when I ask you civilly, I'll *make* you go.'

'Try it,' said the other.

Tom threw down his rod, gave his watch to the umpire, who was to keep it in case of his death, and they gripped each other in mid-stream. Tom's opponent was a noted wrestler, and after a short struggle they both fell, Tom underneath.

'But,' said he, 'I'd got hold of his throat, and I kept a tight hold, keeping in my breath under water, for I was a rare good swimmer.'

At last the man let go, and was gurgling under

water, so Tom made a violent effort and got above him, so that he could breathe again.

He held his opponent down till the man seemed drowned, and then dragged him out by his hair. But the man suddenly revived ; so Tom held his hair with one hand and pummelled his face with the other, till, as he said, ' I fairly blinded him ; *he* couldn't fish again,' and he left him on the bank to be taken or led home. He then took his watch from the umpire and resumed his fishing, and had very good sport, and on the second day he had no interruption. I believe it was a drawn match. When Taylor went to Penrith to sleep, he found himself a hero, as his antagonist was a noted prize-fighter, and was called ' Fighting Billy ' ; and Tom was pointed at as ' the little chap that licked Fighting Billy '—a sort of David vanquishing Goliath.

My other acquaintance was Tommy Bell, a shoemaker, a quiet, gentle creature. He made horse-hair casting lines for me, and flies. He fished one day in each week. He had a rugged knitted brow. He was always eager to see the result of my day's sport, handling the trout lovingly. He lived in a room on the first floor of a small house, where he sat at shoe-making in the window. The room had a sanded floor, and his daughter kept it exquisitely clean and neat, and made him beautiful light bread cakes. The time came when he told me that he could fish no more : he had got about five miles down the river, and could scarcely get back from exhaustion. He afterwards lived with a daughter somewhere in

the East of London, and once came to see me, and I feasted him and sent him back with his daughter refreshed and happy.

Another characteristic Yorkshireman, whom I met at Mr. Harrison's, of Stubb House, was a wealthy yeoman farmer, Seymour Deacon, a powerful man, and a noted breeder of bulls, for which he had gained many prizes, from whom I heard the following account of a midnight adventure. He had suspected for some time that he was being robbed by some workman in his employ, and one moonlight night he secreted himself in a barn, where he fell asleep. Very early he heard the door opened, and a man stole in and began his pilferings. He knew the man—a powerful fellow. Deacon made a rush at him, and they closed, and tugged and tusselled; and although the man hit him fiercely, knocking out a front tooth, yet he would not let go his grip, and both fell on the ground; and there Deacon held him for four hours, till some of his workmen, entering the barn, secured the culprit and marched him off, and Deacon went home to his bed.

Then there was a famous poacher, Paul Armstrong, who 'operated' over a wide district, from Arkengarthdale to Bolton Moors. He led a large band of miners, forty or fifty in number, who advanced in a long line, so that not a grouse that rose in front escaped being shot, and they were too strong for the keepers to attack. If any of them were recognised and accused, they always produced the 'pit book,' proving that they were working in

the mine at the time. My friend George Walker, of Killingbeck Hall, told me he once saw Paul Armstrong bathing in the river, and he never saw so fine a specimen of humanity, tall and broad-shouldered, but not fat—indeed, rather thin, but very muscular, with neat, fine extremities; ‘a perfect Apollo,’ he called him. After one of his poaching forays he had been tracked by keepers to a small cottage on the Wharfe near Barden Tower. The house was surrounded by three men, two of them under windows, while the third went to the door. An old woman opened it and denied all knowledge of any such person; but Paul, who had thrown himself down on a rough bed to get a little sleep, overheard the conversation. He looked out of window and saw beneath it the sentinel keeper with his gun, and a second further on. The window was some twelve or fifteen feet from the ground, but he took off his shoes and noiselessly jumped down, alighting on the man’s shoulders, and, of course, upsetting him; and then he darted down to the river, dashed in, and swam across. Unluckily for him, the river was roaring along in a brown flood, and he was carried down some way, and could not land where he had hoped to, but found himself between precipitous, wall-like rocks. In the meantime the keepers brought their guns to bear on him, and swore to shoot him if he did not return, and so they took him prisoner. He was taken before (I believe) Lord Darlington, who spoke kindly to him; and on the principle of ‘setting a thief to catch a thief,’ he invited him to become

one of his keepers. After consideration Paul gave his reply : that he would take no office except as *head-keeper*, and to have the entire choice of his subordinates, for he had 'a poor opinion of some of those employed.' This was agreed to, and the terror of keepers became their captain. After this there was no poaching, and never were birds so plentiful. He kept the post for some years, to the entire satisfaction of his employer. But then he got restless, missed the old excitement, and at last tendered his resignation. Of what did he complain, asked his master. Of nothing ; he'd only thanks to offer for the kindness he had received ; still, he could stay no longer, but he promised that neither he nor any of his men should poach his lordship's game. And so he left. He lived for some years afterwards, but he got married to a slattern, and opened a beer-shop ; got fat and unwieldy, so that those who had known him in his prime could not have recognised him. I never saw him, but this account was given me by George Walker, a keen sportsman, who had known Paul through his whole career, and he was an inhabitant of the district in which I was so much interested. The end of Tom Taylor was somewhat similar. He used to be employed as a sort of 'generally useful man' in the shooting-parties from Raby Castle, and was noted for being too free-and-easy, omitting all titles in speaking, and drinking a good deal of wine. At last he was placed on the staff as sergeant of militia, a permanent employment, and then he became, I was told, a drunkard, and

was dismissed. I never heard the particulars of his later life, but it was said that he became an unscrupulous vagabond, very different from the man I had known in former years.

Barnard Castle and its neighbourhood has always possessed a great fascination for me, dating, as I have said, from the time of my boyish visit with my father, and renewed on this second visit with Redgrave. It was old-fashioned and primitive in its customs. At that time it was the market-town of the district, to which the farmers brought their produce for sale: cattle, sheep, rabbits, cheese, butter, eggs, vegetables, meat, etc. There were booths all down the principal street, containing scythes, tools, crockery, boots and shoes, and everything required by out-dwelling farmers. The farmers came mostly in pony-carts or on horseback, and as they required stabling during market-hours, there were very many public-houses in which to regale, and this they did largely, as was too evident towards evening. At certain times of the year were 'hiring-days' for servants and farm-labourers. These were congregated in their best clothes for inspection and engagement for periods of not less than six months.

The price of eggs per score was the same as for a pound of butter. Booths for clothes, old and new, were supplied by the tradesmen of the town. The air was pervaded by a smell of hay, tempered by beer and tobacco smoke. Railroads have made a great change in the place, as goods are now sent to other markets, where there is a larger

demand and consumption ; so that the market-day is comparatively quiet and many of the public-houses are shut up. I was told that in earlier days the market was opened by trumpeters at the town-hall, when a proclamation was made that 'all halberds, swords, daggers, pistols,' etc., should be deposited in the town-hall with the constables. Barnard Castle is now becoming a watering-place for Durham, Northumberland and Yorkshire, and a few lodging-houses are springing up. Its earlier busy life is departed. On the Yorkshire side of the river is the little church and village of Startforth, where my wife's father had a small property. He used to tell how the Rector of Startforth was a noted character and bon-vivant. In return for hospitalities received he gave annually two dinners to his friends. At the first were present his higher-class guests, at the second those of lower rank.

During the time I resided in Russell Place, the Etching Club, which became so well known afterwards, was founded. It was at first only a small society. We met at each other's rooms in turn, once a month, and experimented in etching for an hour or two, and then had a simple supper, limited to bread and cheese. This arrangement soon broke down, for it was found that we had not conveniences, such as proper tables and lights, and we were apt to spill the acid and spoil table-covers, etc. I think our first meeting was at Townsend's house. He had taken his degree as a surgeon ; but his wife had property, and he was devoting himself to art. He

had met Fearnley, and proposed him as a club member. The others were Redgrave, Stonhouse, Charles Lewis (engraver), and myself. When the supper appeared, of bread and cheese only, Fearnley seemed to expect something better, so the rule of the club was read to him.

‘Ah, so!’ said he, ‘that is right; but the rule does not say that if the host chooses to put meat also on the table he may not do so.’

This caused a general laugh; but the host was angry, for he felt himself reproved for keeping rules. Some cold meat was sent up, to Fearnley’s great satisfaction: the rule was dead, and thereafter we always had a meat supper. Subsequently we etched at home, and brought impressions of our plates to the meetings, where they were freely criticised. Afterwards we elected T. Webster, Creswick, J. P. Knight, Frederick Tayler and F. Stone, and appointed Sam Redgrave our honorary secretary. After a time we made a selection from the etchings and published them privately in numbers; and later we took up poems to illustrate, beginning with Goldsmith’s ‘Deserted Village,’ which was subscribed for privately; and I think, after paying all expenses of binding and printing a handsome volume, we divided upwards of £200. We followed with Shakespeare’s sonnets, Milton’s ‘L’Allegro’ and ‘Il Penseroso,’ and elected from time to time fresh members: Samuel Palmer, of the Old Water-Colour Society, J. C. Hook, Millais, Holman Hunt, Seymour Haden, Hodgson, Ansdell, Calderon, Pettie,

O'Neill, Heseltine. Our profits were never very great, although I have received as much as £60 for one etching. The great attraction consisted in the pleasant meetings, where brotherly kindness abounded, and where pleasure was ballasted by a little business and occasional cheques. At one time the club dined at the King's Arms, Kensington, but latterly they dined at each other's houses, and business was done afterwards.

To ascertain the relative value of each etching a simple plan was devised. Each etching was held up in turn to be voted for; and any number, from one to ten, might be put down as its value on a piece of paper by each member. The papers were folded up and put into a hat, and then read out, and the numbers taken down by the secretary, who afterwards made out a statement of the result, and each contributor received his proportion of profits accordingly. I know not if the club still exists. There have been many losses by death; some members have grown old or cold—have no time for etching, but like dining; eyes fail; attendances get irregular—in fact, I fear the club, like some of its early members, is moribund. In time, nearly all in the Etching Club became members of the Royal Academy; and their evening meals afford a fair test of their growing prosperity: from the modest supper of bread and cheese in lodgings to the comfortable additions of cold meats, these developing into dinners at an inn, and, lastly, to sumptuous repasts in good private houses, and even palaces, waited on

by flunkies. Once a year we had our outing in the country : took long walks, or rowed, or played, like boys, at 'rounders,' and finished with a good dinner. I think that on the whole our favourite place was the inn at Maidenhead Bridge,* where we were well known and liked, and where there was a field to play in! Of course, this little account of the Etching Club relates to a good many years, so that from very young men we got to be decidedly old, but yet with some friskiness left in us.

I think that after my return from Barnard Castle I must have finished the Leeds altar-piece. I exhibited about this time also a melodramatic kind of picture, 'The Condemned,' a nobleman visited in prison by a monkish confessor—I fear rather a failure.

During this winter died the poor young doctor, James Benning, of a sudden seizure of inflammation, I believe. It was a terrible blow to his father, for he was becoming much liked and trusted by patients. There had been some unpleasantness about money matters, as James had incurred debts while in London. His father asked for a full confession of the sum total, and he paid it. Unhappily James had not liked to confess the whole amount of his debts, and this caused friction between them for some time, during which poor James died. Throughout this winter and spring I led a very lonely life, but was comforted by a weekly letter from Charlotte. But she also was unhappy from

* Now so well known as 'Skindle's.'

the family grief, and also because Mrs. Benning ignored our engagement ; and if a letter arrived from me she usually left the room in dudgeon. It was a sad time of weeping for Charlotte. The old lady would not assist in getting the trousseau, though she had excellent taste, and all this because she was offended that she had not been the first to be consulted ; the fact being that there had been no time for it, as the dénouement developed during the two weeks of her absence, so that she could not be told earlier. She used to tell Charlotte that I was a gay young fellow probably, and had forgotten her in favour of some other dupe. Poor, proud woman, she bitterly repented it. However, 'good times and bad times and all times get over ;' and when I paid a spring visit for a week the old lady was civil to me. But we were too happy to care much about her, and the three sisters and I spent most of our time in rambles up Greta or down Tees, with sandwiches and books ; and the old doctor and I became fast friends. The youngest sister, Lizzie, was just coming out, a brilliant humorist and sweet singer, and she kept up Charlotte's spirits, although the trouble caused her to get quite thin.

At last came August, and on September 1 we were to be married. I asked Redgrave to be my best man, and we took the mail to Barnard Castle, to stop at Greta Bridge. Two gentlemen were outside, who stopped at Harrogate, where a servant came out of the gate and took their luggage ; but

they took my portmanteau instead of their own. When we arrived at Greta Bridge I discovered the mistake ; the trunk handed down was not mine—it had the name ‘Ewart’ on it. We hoped the owner on finding his mistake would send mine on by next night’s coach ; so we waited, and Redgrave kindly promised to go south with the ‘up’ mail if it was not forwarded. The south-going mail arrived first, so we jumped up, and in a quarter of an hour we heard a horn blow, and saw the steaming horses in the lamplight, and the coach waited for us. Said our coachman :

‘ Have you brought my gentleman’s trunk ?’

‘ Yes,’ said the other, ‘ where’s *my* gent’s trunk ?’

It was at the inn. So we clambered on to the north-going coach and got back to bed, and the gentleman had to wait another day. The morning after my arrival I had borrowed a horse of the doctor, and ridden over to Barnard Castle to tell of the loss of my portmanteau, containing money, and *the ring!* Said the old lady to Charlotte :

‘ Now you see what a careless scapegrace you have pinned your faith to !’

However, there was nothing for it but to wait in hope, and at twelve that night the trunk arrived as I have said. Who should be at the inn at Greta Bridge but Creswick! And we spent the day in rambling up the glen, during which I was made the butt for shafts of wit. Burleigh James had kindly offered to dress me in his black coat for the wedding.

We were duly married on September 1, by the Rev. J. Preston, of Warcop Hall (Mrs. Benning's brother). Mrs. and Miss Preston (a pretty girl) were there, and the sisters acted as bridesmaids. A contretemps happened. I had forgotten to bring the ring to church, and we had to wait till Redgrave kindly unearthed it from my box at the inn. After this things went smoothly, but of course the old lady again took up her parable: 'What a careless creature!' At last the breakfast was over, also the speeches, and the post-chaise came to the door; the bride took leave, and was handed in, and now occurred a scene. The stepmother rushed across the pavement to the carriage, and with tears hugged and kissed the poor bride, and exclaimed:

'Oh, you poor victim!'

At last I was permitted to get in, and we drove away amid acclamations. As soon as we got out of the town, I got out and made the post-boy dismount and get rid of his bouquet and anything that indicated a wedding, and we drove to Darlington, sixteen miles, and there got the railway to Stockton; then chaise again by Stokesley to Helmsley, in pouring rain and darkness. Here we found a comfortable country inn, and remained a fortnight, I sketching, and Charlotte reading aloud 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' Then to pay my dear friends the Atkinsons a visit at Little Woodhouse, where we were treated like their own children; and the old servants, who had known me long, thought us 'a very nice couple.' After a few days there we took

the railway to London, and at Euston found my friend Sullivan's carriage, and were driven to his house at Ashford. The bride was terribly nervous at meeting such total strangers, and would fain have shirked appearing at dinner. However, the effort was made, and Sullivan's chivalrous delicacy and politeness soon put her at ease.

We stayed here many weeks ; for accompanying Sullivan one day to attend a meeting of the Staines Board of Guardians, of which he was chairman, I amused myself in making little sketches of character of the members and applicants, and these resulted in my determination to make it the subject of a largish picture. I sent for a canvas and began it at once. A large table occupied the centre of the room. The various guardians sat on each side, the chairman at the farther end, where was the window. At the near end a widow with two children was seeking for aid, and was being questioned by a clergyman (Sullivan) opposite. The fireplace was to the right, where stood a jolly country squire (Harrison, of Stubb House), warming his back, and seated near him was a roué captain (Captain Blathwaite) trimming his nails. There were other figures, a deaf farmer, a beadle, etc. I painted the greater part of this picture at Ashford, in what used to be called the nursery. I sent it to the Royal Academy the spring following, where it was placed 'on the line,' and seemed to be considered a great success, always being surrounded by an interested crowd. It happened that there was a fierce political struggle



"THE BOARD OF GUARDIANS."
(Oil Sketch for the Picture.)

LONDON: RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, 1891.

on the subject of the Poor Law at the time ; and in a long article on the question in the *Times* newspaper my picture was referred to and minutely described, as exemplifying the *Times'* opinion. This greatly added to its popularity, and I received abundant praise and many compliments ; and it helped to establish my growing reputation. But, alas ! ' what will honour do for a man ? ' At the close of the exhibition it came home unsold, and in the following spring I sent it to the British Institution, with the same result. ' Abundant praise, but no solid pudding.' But I have anticipated.

When at last we returned to town, I took a first-floor, furnished, in Lisson Grove, just opposite my studio, which was in a side street, and there for a time we settled ; for the house I was building at Kensington was only half finished. We were very happy, frequently walking to Kensington across the park to inspect the rising edifice, and discussing the use the various rooms were to be put to. While at Lisson Grove I received a visit from Lord Lansdowne, who had purchased a small picture of mine, of a blind old woman and girl entering the Church of St. Mark at Venice, and touching the holy water ; and he now commissioned me to paint a replica of Mr. Beckford's ' Mother and Child.' This I did, with variations. We moved to Kensington in 1841, and I believe the first pictures I painted there were two commissions given me by the brothers John and William Gott, of Leeds—I dare say in recognition of my presentation altar-piece. That for John Gott

was a group, a female and children seated round a table, at the end of which sat a venerable old man reading 'the Book'; three-quarter length figures the size of life. The other, for William Gott, was the 'Cottar's Saturday Night.' Interior, evening meal, Jenny letting in her lover :

'But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door.
 Jenny, wha kens the meanin' o' the same,
 Tells how a neighbour lad cam o'er the moor
 To do some errands and convoy her hame.'

The cottar, with his child on his knee, two laughing brothers, and the mother preparing the food, completed the group. These two were both exhibited at the Royal Academy. The latter was placed low down under a landscape in the centre of the great room, where it was well seen; but friends complained to me that they had broken their backs stooping to see it. This picture descended to the Rev. J. Gott, late Vicar of Leeds,* and son of William, and I believe it is highly esteemed by him. Shortly after our settlement at Kensington two gentlemen called: one of them was Mr. William Gott, and he introduced his brother-in-law, Mr. Ewart, M.P. The latter asked to be introduced to my wife, and when she came into the room he said that he had 'come to apologize.'

'For what?' said she.

'Because at a very interesting period I was so careless as to detain your husband's portmanteau, containing the *ring* and all his money,' he replied.

* Now Bishop of Truro.

It seemed that he had heard of the accident from William Gott, who received it from me, I not knowing the connection between them.

On the 21st of August, 1841, my eldest son was born. The non-pecuniary success of the picture of the 'Board of Guardians' was a great blow to me, and entirely shook my confidence in the taste of the British public. That a most successful work, written about in the papers and admired by crowds, should be allowed to come home unsold was a new experience to me. I felt that I had done my best with a highly dramatic subject, and that, with the prospect of an increasing family, it would be risky to spend time and money which might not be repaid with interest. Why go on repeating such pictures? If the picture had been badly painted or uninteresting in subject, I might hope to do better; but this was not the case. One day my wife and I were gardening, when our maid brought a gentleman's card—Mr. Cousins. He apologized for what he feared was impudence on his part; but he was only a clerk in some office, and he ventured to say that, having heard that I had not sold the 'Board of Guardians,' he hoped I would pardon him if he made an offer for it, not according to the merits of the picture, but to his poverty. I parted with the picture to him for £105, £100 of which was an Art Union prize. For aught I know he has the picture still.

CHAPTER V.

THE FRESCO-PAINTING MOVEMENT.

ABOUT this time the Royal Commission on the Fine Arts was instituted, under the presidentship of the Prince Consort, and with Sir Charles Eastlake as secretary, with the object of inquiring whether advantage might be taken of the building of the new Houses of Parliament to promote the arts of painting and sculpture in their decoration; and one of its first acts was to publish an invitation to painters and sculptors to compete for employment. They offered three prizes of £300 each, three of £200, and five (or more?) of £100 each, for the best cartoons of historical subjects; the figures to be not less than life-size, and the drawings to be exhibited publicly in Westminster Hall.

The effect of this appeal was electrical, and aroused an enthusiastic response. Having myself no commissions on hand, and the picture of the 'Board of Guardians' not having proved a pecuniary success, I thought that this appeal might open a new field of employment for me, in the direction of a nobler kind of art, and I determined to become a competitor.

Sitting one day in my studio, a composition occurred to me, of which I at once made a slight sketch. The subject was 'An Early Trial by Jury,' and I scarcely altered a line from this first scrawl. In order to be secure of a model, I engaged a guardsman* to come to me three or four hours a day, and he got leave to be on furlough for a month. During the rest of each day he sat to two other competitors—Townsend and Horsley. It is amazing to think how improvident these men frequently are; for although he earned about 12s. a day, at the end of the month he had no money left, and had to borrow to enable him to go to his native parish. After sitting as a model all day, he spent a great part of the night in card-playing and 'standing treat.'

Each of the works sent in competition was marked with a motto or sign, and accompanied by a sealed letter with a similar mark, containing the artist's name, which was only opened after the decisions were arrived at. The judges were: Rogers the poet, Lord Lansdowne, and Etty the painter.

Having despatched my effort, and wanting rest, I accepted an invitation to visit Sullivan in Ireland for some salmon-fishing in the Blackwater at Lismore. I took a steamer from Bristol to Waterford, and then on by coach to Lismore. I got the box-seat; and sitting there before starting, I found myself the centre of a crowd of such beggars as I had not seen even at Naples, and their begging and wheedling were most amusing. If I moved my

* Life guardsman (?)

hand—‘ Ah, look ! The gentleman’s going to put his hand in his pocket ! ’ ‘ He’s a charitable gentleman, sure ! and he’s got a feeling heart for the poor ! God bless him ! ’ etc., etc. And if the very poor were so eager, not less so were the young squireens in paying attention to Eugénie Sullivan, who, they guessed, had a nice fortune, and who was persecuted in consequence.

I must not dwell upon my Irish experiences ; but I may say that I liked the real natives far better than the Anglo-Irish, who were overbearing and arrogant, and treated them like slaves. It was a sad sight to see the cathedral at Lismore occupied on Sunday by two or three dozen people only in its vast space, ministered to by three or four parsons ; while outside the churchyard was crowded with natives visiting their relations’ tombs, and quietly gazing on the ‘ gentlefolks ’ making their visiting arrangements for the coming week and driving away in their jaunting cars. The natives seemed genial, kind and witty. Sullivan one day volunteered to carry me on his back across a tributary of the Blackwater, rather a rapid stream, about three or four feet deep in places. His foot slipped, and his wading boot tripped him up, and he fell backwards, I being undermost. Some Irish women, washing, had joked and screamed at the fun, but when we fell their mirth changed into lamentations. ‘ Och sure ! ’ and they rushed into the water to rescue hats and rods that were floating down the current, and they tried to rub us dry with their aprons.

One morning early I hooked a fish. I supposed myself quite alone, when I heard a voice out of the mist, which was thick, on the opposite bank.

‘Well done then, and now you can pay your footing.’

He was a watcher, and had been observing all my movements as he lay in the long grass. I threw some silver across, and then I heard his cheery ‘Thank yer honour, long life to ye!’

As Sullivan and I sat one morning making salmon-flies, the postman arrived, and a large envelope was given to me with the royal arms on the seal.

‘Hallo!’ said Sullivan, ‘news, good news, from the Royal Commission.’

And so it was. I was informed that I had been adjudged one of the three first prizes of £300. (The Commission were not asked to distinguish the relative merits.) Sullivan jumped about and called for his wife and daughter, and all hastily congratulated me; and then Sullivan said grumblingly :

‘Alas! you must go, hang it all!’

So I got driven to Dublin, and took steamer to England. Here I was presented to a daughter, Emily, born July 1, 1843.

The Cartoon Exhibition, now forgotten, made a prodigious sensation. All England went to see it. All the omnibuses were covered with placards advertising it. There was always a dense moving multitude. Reputations were made and wrecked. Poor R. B. Haydon had sent two designs, which I thought very striking; but he was unsuccessful. He

was surrounded by a listening group of disciples, pointing out merits. I had never seen him before. It must have been a cruel blow to him ; for half his life he had been writing up the claims of history painters, and when the time came he was ' nowhere.' The ' brothers Foggo ' were equally unfortunate. My colleagues were Watts, with a noble design of ' Caractacus,' and E. Armitage, with the ' Landing of Julius Cæsar in Britain,' excellent, and vigorous in action. There was a second competition—in oil-painting ; but to this I did not contribute, as I set to work at once to learn and practise the art of fresco-painting. I contributed a ' Jacob and Rachel,' and this, with the previous cartoon, caused my permanent employment in the new palace at Westminster.

I ought to mention that at this time* I thought it advisable to revisit Italy, in order to examine critically the workmanship of Italian frescoes, and to ascertain their ' dodges ' for concealing the joints between each day's painting. Horsley accompanied me, and we spent about three months, visiting Florence, Lucca, Padua, etc., and making many studies from Giotto, Andrea del Sarto, and other frescanti. We joined three Englishmen, G. B. Maulè, a barrister, Cyril Page, a priest at Westminster, and Chorley, the musical critic and writer ; and we travelled partly with them across the Apennines. I met Dyce on the same errand at Florence. Mr. Chorley was rather bumptious. He

* Rather later, 1849.

had red hair and eyelashes, a red necktie, and reddish leather boots ; and Charles Landseer said, ' Everything about Chorley was *red* but his *books*.' Maule was, unfortunately, travelling in a diligence on the east coast of Spain the following year, and a mountain torrent overwhelmed it, and all the horses and passengers were washed over the cliff into the sea beneath, and were drowned. He was a great loss to his country, and would have attained the highest position in the law. He took a double first at Oxford, and was the most thoroughly exact man I ever knew. He had wished me to accompany him in his Spanish tour.

[The following account of a visit to Munich, on a separate sheet, the date of the year not being given, probably belongs to this tour :

' *Munich, Monday, September 1.* — Visited a modern collection of pictures exhibited in a building erected for the purpose of showing works of genius and industry. This was in consequence of an invitation extending to the artists of all nations. Among them were many works of merit in the lower departments of art, particularly some by the Dutch painters, who seem to inherit a portion of their ancestors' love of finish and execution. Among the most prominent pictures were two portraits by Kaulbach in oil ; a capital small picture by Beveren, of a sick girl visited by a monk confessor—tone and execution excellent ; Biard, a powerful picture of Jane Shore fainting at the bottom of some steps ; a night scene, people looking out of a doorway with a light, guards look-

ing on ; also a very clever picture of a scene in Lapland among icebergs : two Esquimaux are love-making in their canoes. Coignet, of Paris, has a clever picture of the Dutch coast. Geyer, of Augs-burg, a clever picture of a *concilium medicum*, the doctors of different theories in hot dispute, the poor patient, in a back room, being distracted the while with their noise. Hess (Peter), of Munich, a retreat from Moscow ; large figures, numerous, and strong expression and incidents of horror. Hove, of Amsterdam, a gipsy party brought before a magis-trate. Schendel (Holland), a good night-market scene. Steinbrud (Dusseldorf), an ' Invitation to the Marriage Feast ' (St. Luke xiv.). Among the sculptures, the best was a group of a centaur teaching a youth—excellent composition.

' In the afternoon visited Hess, and found him at work in the Basilica of St. Boniface — the best modern frescoes I have yet seen. Subjects : the life of the saint, a series of twenty-two designs, which have occupied him twenty-seven months in the painting only, being the summers of five years, the designs occupying the winter time. Some of them are very interesting. The first, where the future saint, a boy, is leaving home on his father's death, is very good. He then goes to a convent ; takes the vows ; becomes a missionary ; is presented to the Pope ; preaches to the savage islanders ; is made a Bishop, etc., etc. ; is finally murdered, and buried.

' Between the principal subjects are smaller designs

in brown chiaroscuro, with blue in the sky—simple and beautiful.

‘Had a long conversation on the subject of frescoes with the Professor Hess. He is sure fresco is alone adapted for decoration of buildings; that the room or church to be decorated should be by one head and hand only, in order to preserve unity; makes generally only small designs or cartoons, figures about one foot high. These are afterwards enlarged by his pupils, and he then goes over the lines previously to painting on the walls, and works on the part to be painted mostly from his own head, without reference to drawings. Much depends on the wall being in the proper state. In the early spring it is not dry enough, and he usually begins before the middle of May, after the warm air has been admitted, and finishes at the end of September.

‘With regard to colours, his palette is composed almost entirely of earths. His blue is not French ultramarine, but cobalt only; his strong red is colcotha, or burnt vitriol. This is boiled some time on a fire till it becomes a white powder on the top; this is then taken out and put into a crucible well covered with clay, and burnt for seven hours. His violets are made of two native Bavarian earths got of some dealer here. He promised us to get some for us. His bright green is chrome green. He does not consider that vermilion stands, as the air (not the lime) discolours it; but he has occasionally used it mixed with lime. His black is burnt Cologne earth; his shadow of yellow, raw sienna. He has a

man constantly at work to grind and mix his tints, prepare his colours, and lay the ground, etc. Is sure that Michel Angelo must have had some means of keeping the plaster wet, as parts are finished and modelled that would have required a pair of hands a day only to cover. He never retouches. Thinks the Italian frescoes would not stand out of Italy, as they are much worked on in tempera.

‘*Tuesday, September 2.*—Again a visit to Hess about half-past nine. He had already been some time at work, and had laid in the head of a monk, his day’s work. It was done with the positive flesh-colour, lime being mixed with all his tints. He was using small brushes, and tells me that he uses small ones even to paint the large draperies. He pays the greatest attention to the mixing of his tints, and contrives to make every face, etc., be varied in colour from its neighbour, partaking, more or less, of the brown, fair, rosy or sallow; and also, in his light draperies, he varies them continually. No two whites are alike, and this produces great distinctness, without destroying breadth. Spoke about the fresco by Gigenbower (?) at Gwydyr House. It is not pure fresco. He is known to use milk with his colours, and also paints on the wet plaster with oil of turpentine in his colours. He also uses lake mixed with oil, etc., and has various other devices. Professor Hess thinks that they will all be soon faded. He gave me a specimen of his vitriolo rosso; his other two reds for the violet draperies he could not procure me, as he gets a pound or two by favour

from a person who found some accidentally and kept a tubful. It is a natural earth, and he may be able to send some.

‘The old pictures in the Pinacoteca are nearly all destroyed, having been rubbed down and repainted. The Titian glazings are nearly all rubbed off, and the original tone underneath is now visible. For the deep lake draperies there is a positive red earth ; for the rich brown-greens, raw greenish whites ; flesh is all pale in the lights, the upper glazing tints being generally left in the shadows. There is scarcely a perfect picture left.

‘The Rubens sketches have been rubbed down, or washed with some strong medium, and the brown markings-out of the forms washed off, so that it would seem that they had been done in water-colour, the oil colour alone remaining. Likewise some pictures by Paul Veronese have nothing but raw colours left in the lights, the deep glazings being untouched in parts, so that the pictures are entirely out of harmony, and destroyed, while modern repaintings of neat extremities, dark lines round eyelids, etc., make the matter still worse !

‘Visited the modern Gothic church over the bridge. The interior beautiful ; the windows very rich, of modern stained glass of Munich. This process is kept secret by command of the king, he having spent large sums of money in investigating the manner of doing it. Leave has been asked by the kings of France and of Prussia, and refused, although the works are shown ; but they will not

allow anyone to enter as a student. Met here at dinners, etc., Mr. Ford and son. I believe he is the author of the "Handbook of Spain," which created such a sensation in town. A most intelligent, spirited man. He had been fishing in the Traun, near Lambach, not far from Linz, and about eleven hours from Nuremburg.]

William Dyce was the first to break the ice in fresco-painting. He executed the centre fresco in the House of Lords, over the throne. It was done under fearful disadvantages, for the room was only half finished, and he was subjected to all the noises inseparable from building; hundreds of hammers were at work on the roof overhead; below, the carpenters' ceaseless din—bang! bang!—and the dust was stifling; but in spite of it all, Dyce, with marvellous pluck, went steadily on, although employed in a kind of work which requires a man's utmost cool judgment. On the success or failure of this first experiment the future of fresco-painting depended. At length it was finished; and the Commissioners, with Prince Albert, met to view it. It was considered a great success, and Dyce well deserved all the praise he received.

I had been commissioned, with others, to execute a trial fresco on a wall in the Upper Waiting Hall; but before this was begun I was requested to paint a fresco of 'Edward the Third conferring the Order of Knighthood of the Garter on his Son the Black Prince,' at the throne end of the House of Lords, in line with Dyce's centre of the 'Baptism of

Ethelbert.' Maclise had assigned to him at the other end the subject of 'Chivalry,' and Horsley that of 'Religion' in the middle space opposite Dyce. I was engaged for many years in fresco-painting; the winters being occupied at home in preparing the studies and cartoons, and the summers in executing them, in fresco, on the walls; in consequence of which I had little time left for oil-painting, and what I did execute consisted mostly of small pictures of a domestic character, done from my own children, so that Mr. Tom Taylor in his criticisms dubbed me 'Poet-Laureate of the Nursery.'

I was elected Associate of the Royal Academy in November, 1843. After finishing the fresco of 'Edward III.,' etc., I painted one of the spaces in what was called the 'Poets' Hall' (Upper Waiting Hall), to illustrate Chaucer, the subject being 'The Trial of Griselda's Obedience.' Other artists also had spaces assigned to them. Herbert painted a beautiful fresco from Shakespeare of 'Lear and Cordelia'; Watts a subject from Spenser; Horsley illustrated Milton; Tenniel, Dryden; Armitage, two, Pope and Scott. I also painted, in the same corner as the Chaucer subject, a fresco of 'The Death of Lara,' from Byron. All the frescoes in this hall are now wrecks, although scrupulously free from retouchings in distemper. When the Prince Consort came to inspect them, he asked me, 'if I would allow those I had done to be sponged.' I willingly assented, and had them sopped and sponged with water, without a trace of colour being removed. As

the theory was that lime walls were for ever hardening, it was concluded that these works were imperishable. Alas! after about four years, some of the colours began to blister; and then the blister burst, and the colour came off in powder. This was especially the case with earthy colours, such as ochres of all sorts; and this notwithstanding that all the writers on fresco assured us that they were the safest of all colours. Although they were sealed up by a film of carbonate of lime (flint, in short), yet our climate is so damp that in changeable weather the wet ran down the surface in streams. In addition to this, the frescoes were painted on lime and plaster spread on a framework of laths, and there was a space at the back, of some inches, to separate them from the outer wall of stone; and in this space the damp accumulated, and had no exit or ventilation. Besides injury caused by damp there came a deposit of London dirt on the surface, of a yellow-brown colour, which obscured the freshness of the colours. Prince Albert tried rubbing with stale bread to remove this, but all proved unavailing. The pictures are destroyed, owing to the constant change of temperature and the filth of the London climate. The full effects of these deleterious influences were not discovered until after some years; and in the meanwhile other frescoes were painted in various parts of the building, all of which have suffered in a less degree, but some much more than others. My fresco of 'Judge Gascoigne and Prince Henry,' in the House of Lords, finished in 1849, is

much less injured than 'Edward III.' on the same wall, and I believe that I protected it, when finished, with a thin covering of size.

In 1841, my wife being delicate, we went on a visit to Mr. Bacon, at Cossey, Norfolk, whose daughter, Miss Rose Bacon (afterwards Mrs. Redgrave), had stayed with us at the time of my eldest son's birth. Mr. Bacon was proprietor and editor of a Norwich paper, a very intellectual man, a keen politician, and also a good sportsman. With him I was initiated into the sport of partridge-shooting; and many pleasant tramps we had with dog and guns through the stubble and turnips, diversified with political discussions and small luncheons of a biscuit each and two small apples; more, my host said, would spoil our sight in shooting. We had excellent music in the evenings, Mrs. Barwell especially, a married daughter, having a grand voice and perfect execution. Her rendering of Moore's 'By Bendemere's Stream' I shall never forget. When I was married at Barnard Castle (I might have mentioned sooner), the clergyman there was quite a 'character,' a Mr. Davidson. He was respected, but his oddities were laughed at. I was warned not to appear in church after my wedding, or I should have to listen to a sermon on 'Matrimony,' which was always addressed to married couples. I was once present, however, on another occasion, and did hear it, though not meant for us. It was very picturesque, and described in detail the wifely duties, down to her 'mending little

Jackie's breeches,' the colour of the patch being of no importance!

One day a parishioner asked him to sign a law-paper to certify that he was alive on a certain day. Mr. Davidson said he could not do it, as he had not seen him on that day.

Parishioner: 'But, sir, you see me *now*.'

Mr. Davidson: 'I can sign the paper that you are alive *now*, certainly; but as I did not see you on that date, I am not in a condition to make a statement on the subject.'

His successor, Canon Dugard, was a genial, kind, burly man; and we became cronies in fishing excursions in the Tees and Greta. Once he drove me down to Winston Bridge, on the Tees. We were to fish, and go in to the parsonage to an early dinner. I had fair sport. Mr. Dugard elected to fish on the opposite bank to gain the wind. He waded across. I heard a loud splash: he had fallen into a hole, and came back dripping; went to the parsonage, and when I joined him he was sitting by the fire, clothed in blankets, and imbibing hot brandy and water. He drove home covered with blankets. He was an excellent parish priest. When the cholera broke out at Barnard Castle, he was indefatigable in visiting his people:

'Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt and pain the soul dismayed,
The reverend champion stood.'

He ran great risks, but he braved them. For his devotion he was made an honorary Canon of

Durham. He was a most pleasant companion in fishing-trips, for his good wife always provided a substantial lunch, generally of a boiled fowl, lettuce, and delicate bread. He settled where we were to meet, and there undid his basket on some primrose bank. Luncheon being nearly over, he slyly went to the river's bank, and brought up from the cool water a bottle of Dublin stout. He was a kindly, hospitable man, and a good Christian.

A very different character was a man who also devoted himself to cholera patients, and helped to bury them. He was asked if he was not afraid of contagion.

'Nay, nay,' said he, 'whaever heard tell of a man having cholera who took his three pints of brandy a day?'

But he was carried off, notwithstanding.

Amongst the odd characters I have known was a very kind bachelor clergyman, who at that time resided in a solitary farmhouse on the moors beyond Romaldkirk in Teesdale. He was about forty years old, over six feet high, a Devonshire man, the Rev. Wilse Brown. He weekly walked in to Barnard Castle, on market days, clad in a long blue cloak flying behind him, and carrying a large basket in which to bring back his weekly supplies. He had a taste for mechanics, and in a room on the ground-floor of his house had fitted up lathes for turning: the latter he called his 'wife.' He made his own rifle-barrels, and even telescopes. Finding that his

scattered parishioners paid largely for very poor tea, he arranged with Twinings to supply him with chests of tea, which he retailed at cost price to his people ; and gradually neighbouring gentry got their supply through him. This practice, of course, damaged all the retail dealers, and roused their anger, and to show this, they had a large board attached to his cottage, with an inscription : ' Rev. W. Brown, Unlicensed Dealer in Tea.' As this had no effect, they appealed to the Bishop, who wrote to Wilse Brown, saying that he thought it an unwise proceeding, and recommending its discontinuance ; but this had no effect either.

He was fond of shooting with his rifle at fish, which he mostly missed. He played the flute, but too often said his ' lips were dry,' when no sounds came. He was a great admirer of the fair sex, and made many offers, but no conquests. He afterwards inherited from his father a family living in Devonshire, joined a rifle-corps, and came annually to Wimbledon to shoot for prizes—which he never succeeded in winning—and brought with him a cask or two of Devonshire cider, which he distributed amongst his acquaintances in his tent. On occasions of his annual visits he usually came to see and dine with me. On one of these visits he told us of a grand dinner at Wimbledon, at which he was present, and said that he had sat next to a very charming lady, who remarked to him that it was impossible to guess what people were when dressed in uniform.

Said Wilse Brown : ' I dare say now you are wondering what I am ?'

She : ' I can't guess.'

He : ' Do you think me a carpenter ?'

She : ' No.'

He : ' A blacksmith ?'

She : ' N-n-no,' doubtfully, glancing at his huge fist on the table.

He : ' A lawyer ?'

She : ' No,' decidedly ; ' but as you have asked me so many questions, may I ask you one ? What *are* you ?'

Witse Brown said : ' I will tell you in reply a conversation I overheard in passing a tent where two men were talking.

' Said one : " Who's that queer-looking fellow ?"

' The other said : " Why, he calls himself a parson. "

The lady laughed, and said : ' I don't believe it.'

Witse Brown : ' But I am.'

The lady : ' Really !'

The last time I saw him he passed through the railway-station at Exeter. He wore a rough broad-peaked cap, a greenish jacket, brown with sun, rough gaiters, and broad, heavy boots ; many cross-belts and ammunition pouches, a telescope in its case, and a rifle carried over his shoulder. He looked like the pictures of Robinson Crusoe, and was on his way to the rifle butts. He seemed popular, as all the officials touched their hats to him respectfully.

In 1844, after finishing the winter's work, I went

northwards to join my wife at Barnard Castle, but found that she had gone with Mrs. Benning to Tynemouth, and I took an early morning train, and arrived there before breakfast. I met a Newcastle fish-wife, who was selling 'fresh-gathered cherries,' and having bought some, I remarked that they didn't look fresh-gathered. She declared that they were fresh that morning, having come from 'Loonon' in the steamboat. I asked was this a neighbouring village? On this, with Newcastle vernacular, she screamed out :

'Whaar have ye lived not to know Loonon?'

I then saw what she meant, and suggested that they were the refuse of Covent Garden a fortnight ago, and then her fury became voluble and rich.

We boated, and occasionally went to a sort of smugglers' cave under the cliff (Marsden Rocks), where dwelt a strange wild seafaring man, whose wife supplied good tea and girdle-cakes. One day we called on some old family friends of my wife, the Greens, of South Shields. In the drawing-room sat a circle of ladies, mostly rather advanced in years. The one I sat next to was a geologist, and would give me specimens of flexible limestone, and she called a small old lady 'mother.' My friend was the 'eldest girl' (aged seventy); the mother was ninety, bright, erect in her chair, and talkative. The 'youngest girl' might be about forty. They were a remarkably long-lived family; we used to call them 'the Evergreens.' The mother lived till ninety-eight or ninety-nine, and then departed

simply from old age ; felt disinclined to leave her bed one morning, took no food, and died next day, falling quietly asleep.

[Two of the daughters were reported this year (1890) as being still alive, and very keen whist-players, together with two other old friends, the united ages of the quartette amounting to 342. The oldest living Miss Green, ninety-three ; the second, Mrs. Benning (third wife and widow of Mr. Benning, of Barnard Castle), ninety.]

In 1844 the Etching Club published a volume called 'Etched Thoughts.' I painted some small pictures, three of which were sent to the Royal Academy Exhibition : 'Palpitation,' a young lady waiting for her letter, while the postman and servant are gossiping on the doorstep ; 'The Cup of Cold Water ;' and 'Geneviève,' from Coleridge. This picture was ruined by using too much asphaltum, and ultimately was destroyed.

In 1845 I completed the cartoon of 'King Edward III. receiving the Black Prince as a Knight of the Garter' for the decoration of the House of Lords.* In the autumn I went with Horsley to Italy to examine the technical methods of the fresco-painters, as already mentioned. My second daughter, Margaret, was born April 30.

In 1846 I painted 'The Young Mother' (nursing), sold to J. Sheepshanks ; 'Pastorella,' sold to Sir J. Wigram, the Vice-Chancellor ; and a small repetition

* The cartoon was approved by the Commissioners on March 20, 1846.

of Mr. Minshull's portrait, for Mr. Morgan.* Wife at Cheshunt; and in the autumn wife and I joined my dear friend J. Atkinson in a tour to Switzerland. The party consisted of J. Atkinson and wife, John William Atkinson, Rev. Samuel Hey, and our two selves. J. Atkinson was in poor health, and took with him a well-filled medicine-chest, which was lost in a railway-carriage in Belgium, and he managed to do without it. We crossed the channel to Ostend in the royal mail steamer, commanded by my old friend Captain Zachary Mudge. He had been fifty years in the navy, and of that time had been forty years afloat. In Switzerland we made the usual round on mules; I walked. It was late in the autumn, but the weather was favourable except at Rosenlaue. We left our party at Vevey, and returned home with a very nice German governess, who kindly acted as paymistress to England, and we travelled both comfortably and economically.

In 1847 I exhibited at the Royal Academy a small head, 'Maiden Meditation,' now in the Sheepshanks Collection, and a small group, 'The Robe of Righteousness' purchased by a Mr. Collier. My third daughter, Florence, was born March 30. We were this year at Barnard Castle; I forget details.

[An old diary of this year affords the following particulars :

'*January* 1.—At Leeds, staying with J. Atkinson, at Little Woodhouse.

[* The latter not exhibited. 'Young Mother' well hung in corner of great room. Small cartoon of the 'Second Order of Garter' exhibited in the miniature room—N. Bk.]

‘*Sunday, 3rd.*—Visited St. Saviour’s in afternoon (Puseyite). A well-placed church; dim light through coloured glass. Decorated with evergreens and properties. Old church in evening. Fine anthem (Kent’s); Wesley at the organ. Excellent sermon, by Dr. Hook, on the difference between a willing and a wishing mind.

‘*Monday, 4th.*—Got home to my dear wife at nine, and found all well and the house walls all pulled about for the new studio.

‘*Wednesday, 6th.*—Attended at Kensington Church as godfather to Cole’s boy, christened Allan Summerly.

‘*Wednesday, 13th.*—In the evening had a pleasant meeting at the Graphic Society’s conversazione. Some admirable calotypes exhibited. Dyce informed me of his reception on presenting his sketch for the fresco at Osborne House. Most graciously received and approved of. Prince thought it rather nude; the Queen, however, said not at all. He stayed to lunch, and is to begin it as soon as possible. Subject: “Neptune resigning his Sceptre to Britannia.” He is also engaged in an altarpiece (for All Saints’, Margaret Street?) . . .

‘*Saturday, 16th.*—Called on Dyce, and saw his sketch for Osborne House fresco; clever and agreeable, in the style of Raffaele’s Galatea; Britannia too rustic. Also a sketch for his altarpiece, “a deposition,” in the Bellini or Perugino manner, colour like stained glass. Went with him to meet Barry at House of Lords to consult about filling up five feet

below the frescoes. Dyce proposed something in the way of an altar front with figures, but Barry seemed most disposed to keep the centre as it is, and lower those on each side, so that the centre one would look as if just higher purposely to avoid the throne. Met Richmond at Severn's; Etching Club in evening. . . .

'*Monday, February 1.*—Cole called in the evening, and talked about prospects of revival of the Society of Arts, and his new scheme of exhibiting the works of one modern painter annually. . . .

'*Monday, 22nd.*—Leslie called about his mad model "James." . . .

'*Tuesday, 23rd.*—Had "James" (a madman) to sit. Fine head and hair. Struck me as Shakespeare's "Mad Tom" over again. Sleeps in fields and hayricks, stables, etc. Calls himself a Mohammedan Jew. . . .

'*March 18.*—Got into my new study. . . .

'*Wednesday, 24th.*—General fast and humiliation of the nation before God for repentance of sins, and prayer to be delivered from the scourges of famine and pestilence raging in parts of the kingdom, especially in Ireland. Church crowded, shops all closed. . . .

'*Saturday, 27th.*—Sir William Fremantle called to place his protégé, Smith, as a pupil and assistant for a year. . . . Attended last conversazione at Marquis of Northampton's. Prince Albert was there, and about 600 visitors. . . .

'*Tuesday, April 6.*—Sent pictures to the Academy.

Spent the day in a ramble to Barnes, with Redgrave, Creswick, Stonhouse, Cary, and C. Lewis. Dined and played quoits at Roehampton. Lovely situation. Played at rounders on Putney Common afterwards. Rainy walk home, very tired. . . .

‘*Thursday, July 8.*—Prince Albert called to see his picture, accompanied by the brave Prince Waldemar of Prussia, equerries, etc. A most agreeable interview. The Princes very much pleased and complimentary, and stayed nearly an hour. . . .

‘*Friday, August 20.*—Fastened up tracing of “Order of Garter” in its place in House of Lords. Spent the day in ruling and correcting architectural and perspective lines. Found the space ten and a half inches higher and one inch narrower than the size given me. Cut the cartoon tracing in the centre to get more length. Mulready, Boxall, and Winstanley to dinner. Made some amber varnish in the evening. Richmond came in.’

(Each day from this point till Saturday, November 13, contains details of the fresco, painted daily, without a break except Sundays, illustrated here and there with little ink sketches of parts painted. Most of these have only technical interest. The following entries, therefore, alone are given.)

‘*Wednesday, September 15.*—Painted Bishop’s mitre and crosier. Dined with Maclise at the Rainbow, on soles and hashed venison, and returned at eight to the House of Lords, to see the effect of gaslight on the frescoes and on the stained glass, gas being laid on outside as well.

The frescoes looked very brilliant, and much improved, particularly that by Dyce. The glass, being more strongly illuminated inside than out, looked negative and inky, and like old paintings on an opaque surface. . . .

'*Tuesday, September 21.*—Much interrupted by preparations for the ceremony of proroguing Parliament, which ceremony in itself only occupied half an hour! . . .

'*Tuesday, 28th.*—Began the Queen's face, but by one o'clock a sort of sub-incrustation seemed to occur, and the upper colour did not seem to unite with the under; the suction most irregular. At two got disgusted, and cut it all out. Afterwards discovered that the cause of this was some new intonaco made with wrong loamy sand, got by Mr. L——'s directions from P——'s yard for cheapness!!! Queen Dowager visited House of Lords. . . .

'*Monday, October 11.*—Painted the Prince's face and neck. Dyce returned from Osborne House after finishing his fresco. Lord Morpeth came on our scaffolds for a visit.

'*Tuesday, 12th.*—Painted the Prince's right hand and sword-hilt. Parliament prorogued. The same absurd farce repeated. Painted very quietly the while. . . .

'*Saturday, November 6.*—Painted-in the right leg of Garter man. Eastlake called, and thought I had not improved my figure by altering it, and I was quite unsettled. At last cut it all out below the head, except the right leg. . . .

‘*Thursday, 11th.*—Finished the painting of the fresco, viz., the step and floor (begun by Smith and finished by self). . . .

‘*Friday, 12th.*—Worked on the Queen’s face with wax crayons, and succeeded in doing it very easily, softening and going over it with lines; but in cases where time is allowed, I should prefer cutting out and redoing any part that requires it. Lightened the green sleeve also in tempera, and Smith painted in the diaper on cloak. Boxall and Townsend called on us, Eastlake also, who seemed pleased, and suggested that I should think over the subject of Judge Gascoigne in the corresponding space in House of Lords, in case the Commissioners required me to fill it.

‘*Saturday, 13th.*—Smith and I finished the cloak, and I then had a gilder, and gilt the cloak, part of the Queen’s robe, and a few touches about the knight’s armour. Maclise was so pleased with the effect that he also began gilding; but we both regretted it, as it looked rather vulgar and staring, from the gold-size lines becoming too wide and spreading. Webster, C. Landseer, and Barry on scaffold. I dislike tempera or wax retouchings.]’

[The following extracts from letters belong to this year.

‘Osborne, *Aug. 13, 1847.*

‘MY DEAR COPE,

‘Having put on bag-wig and sword, I have indited to Mr. S. Redgrave my full-dress reply to

his announcement; but I don't think I can do anything in the way of etching till my return to town. So you begin to work in the Peers' House on Monday. Much success to you. Only when you are about to paint a sky seventeen feet long by some four or five broad, I don't advise you to have a Prince looking in upon you every ten minutes or so—or when you are going to trace an outline, to obtain the assistance of the said Prince and an Archduke Constantine to hold up your tracing to the wall, as I have had. It is very polite, condescending, and so forth, and very amusing to Princes and Dukes, but rather embarrassing to the artist. However, all that trouble has passed away, and I now have a quiet house, the Court having migrated northward. . . . Alas for mundane, and in particular rural, felicity in thatched cottages! It was announced to me the other day that Lady Littleton had taken the cottage for her daughter, and that I must be transplanted into new quarters. So I was constrained to pack up and . . . have moved to Victoria Cottage over the way.

‘Faithfully yours,

‘W. DYCE.’

‘East Cowes, *Aug.* 31, 1847.

‘MY DEAR COPE,

‘I was glad to have the divertimento of your note this morning. I am, however, again moved out of my quarters “over the way.” . . . So your note came to Osborne. If you write again, which

I hope you will, address "Osborne," as I get the letters sooner. My present quarters, in which I suppose I shall remain till I return to town, are the Medina Hotel, East Cowes, the cottages being either occupied at present, or engaged for the Queen's return. . . . I, too, find fresco hard work—so much "getting up ladders"—but I contrive always to finish about five at the latest. When I was at work where you are, I was turned out by Barry at four; or, rather, I should say, his masons and carpenters and smiths and plasterers were turned on at that hour, and drove me off in desperation. I think the best way is to take a little at a time—no more than you can conveniently and easily get through in five or six hours. . . . I hope to complete my work within two months. To-day I have just been a month, and I have completed the group of Britannia and attendants, Neptune and Amphitrite. . . . So that I have now only the sea-nymphs, tritons and horses—in fact, the picture is rather more than half done. The nursery-maids and French governesses have been sadly scandalized by the nudities, especially when bits only of figures were done, but I think they have now become accustomed to the sight. . . .

‘Yours very truly,

‘W. DYCE.’

‘. . . I quite agree with you that a painter must be animated with the confident belief that his works are to live in future ages, if he means to succeed or

raise his art above the mercenary level of a trade. I never entertained any other sentiment. I am now fast following this to town, when I hope I shall see you and Horsley, and talk this over fully.

‘Very faithfully yours,

‘B. HAWES.']*

In 1848 I exhibited a large picture of ‘Cardinal Wolsey’s Reception at Leicester Abbey;’ two companion pictures, ‘L’Allegro’ and ‘Il Penseroso;’ and the cartoon of the ‘Trial of Griselda’s Patience.’ The former was a commission from the Prince Consort, and is now at Osborne. The two latter pictures were secured by Mr. Sheepshanks, and are now in his gallery at South Kensington.

[The following extracts are from a diary for 1848 :

‘*Monday, January 3.*—The last touch put to Wolsey.

‘*Wednesday, 5th.*—The picture of Cardinal Wolsey . . . went this morning to Windsor at seven o’clock.

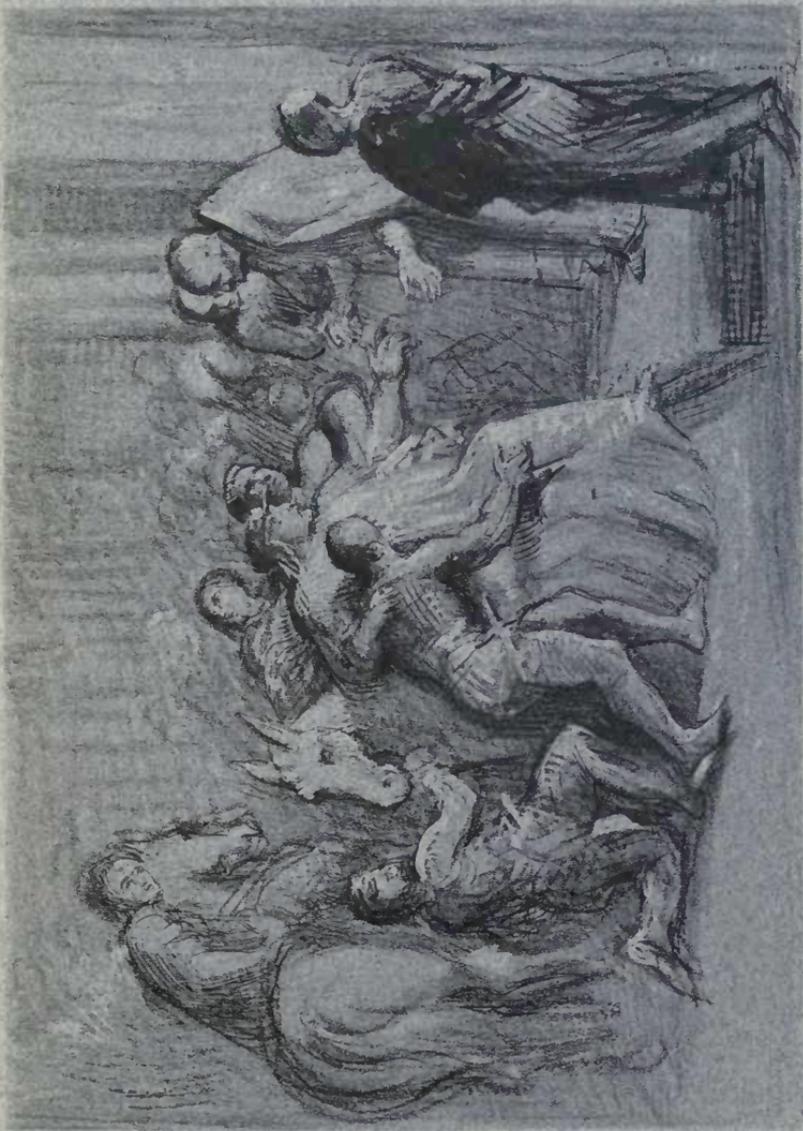
‘*Saturday, 29th.*—Sent a bound copy of “Watts’s Hymns” to H.R.H. Prince Albert, per coach to Windsor.

‘*Monday, 31st.*—Prince Albert accepted “Watts” with thanks, and expressed his approbation.

‘*Thursday, February 10.*—Elected member of the Royal Academy :—

Scratches: Watson Gordon 7		Ballotted for: Cope 18
Cope . . . 6		W. Gordon 10.

* Afterwards Lord Llanover.



"CARDINAL WOLSEY'S RECEPTION AT LEICESTER ABBEY."
(Original Sketch.)

LONDON: RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, 1861.

' *Friday, 11th.* — Called on Uwins, Mulready, Webster, and Herbert, to acknowledge the honour.

' *Saturday, 12th.*—Called on most of the other members of the Royal Academy.

' *Monday, 14th.*—Finished calls.

' *Saturday, (April) 22.*—First day of touching up at Royal Academy. Wolsey occupies the west end of large room, below the line. "L'Allegro" and "Penseroso" on right of entrance door. Exhibition a good one. Striking pictures—Linnell, Danby, Leslie's "Lady Jane Grey Reading," Landseer, Eastlake, a repetition. *No Turner.*

' *Monday, 24th.*—Grayed shadow on carpet and deepened shadows on Cardinal very considerably. E. Landseer worked on my mule's head for me.

' *Wednesday, 26th.*—Finished touching up at Royal Academy the picture of Wolsey: it looks much improved.

' *Friday, 28th.*—Private view of Royal Academy. Jenny Lind present. Herbert's picture very clever, but superficial. The Herod like a Venetian senator; the wife good in expression, but coarse. The dancer very poor; St. John good.

' *Saturday, 29th.*—Made designs (for Lear) in morning. Royal Academy dinner in evening, pretty well attended. Jones in chair. . . . Speakers: Lords Lansdowne, J. Russell, Duke of Wellington, Hallam, etc. . . . Went after to the opera with Hart—"Barber of Seville," Lablache.

' *Friday, (June) 2.*—Called on Eastlake, and showed him first sketch of Judge Gascoigne, for

the House of Lords. He seemed much pleased with it. Prince Albert had made a sketch also. Begged to keep mine to show the Commissioners. . . . Went to Roberts', R.A., where a company was assembled to see a mummy opened by Mr. Pettigrew—a person of no importance (the mummy, I mean).'

(The sketch above mentioned is referred to in a letter from Eastlake, of May 31: 'I have duly received your note respecting the commission for the House of Lords. Some time since, the Prince, finding that many had tried their hands at the subject without much success, took some pains in considering it, and made a sketch, which by taking too much care of, I regret to say, has been mislaid. But if you can call on me some day—giving me notice, so that I may be in the way—I can describe the general idea, which was good.' The diary from July 31 to September 18 is occupied continuously with painting of fresco of Griselda).]

In the autumn Sam Redgrave went with me to Weymouth. On our way there we stopped at some place, I forget where, and had some fishing in a good little stream. I set Sam Redgrave to work dapping, and to his own, and perhaps the fish's, surprise, he caught a half-pounder, and was so pleased that he ran all the way home to our inn at once, for fear of not securing it.

[The diary supplies forgotten details :

'*September* 19.—Left town at ten. Arrived at Bath, and found coach waiting, which took me on

to Wells, twenty miles. Splendid day, the valley very beautiful. First appearance of the cathedral attractive. Great simplicity and propriety. The west front, so much spoken of, disappointed me as to the early English sculptures—so much ruder than I expected, and not to compare with G. Pisano.

‘ *Wednesday, 20th.*—Another fine day. Spent the morning about and in the cathedral. Interior very perfect and pleasing, and in process of complete restoration. Capitals, foliage, carvings to seats, etc., very remarkable for beauty and variety and finish. Lady Chapel exquisite, also chapter-house and stairs up to it. Attended service. Then lunched at our inn (Somerset Arms), and walked on to Cheddar, skirting the hills all the way. The village of Hookey, near Wells, very beautiful.

‘ *Thursday, 21st.*—Before breakfast visited the church. Fine stone pulpit; made sketch. After breakfast (Bath Arms, comfortable and cheap) walked up to Cheddar Cliffs. Exquisite scenery. Beautiful cottages and gardens with water, cliffs bold and rocky in distance. Full of material for landscape. Cliffs very bold and fine, 400 feet perpendicular. Walked to Wedmore, and dined. Walked on to Glastonbury. A pastoral, flat country, full of cows and milkmaids, like Cuyt. Skirted river for miles, twelve long miles from Cheddar.

‘ *Friday, 22nd.*—Glastonbury, White Hart. Rainy morning. Visited ruins of abbey, fine Norman. Shocking modern Gothic edifice of the proprietor, an agent of Lord Ashburton; lets out the abbey for

£20 a year; kitchen, ditto, to another party. Each charges 6d. a head admission. Pleasant drive to Yeovil; dined; mail to Dorchester in the evening. Left Dorchester at half-past ten; took lodgings at Weymouth for a week—25s.—two bed and one sitting room. Strolled about and inspected gun practice, thirty-eight pounders at a mark. Made sketch.']

While here I made many trips to Portland Island, and walked all over it. The great prison was not then built; but navvies were digging foundations. The south side of the island was most romantic; the cliffs craggy, and much broken into wild shapes. There was a ruined castle called King John's Castle, and a deserted churchyard, filled with old tombs falling into decay, and wild trees blown into one direction by the gales. Here was the family residence of Penn, an early settler in America. It was a deserted seclusion, in which a visitor could indulge in fancies of bygone ages, when the land was not defaced by 'marine villas.' At low-water I occasionally returned by the Chesil Bank, very interesting geologically. On the north side of the island, opposite Weymouth, was the inn where George III. occasionally dined, and where he was so much puzzled to know 'how the apples *got into*' their famous dumplings. I begged for the recipe, as the dumplings were excellent, but they assured me that hundreds before me had asked for the same favour, which was refused invariably. A daughter, Mary, was born August 4, but died October 24. I was elected a Royal Academician, also Dyce, 'in

the twelfth year of our reign—Victoria Regina.' A picture of 'Griselda's Marriage,' sold to Brunel, obtained the 100 guinea prize at Manchester.

[Diary :—

'*Thursday, (December) 21st.*—Dined with Richmond, and went to see Margaret Street church. Life-Academy afterwards; seemed well arranged. Went to Boxall's and sat till eleven. Then to Wooley's (Campden House) to fetch wife. A ball; very stupid; many fops. Left at supper time.

'*Friday, 22nd.*—Richmond called. Went with him to see Mr. Rogers' pictures. The small Titian very beautiful, "Christ in the Garden." Seems done over a warm transparent ground, flesh cool, gray preparation, finished with glazing.

'*Friday, 29th.*—Took Miss Bleaymire and wife to Windsor to see state apartments. Presented the Etching Club "L'Allegro" to the Prince. He was much pleased. Etching Club in the evening. Proposed Frost for election, and divided "Penseroso."

'*Saturday, 30th.*—Made a sketch in colour for Lear . . . Dined at Royal Academy to meet the old council and take seat at table on the new.']

In 1849 I executed in fresco the design of 'Griselda' in the Upper Waiting Hall. When finished, it was repeatedly sponged as a test of the firmness of the colours, which seemed irremovable; but yet (as mentioned above) time and damp have almost effaced this work, as well as the 'Lara' in the same angle of the room. At the Royal Academy I exhibited a small coloured sketch

in oils of 'Griselda,' the property of Mr. Monro, of Novar; a small 'Fireside Musings,' bought by J. Gibbons, Esq., before exhibition; and (life-size) 'The First-born,' sold to Mr. Dewhurst, of Manchester, whose son still possesses it. It was engraved by Vernon, in line, for the Art Union of Glasgow.

CHAPTER VI.

EXCURSION WITH GEORGE RICHMOND.

I THINK it must have been about this time that Richmond, who was not well, accompanied me in an excursion to Barnard Castle, to be initiated into the mysteries of fly-fishing. We started on the Tees at Pierce Bridge, a few miles above Darlington, and he worked hard learning to throw his line, and we fished up to Gainford, where we slept in a modest country inn. Next day we were to work up the river to Barnard Castle, some seven or eight miles. I got interested in my own sport, but about two o'clock I got anxious, as I could not see my companion; and there was some rough country and deep water to pass. I shouted; went back, went forward; could find no trace of him. The horrible thought suggested itself: 'Had he fallen in and been drowned?' No more fishing for me that day; so I put up my rod, and walked and ran to Barnard Castle, to my father-in-law's house, in a frantic state of dread, excitement, and heat. I rushed upstairs to the drawing-room, and, lo! there sat Richmond, calmly sipping his tea, and chatting with Lizzie, my wife's sister. I was overjoyed, and then angry.

‘Why,’ I asked, ‘did you desert me without notice, causing me all this anxiety? It was not considerate nor fair.’

‘Well,’ said he, ‘I was very tired; so I got on to a road and sat down, and a gentleman in a gig passed me, and looked hard, and then stopped. I asked the way to Barnard Castle. “I’m going there,” said he; “jump in, and I’ll drive you, which is better than walking.” He set me down at the Doctor’s house, where I have been most kindly received and entertained by Miss Lizzie.’

We remained about a fortnight, visiting the Tees and Greta with our rods. Richmond was long unable to see where his flies were on the water, as the rapid stream floated them down while he supposed they were in the same place where he had first thrown them. The Greta is a very difficult river to fish, being full of great boulders, between which the water is deep and the current strong, besides being much overhung with trees; and all this makes it very hard work, especially for beginners. However, he was well initiated for our next river, the Coquet, in Northumberland, where we proceeded, and put up at Weldon Bridge Inn. Here we had a visitor, the Rector of Felton, who, hearing of our arrival, wished to be hospitable, and, finding that we were bent on fishing, gave us a note to Major Cadogan, of Brinkburn Priory, and he sent his curate to drive us over. The family were away, but we had a pleasant afternoon’s sport, and I believe I beat the curate in fish caught, although he

knew the river well. The Felton Rector invited us to dinner, and there was a pleasant party of men. He had at one time kept hounds, I was told. He was a most hospitable, kindly old gentleman of the old school, and gave his guests excellent port wine.*

We then went on to Harbottle, and Richmond got a pony to go up to our destination, Burra Burn, as he was unwell. I walked. We had to ford the Coquet more than once, but the walk was mostly on the soft green turf. When we arrived at the solitary small farm-house the mistress was out, and a girl told us to sit down and wait by the peat-fire. At last we heard the sound of a pony's hoofs clanking at the door, and in came the mistress, niece to the old farmer, a strikingly handsome woman of about twenty-five. Her voice and manners were perfect, and quietly dignified. She much regretted that the room her uncle built on as an additional bedroom for the accommodation of fishermen was not very dry, but would we go and look at it. The walls were unmistakably damp, and my friend declared nothing would induce him to sleep in it, and he was too ill to go back. During this colloquy she moved about with singular grace, and stepping into the middle of the room, she undid a string, and down fell her riding-skirt on to the floor, out of which she gently stepped, as out of a nest. What was to be done?

'Weel,' she said, 'there's anither cottage up the glen, and the folks are unco guid, and mayhap would accommodate ye.'

* Rev. James Allgood.

Richmond groaned and said he should come back, but he was persuaded to remount his pony and go on to try, and we recrossed the river.

The house was a large one-storied stone structure; the door, in the centre, opened into the kitchen, from which two doors led into bedrooms at each end. It was now getting dusk. The inmates received us kindly, and said they would do the best they could for us, and hoped we were 'no particklar.' A peat-fire was at once lighted in the left-hand room, where two small bedsteads were against the side-wall foot to foot, and the linen spotlessly clean. So here we remained, and were very comfortable. Our food was mostly boiled eggs, tea, oat-cake, and good butter, and also some very fine white bread. After the first day trout was added, and, indeed, so great was our sport, that we sent it to the neighbours around. Richmond here improved vastly in fly-fishing, and, I think, caught upwards of twenty in one day. The fishing was excellent and easy. The sportsman could wander for miles on the banks, walking on soft short grass, and not hindered by a tree or even a bush, while there was a continuous succession of pools and swift runs, and an occasional waterfall. In the afternoon Richmond put on gaiters (for dress), and wandered about with a volume of Chaucer, which we also read aloud in the evenings. It was a pleasant rest and change.

We sent fish to the beauty at 'Burra Burn.' I had supposed that Richmond was too unwell to have noticed her, but on my remarking one day on

her gracefulness and beauty, to my surprise he said quietly, 'Yes, she might have been a duchess, her manner was so good; but she had a spot on one of her teeth.' Oddly enough, either then, or subsequently on a second visit, while we were marching away 'o'er the pathless grass,' a farmer on his pony joined us and chatted about her, and he said, 'She does na seem quite weel. I'm thinking it's her teeth!' This jolly man hoped we would visit him some other time, and assured us of a hearty welcome and good sport. We went back and, I think at Rothbury, hired a trap to take us to Felton Bridge. We soon found that the mare was unfit for work, and we got out and walked up hills, etc., the hulking fellow who drove remonstrating with us, while he never moved from his seat, in spite of the poor mare's sufferings. I was very angry altogether, and gave vent to my indignation audibly, when my companion gave me a lesson which has lasted my life. 'My dear Cope,' said he, 'there's no road so rough but it has flowers on its banks, if we will only look for them.'

We returned by way of Carlisle and Penrith to the Lakes, and near Eamont Bridge and Ullswater, at the village of Temple Sowerby, we called on an old lady, a friend of my wife's family, who had also visited us in London, a Miss Bleaymire, very tall and stately, with a dark moustache on her upper lip, a very amusing character. As we drove into her garden, her factotum had just raked the gravelled drive, and seemed in doubt about admitting us. We inquired

if his mistress was at home. 'Ay,' said he ; and I observed in one of the upper windows her tall, gaunt form, clad in a sort of bedgown, and when she saw us she gradually lowered herself and disappeared. We waited for half an hour before she appeared 'en grande tenue' and welcomed us. We stayed to luncheon, on sweetbread and rook pie. She informed us that a lady friend had sent her the former, but would we take the latter ? It was cold, and rather mousy, and after some misgiving she gave Richmond a small bit of her dish. Then about beverages, would we like some bottled beer ? It was a hot day, and we said, 'Yes, of all things the best.' So she produced from the depths of a deep pocket a large key and gave it to the factotum, who speedily returned and filled all our tumblers, and afterwards he asked would Richmond have some more. 'Thank you,' said he. Said the factotum, 'There is none.' Again the key was very slowly produced, after the factotum's veiled suggestion, and again she partook herself largely. She then made me sit with her in her little carriage, and told Richmond he might go in our trap by himself, as she wanted to talk privately to me, and I was subjected to a close cross-examination about family matters. We left her at the lake, took a boat to the inn at Patterdale, and thence to Lancaster, where, on account of Richmond being still not quite well, we were to sleep.

We arrived about mid-day, and, having nothing to do, I suggested that we should try and find out

some relatives of my wife who resided there, and whom I had never seen. He assented, and we wandered up the main street and observed an old-fashioned chemist's shop, with the name of Ross. Now, Miss Harrison, my wife's aunt, had married a person of that name. So we went in. The attendant said that Mr. Ross was engaged on some chemical experiment, but he took in our names. We were then shown in, and found a tall, pleasant-looking man with a long pinafore on, busy with retorts and bottles. I mentioned my name, and said I did not like to be in Lancaster without asking if he was connected with my wife by marriage. 'Yes,' said he, 'and I am heartily glad to make your acquaintance.' His wife was staying at Morecambe, and he proposed to drive us over there to see her, and sent to order a carriage. 'But,' said he, 'should you not also call on Mrs. Cope's uncle? He may feel hurt if neglected.' He took us to Dallas Place. Was Dr. Harrison at home? 'Yes.' The servant showed us into a back room, in which the carpet was rolled up, the chairs placed on each other, and everything in disorder. Richmond seated himself on the roll of carpet.

Presently in came Mr. Harrison, and stared at two strangers with Mr. Ross, who immediately made us known. The uncle was effusively civil. He was 'quite shocked' to receive us in such a room, but things were put away on account of leaving for the seaside. 'Dear me! dear me!' And for the same cause he could not offer refreshment; but yet perhaps

he could procure some soda-water, as we confessed to thirst. One bottle was unearthed, which Richmond drank. 'But,' said Mr. Harrison to me, 'if you will accompany me to the railway-station, I will ask for the best place for you to sleep and break the journey to London; and you can have soda-water as well.' The manager recommended Crewe. I declined the soda-water, and we returned to his house. The back room opened into the garden. Where was Richmond? 'Oh, there he is; dear me!' And, true enough, Richmond had wandered into the garden, and, finding no chair, had seated himself on the gravel walk. 'Oh, how shocking!'

We then began to take our leave in the front hall, saying we were going to our inn to get some tea. 'Oh, take tea here;' and, to our surprise, he opened a door, and there was a comfortably-furnished tea-table, with Mrs. Harrison presiding; and she and her sister, Miss Noble, waiting impatiently for the departure of the strangers.

Mr. Harrison introduced us apologetically, and we sat down. Mrs. Harrison was in dudgeon with me, she informed me; for, being in London, she had called at my house. We were all away, and the servant had refused to show her my studio, and said it was locked up. I thought her rude, and explained that the order could not be intended to exclude her, seeing that I knew nothing of her calling. Richmond came to the rescue with bland gentleness, and the breeze subsided.

At last Mr. Ross arrived with the carriage, and we

drove away to Morecambe ; and there our reception was as kind and cordial as the other was cold. Mrs. Ross was a sweet, lovable woman, and her two daughters were nice young girls. We spent a pleasant evening, Richmond conversing with Mr. Ross, and I answering all his wife's kind inquiries about her niece (to whom she had been for years as a second mother). We took leave reluctantly, and drove back to our inn.

Next morning we found Mr. Harrison at the railway-station bustling about, with the kindest intentions of being civil and useful (offering more soda-water). Perhaps I should explain that Mrs. Harrison was a proud woman, and highly disapproved of her sister-in-law's marriage, and thus there was a coolness on her part. But the truth is that Mr. Ross was a very superior man, a good classical scholar, and a scientific chemist, reading Herodotus, Virgil, and Horace as a recreation ; and, moreover, he was a good Christian man. Mr. Harrison was really a most kind-hearted man, but not quite a free agent, and his reception of us showed how sadly he was deficient in tact. We stopped at Crewe, as he had recommended, but sleep was out of the question, owing to the ceaseless shrieks of the engines and the noise of trains coming and going all night long.

1850.—Pictures: 'King Lear and Cordelia,' painted for I. K. Brunel, Esq., for his Shakespeare Room ; two coloured sketches for the frescoes in the House of Lords, 'Order of the Garter' and 'Judge Gascoigne' —to illustrate Chivalry and Justice ; small head

of my boy Charles ; 'Milton's Dream,' for J. Gibbons, Esq. ; 'Evening Prayer,' for Mr. Newsham, of Preston. All sent to the Royal Academy.

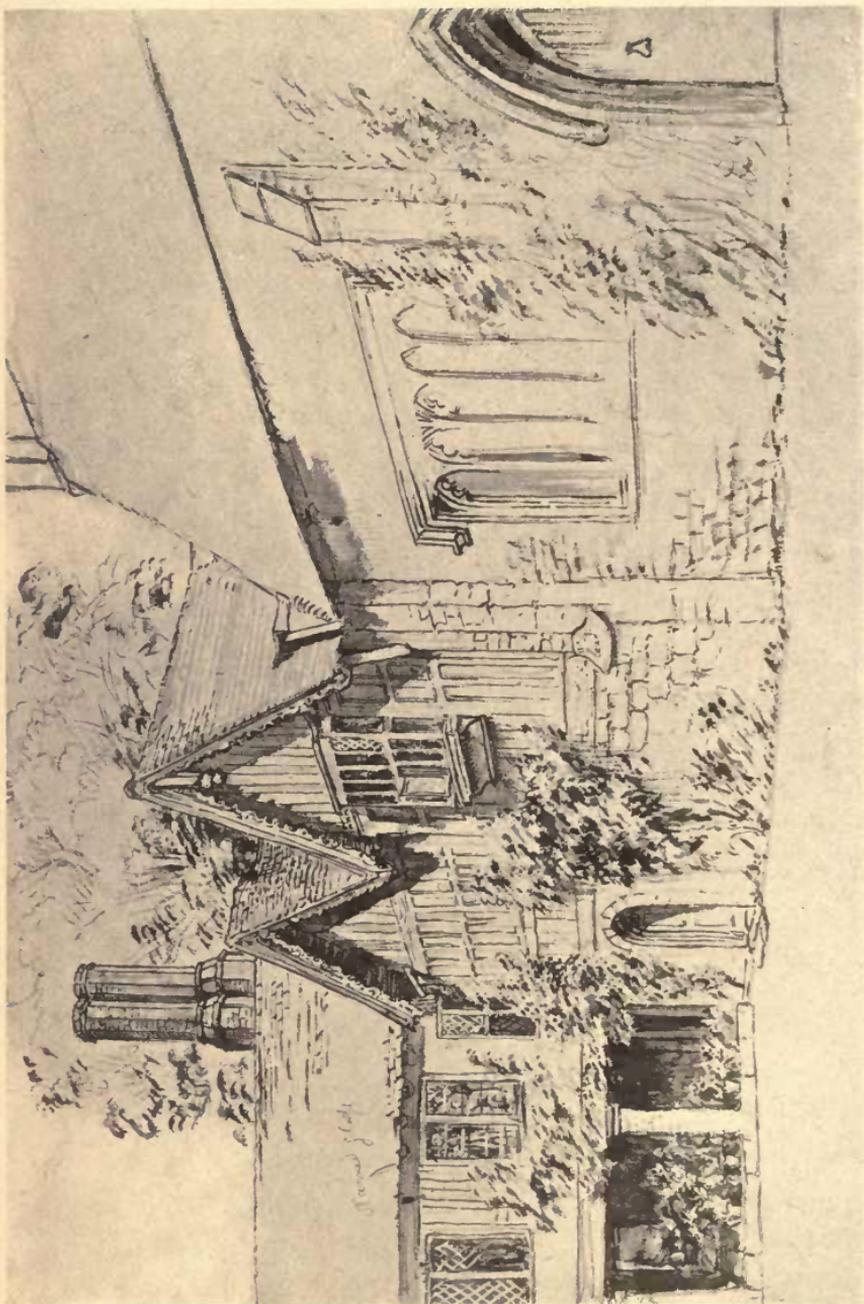
I think it was in this year that we all went to Margate in the autumn, to join the Richmonds and family. The mothers consorted together ; the children met, and played, and 'tiffed' ; and Richmond and I usually sketched from Nature out-of-doors in the morning, and played bowls in the afternoon, and read, or rather, listened to Mr. Giles's reading of, the 'Mysteries of Udolpho' in the evenings. On my way home I visited Canterbury, Knowle, etc.

[The following letter was written at this time :

'White Hart Inn, Sevenoaks,
'Oct. 12, 1850.

'MY DEAR RICHMOND,

'I heard from my wife to-day that your poor little infant escaped from her sufferings on Thursday. I am sure I need not say that I feelingly sympathize with you both under the bereavement ; for, however short a time these little ones are lent us, we cannot help feeling a twitch at our deepest heart-strings at their departure. She reminded me so much of our own little one in her illness that we both lived over again in mind that period of suspense and anxiety. Your poor wife will feel it very much. However, I do not wish to dwell on this sad subject ; but as I was on the point of writing to you, I do not see why I may not yet do so, if only to thank you for sending me into this beautiful country. I am delighted with it ! The timber, particularly the beeches, is finer



"IGHTHAM MOAT, KENT."

than any I ever saw, and you cannot conceive anything more beautiful than the colour lit up by the afternoon sun. The stems are getting bare here and there, and this adds to their grandeur greatly.

‘On Thursday I went over Knowle interior, and strolled about the park. On Friday I went to Ightham, but, by self-conceit and the map, walked twelve miles before I got there, and then found the moat two or three miles further. However, I was most interested in it. Mrs. Bigge was out, but a canny Scotch valet did the civil. I made a few lines, but the high wind and rain drove me off.

‘To-day I walked over to Hever Castle, and spent four hours there most diligently—in fact, I’m learning these castles; they’re quite Spenserian. The walk back to-day was splendid: the setting sun on the autumn woodsides, the deep quiet green shades, and the orange finding its way among them, and hinting at all the inmost anatomy of the trees, was something for you to feed on. You must come, and I really believe that you ought, as a duty. Nothing is so wholesome, after over-anxiety and suspense, as the quiet induced by the beauty of Nature. You owe it to yourself and family. I might here be eloquent, but I am writing against time, as a man is waiting for my scrawl.

‘The inn here is very quiet, the people new-comers—some six weeks or so—the landlord a character, a lifeguardsman or gamekeeper spoiled, rejoicing in the name of Adolphus Francis! They charge me thirty shillings a week. I inhabit a perfect salone (after

Margate): three windows, and red curtains, side-board, stuffed fox, portrait of a bishop and a 'worthy,' and a good fire. Bedroom at the top of the house. I hope you will be able to join me. Forgive this scribble, and, with most kind and sincere condolences and good wishes for your wife and self,

‘ Believe me, dear Richmond,

‘ Yours ever and most faithfully,

‘ C. W. COPE.’

Another letter of recent date refers to this, and both have been preserved by Mr. Richmond, who has kindly allowed me to use them.

‘ Maidenhead, *Dec.* 13, 1886.

‘ MY DEAR RICHMOND,

‘ Thank you heartily for your kind letter recalling old friendships, and also for the letter which you have sent for perusal, and which I return, as you desire. My wife sends her kind regards, and thanks you for letting her see mine (!). She said it was “very nice,” and also that, in the matter of handwriting, I had improved since then. . . . Curiously enough, although I have sketches made at the date of my letter of autumnal foliage at Sevenoaks, yet I cannot remember the inn with its three windows, and the portrait of a bishop, and a fox’s head. The “good fire” in the sitting-room in the evening reminds me how cold the weather was for sketching out of doors.

‘ I am sorry to hear that you have been a prisoner from ill-health for some time; I sympathize with

you, being also a sufferer in some similar way. My doctor advises never to go out about sunset at this time of year, and not at all in cold east winds—good advice for you also. I remember dear old Palmer used to complain pathetically that he was “managed by a committee of women”; so, I dare say, are you. I am in that position; even the maid Julia rushes up to tell my wife, “Please, master’s gone out.” When I come in, I get into my own den as quickly as may be, but do not escape ultimate remonstrances. . . .

‘I am glad that you think there is something in the little design by Angelica Kauffmann. The mysterious, spirit-like look of the principal figure is a distinct conception, and is, I think, worthy of being carried out by such a pencil as that of Correggio, and the suggestion of light emanating from him is like him. Thanks for offering to send it to Miss J. Sass, whose address I enclose, and to whom I have written to say that a friend would leave it in two or three days.

‘Accept, my dear old friend, my hearty good wishes. We are both getting (have got) very old. How many are our blessings, and have been “all the days of our life,” thanks be to God!

‘Ever affectionately yours,

‘C. W. COPE.』

1851.—Sent to the Royal Academy: 1. ‘The Sisters,’ life-size—a gay sister tempting her graver sister to join a festive party; sold at Manchester, to

Mr. Watt. 2. 'Laurence Saunders' Martyrdom,' in three compartments in one frame: (1) his wife and child at the prison door (she brought him a long robe to be burnt in); (2) the gaoler bringing the child to see his father in prison; (3) Saunders going to the stake. 3. I sent a portrait, life-size, of a child (little Hallam), painted previously at Florence. 4. Small head of wife's cousin, Lizzie Benning.

In the autumn I joined Sullivan at Aboyne for some salmon-fishing. The fishing was not a success; all my sport was one pike that took my salmon-fly. Lord Aboyne was staying at the inn, and I fancied his eye twinkled when he asked me about my sport (he had let Mr. Sullivan the fishing). The weather was also against sport, being hot and dry. I amused myself by sketching, in oil, a blacksmith's forge. The blacksmith was a very interesting man, and an antiquary, having a collection of stirrups and horse-shoes of all dates. I had many talks with him; but for some days his fire was out, and he was absent. One evening I strolled out in the starlight with a pipe. In the road opposite our house was a large space of grass. As I walked across it, I stumbled over something in the dark: it was soft and warm, although frost was on the ground. It was a human body! I went into the house, and Sullivan and his man came out with a lantern. It was my friend the blacksmith! We carried him to his cottage door, at which we hammered. His old wife, from an upper window, screamed out, 'Wha's there?' She would not take him in; but, hoping that if we left him at the

door she would relent, we left him propped up. Said she, 'I'll have nae drunkards in *my* house.' In half an hour I went out again, and, as he was not at the door, I supposed he had been admitted. But no; he had gone back to the cold grass, and he slept there till morning. The poor man was a teetotaler, but in a weak moment he was beguiled to take a glass of beer with some carters; and, once having tasted, he drank for a fortnight, and then became sad and sober; and it was said that probably he would abstain for many months afterwards, and be sober and most respectable. The Dee as a salmon river was worthless. On November 19 a daughter, Charlotte Ellen, was born.

1852. — Exhibited at the Royal Academy: 1. 'Marriage of Griselda,' for Mr. Betts, for a dining-room at Preston Hall, Kent. There were there also pictures by Edwin Landseer, Maclise, Stanfield, Herbert, etc. 2. A small picture, 'Creeping like Snail unwillingly to School,' for Mr. Bashall, of Preston. 3. 'Portrait of Florence Cope at Dinner-time.' 4. A drawing of a child (Christopher) after death.

I may here mention that Mr. Betts invited us painters annually for two days' visit to his mansion in Kent, which was for that time en fête, a continual feast of merriment and hospitality—'a feast of reason and a flow of soul'—luncheons, garden-parties, and sumptuous dinners. On the first day were neighbours; on the second, 'swells' from longer distances. In the evenings E. Landseer and Dr. Herring

travestied Lablache and Rubini inimitably, although neither of them knew a note of music, except by ear. The painter Lance and Frith were also of the party.

One morning Maclise, Frith, Thomas the sculptor, and I were sitting in a summer-house, and we saw Lance approaching us along the gravel-path.

Said Frith: 'Here comes Lance! I'll lay a wager that in five minutes he'll talk of Blenheim and the Duke of Marlborough.'

'Done,' said (I think) Maclise, 'for half a crown.'

Lance sat down, and someone took out his watch and placed it on the rustic table, and all looked at the time. We were talking of Mr. Betts' gardeners and his cucumbers, when Lance broke in with, 'When I was at Blenheim last, the Duke's grapes,' etc., etc. Not two minutes had elapsed. The watch was quietly taken up, and a half-crown handed over—in silence. It was irresistible; and, in order not to wound Lance's feelings, as he was entirely innocent of the fun, we were obliged to disperse.

In the summer I took my boy Charlie, then eleven years old, to Aberlour, in Scotland, after visiting Mr. Thurburn at Murtle, near Aberdeen. [We went from London to Aberdeen by sea in a steamer, *City of Aberdeen* (or *London*), commanded by Captain Cargill, who had been employed with this steamer in the Crimean War to carry stores for the troops; and his was the only ship that successfully rode out a very severe gale off Balaclava.]

The fishing in the Spey was excellent: salmon in

the main stream and trout in a feeder (the Fiddich ?), and the sport was good. In the small burn was a waterfall into a deep pool : here I went to sketch ; and Charlie said he had heard that ' if a fellow struck out fearlessly ' he would swim. ' I'll try,' said he. I sat quietly sketching, and he plunged into water waist-deep. He rose again, eyes shut, mouth open; gasping ; then he fell forward again into deep, deeper water, and did *not* rise, and all was still. I became alarmed, took off my coat, and dashed in, and brought him out, sick and full of water, and laid him down on some grass in the sun, and he gradually came round ; but it was an anxious time, and he gave me a great scolding.

A pleasant Highland lady, an authoress, Miss Harriet Skene,* came to stay with our hostess. She took an interest in, and was most kind to, my boy, and looked well after him. One day Charlie playfully suggested that they should have a little quarrel, little dreaming of the consequences. Miss Skene took no further notice of him, and repelled his approaches to friendship, and this went on for days. Charlie became very unhappy. He had heard her admire a splendid cock, with a fine dark-green tail, in the village, and wish for such a plume for her hat ; so he went to an old woman, the owner, and made friends with her ; and after two or three visits he asked for the cock's tail. She could not resist, so with scissors she cut off the fine feathers of her bird ; and Charlie took it joyfully, and presented it to his

* She wrote a clever novel called 'Martha Bethune Balliol.'

goddess, and hoped she would be his friend once more. 'What!' said she; 'do you think affection can be gained by bribery?' She would have none of it. He went away in a rage, and threw the plume into his bedroom fireplace.

After some days, as she was going to leave, she said to him, 'Charlie, let this be a warning to you: never begin a quarrel with a Highlander, and never hope to make it up by bribery. I'll forgive you this time. And now, as we are friends once more, you may give me the feathers.'

Charlie said he'd thrown them away.

'Where?' said she, in consternation.

'In the grate,' was his reply.

But now she was as eager to recover them as before she had disdained them. Luckily, they were recovered from the empty grate. It was a severe punishment for a little playful joke.

I was not very successful in salmon-fishing. One day I hooked one and landed two; this was my best day. I generally preferred trout-fishing, both because I was a better fisher, and because I disliked always being attended by an old Scotch gillie, usually 'a wee bit fou.' I one day laughingly asked Sullivan to cease whistling the endless tune of 'Over the water to Charlie,' sung in discord from morning till night. The last note was always far too high to be in tune. It turned out to be a blackbird in a cage! How he laughed at the bad compliment I paid him!

We returned by Edinburgh, where I purchased a cairngorm bracelet for my wife.

[The following letters belong to this year. My father appears to have wished to illustrate Keble's 'Christian Year,' to which the first two refer.

George Richmond to C. W. Cope.

'10, York Street,

'Jan. 14, 1852.

'MY DEAR COPE,

'The Judge* sent me yesterday the enclosed, and I have told him that if you have further occasion to consult him, you must do it without my intervention, as I know you would like him and he would like you. . . . I hope you have more light at Kensington than visits this parish of Marylebone, or you will never get your pictures done for the exhibition. I think Boxall must be as nearly mad as possible over his sunny subject ; but this is only conjecture.

'Ever, my dear Cope,

'Most faithfully yours,

'GEO. RICHMOND.'

(ENCLOSURE.)

Judge Coleridge to G. Richmond.

'Jan. 11, 1852.

'MY DEAR RICHMOND,

'I am sorry to say that my mission to Hursley in respect to the illustrations has not been successful. I cannot send you Mrs. Keble's letter just now, as I want it for another purpose, on business, which I am sorry for, as she does herself more justice, or makes a better excuse than I can very well make for her. It is a matter of feeling, however, in which J. Keble's

* Sir John Coleridge, father of Lord Coleridge.

sister and some others participate. With the "Lyra," however, there would be far from any objection, and I do wish Mr. Cope would think of it. Of course it takes some time to insense one's mind and feelings, as they are in regard to the "Christian Year"; but if it was taken up now and then, and looked at by an artist of his feeling, with that thought in his mind, I feel pretty sure the result would be that he would think it even better suited for illustration than the "Christian Year." And as to the Church services, I think a complete set might be selected from it—nay, even a fuller one than from the "Christian Year," as Keble has allowed himself somewhat of a greater latitude than in the "Christian Year." Perhaps the beautiful set on white apparel would not suit; but you will see, by reference to the contents, what a series might be selected. I do not know Mr. Cope;* I wish I did. I should very much like to talk it over with him.

'Yours ever most truly,

'J. T. COLERIDGE.'

W. Dyce to C. W. Cope.

'The Oaks, Norwood,

'Jan. 31, 1852.

'MY DEAR COPE,

'I am very much obliged to you for your kind note, which I found particularly consoling; for I also strolled the other day into the Queen's robing-room, and took quite a different view of the matter. However, I have done my best: I have aimed at a certain

* He did, later, and was extremely kind to his son at the beginning of his Oxford career.

obvious truthfulness of effect ; and, from what you say, I suppose I have been to a certain extent successful. I am now going to peg away at these works, and (what I ought to have done at first) make the room my studio, and work at them continuously, preparing cartoons and all on the spot. Barry is to facilitate this by giving me a door to myself . . . and I move my traps there on Wednesday—the day after the ceremony of opening Parliament. There is a good deal of distemper and semi-distemper on the picture, but the best parts are entirely in fresco. By semi-distemper I mean colour put on with a tempera before the intonaco is dry—*i.e.*, on the second day—the tempera being a weak solution of starch. The use of starch is my grand discovery. It forms with lime an insoluble compound, and may be used with all the colours. It really removes all difficulty in the use of ultramarine, which was wont to drive me frantic ; it causes ultramarine to adhere even when it has no lime mixed with it, and when the intonaco has become half dry, which you know is out of the question if water only be used, and nearly as much so with egg and vinegar. . . . By-and-by I hope you and Mrs. Cope will come and see us for a day or two, for of course this is too far for a day and dinner ; and we have a spare room for pilgrims. . . .

‘ Yours faithfully,

‘ W. DYCE. ’]

1853.—Pictures : 1. ‘ Othello relating his Adventures to Desdemona ’—a commission from Mr. Barlow, of Ardwick, near Manchester. 2. ‘ The

Page '—a girl giving a (love) letter to a page ; commission from Mr. Phillips, Heath House, Staffordshire. 3. 'Mother and Child,' for Mr. Sheepshanks. 4. 'The Mother's Kiss' ; not sold. 4 and 5. Small heads, of Eugénie Sullivan—painted in Italy in 1834, when she was seven years old—and of 'Greta' Bell, her daughter, aged five : presented to my friend Sullivan. All these were exhibited at the Royal Academy.

The Cadogans, of Brinkburn Priory, had most kindly and hospitably pressed me to make use of their house in the North whilst they were absent in town for the season, as the fishing was at its best ; and as I should feel dull all alone, to ask a friend to go with me. My old friend Arthur Glennie was in England, and he accompanied me. We had a most enjoyable excursion. We lived mostly in the library, and the housekeeper looked after our comforts. I spent the day chiefly in trout-fishing, with the keeper, Stobie, as a companion and rival with the rod. I think he could beat me at minnow-trolling, and I was best with fly-fishing. One day, when we stopped for lunch, I asked Stobie to show his catch, and he turned out a fine lot, to which I added nearly a basketful. Finding that the mail-cart would pass by in an hour, I got him to pack them up all together with primroses and grass in his basket, and we sent them to the Cadogans at Eaton Square, London, where they arrived next morning. They lasted three days. Glennie sketched mostly, not being a sportsman.

After about a fortnight at Brinkburn we made our way to our old quarters in the hills at Burra Burn, where we lived at the farmer's cottage, with the handsome niece as housekeeper. She was still bonny, and gave us nice wheaten bread and oat-cake, tea, eggs, milk, and butter in abundance, and I provided fish. After about a week we began to long for meat, so we walked over (five miles) to Allington (?) on Sunday to church, and afterwards adjourned to the little inn, and dined sumptuously on small chops (about a dozen) and drank some beer; and, oh, how renovated we were! We took long walks, and being one day on the Cheviot Hills, Glennie began a panoramic outline of the distance northwards, which was very clear. I was lying on my back in the sun, and I remarked to him that I smelt smoke—did he? 'No,' he said; 'but during the last half-hour a mist has spread over the northern outlines.' This was from the smoke of Newcastle, some fifty miles distant! We stopped at Warkworth Castle en route, and visited the hermit's cave in the rocky cliff of Coquet. Warkworth was the stronghold of the Percys in the Border wars with Scotland, and the Percy lion still threatens its enemies.

It was in this year, in the autumn, that I had a critical and severe illness from an internal tumour. My usual medico was absent, and a Mr. S—— came instead, a homœopath. My pains were severe, and for a fortnight I got no better, but grew thinner and weaker, as I could swallow no food without renewing

the pain. I daily crawled to a sofa, and was much interested in seeing the reflection of my face as I passed a looking-glass. All the fat was absorbed, my eyes looked larger and sunk, the cheek bones were prominent, and I realized how I should look when dead. One day my friend Boxall called, and seemed shocked. He went away, and asked Henry C. Johnson, of St. George's Hospital, to come and see me. The two doctors met. Johnson pressed firmly and gently the swelling, and said to S—— 'It's compressible.' S—— said, 'Yes, very sensitive!' Johnson prescribed a strong dose, and departed. S—— remained, and begged me not to take more than half, or I should be a dead man. It was awkward: one said if I did not take the full dose I should die; the other, that if I did it would kill me. I decided to take it, so S—— retired from the case, and consequently I gradually recovered. Johnson's kindness I can never forget. Three times a day he came at first, and (after my recovery) Boxall told me he was not sanguine that I should survive. I sometimes met S—— in the streets afterwards, and he called me the 'prodigy.' I continued to see Johnson weekly for months, till he pronounced me 'safe,' and sent me to Worthing. What kindness I received from friends! How I recollect the beautiful clove-carnations in the sunny window, sent by Lady Caroline Lascelles, and the fruit, and how sweet returning strength and life seemed, and how pleasant the drives with my dearest wife in the parks, and her silent thankful

happiness! It was a blessed time! When I was able to sit up, I asked for palette and colours, and painted for about an hour a day, and finished a small picture, called 'Baby's Turn,' from my children Emily and Charlotte Ellen. A daughter, Beatrice, was born July 20; died August 15.

1854.— Pictures exhibited: 1. 'The Friends,' Charlie and Charlotte Ellen looking over the pictures in 'Robinson Crusoe'; bought by J. H. Robinson to engrave, but he did not live to complete it. 2. 'Baby's Turn,' done on recovering from illness. Cartoon and fresco of 'Lara,' from Byron, for Upper Waiting Hall; and small sketch in oil, sold to Glasgow Art Union. These were not exhibited.

In the autumn wife and I took our usual holiday together, and went to Swanage. Whilst there, young Mr. Bankes, of Studland, fresh from Cambridge, found us out, and used to ride over to see us. He pressed us to go to his uncle's seat at Kingston Lacy to see his fine collection of pictures. We sailed over in the revenue cutter to Poole Harbour, and then went on to meet young Bankes, and enjoyed seeing the gallery much. After luncheon (I think) we went over to Wimborne Minster, and then to Poole, where the revenue cutter waited to take us home. Through my recommendation, many of the finest pictures were afterwards kindly lent to the Old Masters Exhibition at the Royal Academy.

1855.—Exhibited at Royal Academy: 1. 'Royal Prisoners,' Charles I.'s daughter, Princess Elizabeth, discovered by her young brother and a

guard lying dead in the prison window at Carisbrooke, her head resting on an open Bible. 2. 'Penserosa,' a gentle girl reading as she walks. This picture I presented to Henry Johnson, Esq., as a slight acknowledgment of his great and gratuitous skill and kindness.* 3. 'Consolation,' a child trying to wipe the tears from her mother's face, a map of Sebastopol on the table; a commission from Mr. Arden. Painted a repetition of 'Othello and Desdemona' for the Duchess of Sutherland, for placing at Cliveden. When this was completed, I wrote to her grace to say so. A gentleman called one day, a Mr. Leather, of Leeds, and saw it in my studio and wished to possess it. I told him it was a commission, and not to be had, and that I had written to the future possessor to say the picture was finished, but I had as yet received no answer. Said he, 'How long will you wait—a month or two?' I said, 'Yes, six.' I meant this for a negative, but he quickly said, 'I'll wait for six months.' After that time had elapsed he came again and claimed my promise, and I let him have the picture. Some months later I received a note of apology from the Duchess, regretting that, owing to my note having been mislaid, etc. Of course I told her the whole truth, and so the matter ended. A son, Henry Benning, born August 18, 1855.

1856.—Did not exhibit at Royal Academy (being one of the Hanging Committee this year). I painted

* Left by him to the present possessor, Edmund Charles Johnson, Esq., of Eaton Place.

in oil a picture of the 'Embarkation of a Puritan Family for New England' (Pilgrim Fathers), to be placed in one of the compartments in the Peers' Corridor; but as it was discovered that the windows caused a shine on the surface, it was decided* to substitute the dull surface of fresco. I therefore repainted the subject in fresco. The original picture (exhibited at the Royal Academy the following year) and a smaller repetition were sold to Lloyd, a dealer, who failed, and the picture was returned to me. From the repetition a very bad engraving was made for Lloyd (or Graves?). Possibly Lloyd sold the copy and engraved plate to Graves for publication. The only impression I ever saw was exhibited in Graves' window. [The large picture was afterwards sent to America, where it excited great interest; and Mr. Cope was made an honorary member of the Philadelphian Academy of Arts, and had some correspondence with a Mr. Caleb Cope of that place, who wrote to inquire whether he could claim any family connection with him.] Subsequently (in 1864) it was purchased by the Government of Victoria, to form the beginning of a national gallery at Melbourne, and was removed from Kensington on August 18.

[The diary for this year contains, amongst other entries, the following: 'Began to serve on the Council of the Royal Academy. Paintings in hand: "Pilgrim Fathers," nearly completed; "Open your Mouth and shut your Eyes"; "Cordelia," commenced.

* See letters.

' *Wednesday, January 23.* — General meeting, Royal Academy. Appointed select committee to consider state of schools, to arrange an architectural class, etc.

' *Thursday, 24th.* — Dined at Sullivan's. Lady Shakerly.

' *Friday, 25th.* — Lady Shakerly called with Mrs. Sullivan.

' *Saturday, 26th.* — Left London by railway to Tring. Walked to Dunstable. On the top of the downs a heavy storm of rain. Sheltered for an hour under a quickset hedge. Beautiful effect of cloud passing away and light gradually increasing till sun broke out.

' *Monday, 28th.* — Drove to Dagnall. Walked by Ashridge, Northchurch, and Berkhamstead to Bovington.* Saw the church; modern flint. Beautiful morning and frosty, afterwards cloudy and soft, and miry roads. Dined at Boxmoor, and home in the evening by rail. . . .

' *Saturday, February 2.* — First meeting of Royal Academy. Select committee to inquire into state of schools, etc. Members: Eastlake, Dyce, Cope, Mulready, McDowell; R. Westmacott and Leslie added. Barry, Cockerell, and Hardwick, architects. . . .

' *Wednesday, 13th.* — Dined with Mr. Anderdon, a party of ten gentlemen. Anecdotes of Cobbett and his times. Sat next to Mr. —(?), whom I

* Where he had been asked to design a memorial window.

promised to call upon and see some of his Turners and Gainsborough drawings.

'Sunday, 24th.—Church in morning. After four Eastlake called, and criticised picture; suggested various little changes. Remarked on the necessity of luminous reflections, if a picture is to be warm and sunny and warmer than the lights, and so to support them; and said that Leonardo da Vinci added red in the depths of his shadows in drawing, but not on lips and cheek. Stanhope Busby* to tea.

'Wednesday, 27th.—Committee meeting in evening. Sir C. Barry read a report of the architect's sub-committee on the School of Architecture and the reforms necessary.

'Thursday, 28th.—Called at National Gallery with wife to see the new Paul Veronese. Then went on to Somers Clarke, the architect, and visited a glass-stainer about the window (Bovingdon). Saw Clarke's building for the straw bonnet merchants in Wood Street, Cheapside. Sale of Mr. Birch's pictures realized £10,000. Maclise's 'Baron's Hall,' 1,000 guineas.

'Friday, 29th.—Worked on design of window for Bovingdon in the evening.

'Wednesday, March 5.—Council meeting, Royal Academy. Report of the second reading of Hotel Bill to be erected on site of National Gallery. Discussion, and determination to leave President to

* Son of his old friend at Brighton, and afterwards Town Clerk of Derby.

act according to circumstances. Also the Turner Will case came on, and he was authorized to claim a share in the compromise.

‘*Saturday, 8th.*—Called on Richmond. He poorly, and would not show his pictures.

‘*Monday, 10th.*—Etching Club. Received Holman Hunt into the club. Interesting evening. Details of Sebastopol, Jerusalem, etc.

‘*Tuesday, 11th.*—Mr. Grant, of Elchies, called with Mr. Sullivan. Committee meeting of Royal Academy. Heard amended report of architect’s suggestions; then discussed details of School of Painting, but could not agree, Leslie and I differing greatly about the teaching of painting; I in favour of one master only.

‘*Thursday, 13th.*—Painted in the morning. Afterwards attended Athenæum Club general meeting, and rejected unanimously both plans for enlarging the club. Went with Boxall to National Gallery, and discussed the new P. Veronese, etc.

‘*Friday, 14th.*—Council, Royal Academy. The President reported proceedings taken to oppose Imperial Hotel Company. The Prince disapproved of our taking legal steps, and the Secretary to the Treasury assured him that there was no intention to allow the Bill to pass, and that we had no reason for the least disquiet, as the Royal Academy had the Government’s pledge that we should have an equivalent. Also decided the Turner Will question. The nation to have the pictures and drawings also (through the stipulation of the Royal Academy), the

Royal Academy to have £20,000, and the rest to go to the next of kin.

‘*Saturday, 15th.*—Dined with Horace Watson. D. Burton, Mr. Twopenny, Pemberton-Leigh, etc., present. . . .

‘*Monday, April 7.*—Visitors dropped in all day, although I do not exhibit this year. Mr. Christie asked me to paint him a picture of moderate size.

‘*Tuesday, 8th.*—Rainy day. Joined Etching Club in an excursion to Maidenhead. Staghounds meeting at the thicket. Poor stag quite tame and feeble, a sad failure. Walked to Bray. Conversation with Redgrave. We agreed about the necessity of some coalition between Government and Royal Academy, and he said he was sure it could be arranged.

‘*Wednesday, 9th.*—Commenced sitting on pictures for exhibition at Royal Academy. Sir C. Eastlake spoke to me privately of his wish, and that of the Treasurer, that I should take the office of Keeper, and proposed an increase of salary of £50, making it £250 and the house and coals, etc., worth £450 altogether. After dinner proposed visitors (to the banquet), and I named Carlyle, and Barlow of Manchester.

‘*Thursday, 10th.*—Council sitting all day. Had a discussion with Sir R. Westmacott, and Sir C. Eastlake joined us. The former strongly opposed to any connection with Government. The latter seemingly in favour of it to a very limited extent, viz., that we should be referred to on questions of art.

'*Friday, 11th.*—Sat on pictures all day. Enormous number of small bad landscapes.

'*Saturday, 12th.*—Council of Royal Academy; sat on pictures and sculpture till two o'clock. After luncheon commenced hanging (self, Ward, and Cousins, Hanging Committee). After dinner discussed affairs of Royal Academy. Lee acceded to my view of a coalition between School of Design and Royal Academy.

'*Monday, 14th.*—Began to hang the Royal Academy pictures. Ten or eleven members' works absent, so more room for non-members' pictures. . . .

'*Friday, 25th.*—Finished hanging the pictures. Ward and Cousins, my colleagues, done up. We agreed, however, very well together, and tried to do justice. Steamed to Chelsea and back before dinner.

'*Monday, 28th.*—At the Royal Academy, members' private view for four days. Everyone seemed contented with the hanging, with one very small exception.

'*Thursday, May 1.*—The Queen and suite visited Royal Academy. Duke of Cambridge there privately first, indignant at the rejection of his portrait. Prince Albert arranged to come to my studio. Very cold, windy day; went off very well, however. Discussions afterwards about admitting dealers.

'*Friday, 2nd.*—Private view, Royal Academy. People seemed all pleased with arrangement and look of exhibition. Gave cards of admission to Miss Skene, Lizzie Benning, and Miss McPherson-

Grant, who did not go. Lunched at Royal Academy, and met Mrs. Richmond.

'Saturday, 3rd.—Dinner at the Royal Academy. Sat next to Lords Grey and Stanhope, and opposite Lord Redesdale. Talked with the first a good deal about Royal Academy matters. . . .

'Tuesday, 6th.—Prince Albert came in the afternoon (to see picture of 'Pilgrim Fathers'); stayed about an hour, seemed pleased.

'Saturday, 10th.—Lord Stanhope called to see picture for Westminster ('Pilgrim Fathers'). Objected historically to inscription on flag, but approved artistically. 'Liberty of religion,' he asserted, had not then been discovered. Talked about the other subjects, and said that the entrance of Charles I. into the House of Commons in itself was a breach of privilege.

'Friday, 16th.—Committee in the evening at Royal Academy. Passed proposition relating to laws admitting students, and discussed various suggestions. Mulready in favour of having a building of our own.

'Sunday, 18th.—Band stopped in the park. Great crowds of discontented people, and many snobs.

'Friday, 23rd.—Went with Emily to Ramsgate. Rail from Fenchurch Street to Tilbury, then steamboat.

'Saturday, 24th.—Rambled over to Pegwell Bay and made sketch. Captain Hathorn* dropped in,

* Well known in R.N. as 'Gerry Hathorn.' Then Harbour-master at Folkestone, afterwards Admiral. He and Mr. Benning of Dunstable married two sisters (McDouall).

and we dined together. Saw him off by railway in evening.

· ‘*Monday, 26th.*—Returned from Ramsgate to London. Beautiful day. Lord Brougham on board from Margate. Council of Royal Academy in evening.

· ‘*Thursday, 29th.*—Grand illuminations and fireworks in evening to celebrate the Peace. Charlie and I went to Primrose Hill, and called for the others afterwards at twelve o'clock at Buckingham Gate, at Knight's.

· ‘*Saturday, 31st.*—Moved fresco-traps and picture of Puritans to Westminster in a van.

· ‘*Monday, June 2.*—Had the first of the portable wall-frames fixed up in new studio at Westminster.

· ‘*Tuesday, 3rd.*—Fixed tracing and “settled down,” and mixed tints for sky, etc.

· ‘*Wednesday, 4th.*—Began fresco of Puritans. Stevens, the plasterer, had laid a ground, but when I arrived it was too wet to work upon. I waited till twelve or one, and then gave it up. The floated coat, being mixed with Bristol lime and strong flinty sand, was like rock, and would not absorb any water.

· ‘*Thursday, 5th.*—Ground very wet, but began sky and buildings to the left about eleven or twelve. Ground very bad; the least touch in the morning tore it up, and then afterwards it got too dry.

· ‘*Friday, 6th.*—Maybe the plasterer has had the ground made harder in order to bear the carriage better. Too hard for working on, as there is no suction. The old grounds were composed of common lime and loamy sand.

(Hence onwards to August 21—'Finished fresco'—are details of the daily work, mostly technical.)

'June 20.—Committee, Royal Academy. Eastlake walked a little way with me, and told me that Hardwick thought my keepership scheme not feasible. Eastlake advised me not to take it.

'Thursday, August 21.—Finished fresco. Put in small piece of black apron and bands (cut out previously). Touched up with silicate of potass. Experiments made with this seem successful. If used diluted with distilled water, the colours will not adhere well without a varnish afterwards with the same, or stronger; but if undiluted, it shines.

'Friday, 22nd.—Designed window for Bovingdon. Visited National Gallery to see new P. Perugino, etc. Then to Westminster. Touched on fresco with silicate of potass (given me by Prince Albert). It seems to stick well when undiluted, but is difficult to use without dilution. White adheres very well, and dries without shine.

'Tuesday, 26th.—Poor à Becket* in greatest danger from typhus; boy dead. . . .

'Monday, September 1.—Went to Sonning, Berks, and took lodgings for self and wife. She to come next day. Got boat of Mr. Field's (which he lent me) from Sadler, at the lock-house. Drank tea with Mrs. Haden;† charming woman, and nice children.

* Of *Punch*. They lived just opposite us, and we saw much of them.

† Wife of Seymour Haden and sister of J. Whistler.

' *Tuesday, 2nd.*—Wife arrived. Lodgings very old and ruinous, but excellent landlady; close to river Thames. Fished and read, sketched a little for a fortnight.

' *Monday, 15th.*—Mr. Pearson* called. Nice fellow.

' *Tuesday, 16th.*—Left for Isle of Wight.

' *Tuesday, 30th.*—Returned home from pleasant fortnight at Isle of Wight, Sea View.

' *Wednesday, October 1.*—Sat a figure in Life School of Painting at Royal Academy for medal.

' *Wednesday, 15th.*—Sat a second figure of sleeping girl in School of Painting for medal students. Beautiful piece of colour. . . .

' *Thursday, 30th.*—Fine day. Went to Westminster to see the fresco of "Pilgrims" in its place in Peers' Corridor. It had been removed without any injury, to my great content. I suppose the slate and framework weighed about 2 tons. I thought it looked very well. Eastlake told me it was charming. Many people lingered to see it, so I escaped from their notice, after giving the principal workman 10s. Wife was with me, and to celebrate the day I took her to Oxford Street and presented her with a sable boa and cuffs. Home in great spirits and thankfulness, and with more heart to go on with next fresco.

' *Monday, November 3.*—Bad cold and cough. Drew mostly all day studies for "Burial of Charles I.," from Rossi (model). General meeting of Royal Academy in evening. I made a small speech in proposing alteration of the law relating to the form

* Vicar of Sonning.

of candidates expressing their desire to become members, objecting strongly to the necessity of an annual obligation. Carried.

‘*Saturday, 15th.*—Left town for Brent Pelham Hall to visit Hallams and join wife and two children there. Beautiful sunny day; trees full of leaves, and rich in colour. Rode in afternoon on horseback.

‘*Sunday, 16th.*—Capital sermon from Vicar, Mr. Gibson (formerly curate of Barnard Castle), on distinction between common sorrow and godly sorrow “which worketh repentance.” Love of God’s character and holiness leads to sorrow for our own impurity; repentance is the result of godly sorrow.

‘*Monday, 17th.*—Left Brent Pelham Hall. Cold and frosty morning. Wife and children in Hallam’s carriage. Arrived home in a fog. Called at Lavers’ to see window. Colours not very good. Dined at Athenæum Club, and attended as visitor in Life School. Sat Thompson; tall fine fellow, pose not very good from being in a hurry. Number of students about sixteen, and very bad draughtsmen.

‘*Tuesday, 18th.*—Painted on Cordelia’s head and throat from a model, Miss Mortimer—a pretty girl, but not Cordelia. Answered H——’s note about window, and wished him to pay Lavers on account £40. This window is a troublesome and unprofitable business. Royal Academy Life School in evening. Drawings very bad indeed.]’

Wife and I took a holiday at Sonning, on the Thames, where Seymour Haden had taken a cottage for the summer for his family. He and I occasion-

ally fished for chub with a large fly, and had success. One day he thoughtlessly threw his fly over some ducks, and one of them bolted it, and a long struggle he had to wind it in. The duck was hurt, and the owner complained and showed the poor bird suffering in its shed, and his children crying over it. When Haden offered to pay for it, the man asked whether 'money would alleviate the creature's misery.' It was a brood duck and too old to be eaten, and was a great favourite. It was quite a cottage tragedy. At the lock lived the lock-keeper, Sadler, a noted bee-master, and a poet. He was parish clerk to the Rev. Mr. Pearson, a most excellent, clever and large-minded clergyman, who was very kind to us. I asked the clerk whether Sonning was not a very damp place. 'I think not unhealthy,' said he, 'for we get *very few funerals*.' A very professional estimate. I used to let the boat drift down the gentle current, and fished under the bushes with a long fly-line, and caught big chub, which the country folk liked to cook and eat, cut into slices and fried. We tried one, but thought it very weedy, notwithstanding Izaak Walton's directions how to cook it, which we followed. We went from Sonning to Sea View, in the Isle of Wight, for a fortnight before returning home in September.

In November I joined my wife and two children at Brent Pelham Hall, the residence of my old friends (of Sorrento), Mr. and Mrs. Hallam, whose infant son I had painted at Florence. I used to have him brought to my rooms by his French nurse (a superior

woman) early in the day. She brought with her his breakfast of milk, etc. He was then undressed and placed on a chamois skin, and she gave him his meal cleverly and lengthily, while I painted him. The picture was a success, though finished in a week. When the child resumed his ordinary life, for a time he refused his breakfast unless all his clothes were taken off. Young Hallam grew up to be a fine fellow, entered the army, and died of illness in the Crimea during the siege of Sebastopol. While staying with the Hallams, we had to go out to dinner with one of their friends, some miles distant. The hostess was an old lady of eighty or more years of age. At dessert a question was asked whether some nuts on the table were cob-nuts or filberts. The old lady said, 'Send them up to me.' She declined the nut-crackers, and cracked the hard shells with her teeth. An old General sitting near her said, 'Good God, madam!' We all laughed, as did the hostess.

CHAPTER VII.

FRESCO-PAINTING, DUDDON VALLEY, ETC.

1857. — Besides finishing the replica of 'Pilgrim Fathers,' I exhibited a small picture, 'Breakfast-time, Morning Games,' for Mr. Eaton,* and a little sketch, 'Affronted.' (C. E. cross with her dinner, because the meat was put 'on the wrong side' of her plate, as a lesson to her not to be dainty.) This was engraved without leave for Lloyd, and bought by Mr. Colls. In fresco I executed the 'Burial of Charles I.' at Windsor—the 'White Funeral,' as it was called, as a heavy snowstorm fell at the time.

[Diary for 1857: '*Saturday, January 3.*—Dined at Sir B. Hawes' at eight. Colonel Tulloch and Lady (?) Doyle and son, etc.; a very pleasant evening and capital dinner.

'*Monday, 5th.*—Glennie and Samuel Palmer dined with us; children rehearsed "Bombastes Furioso"—C. and E., and Willie Richmond and More Palmer.

'*Friday, 9th.*—Council meeting of Royal Academy. My plan approved of for "form of candidates sig-

* Now Lord Cheylesmore.

nifying their desire for membership." Names need now be entered once only in ten years instead of annually. Paid visit to Life Academy and Antique after the change of locality on my suggestion. A prodigious improvement to both—a great success. A plan brought forward by Government for enlarging our sculpture-room on occasion of adding another room to the National Gallery.

‘*Saturday, 10th.*—Spent evening at the Cropseys’, American artist (landscape) of respectability.

‘*Monday, 12th.*—General meeting of Royal Academy. A discussion on E. Landseer’s proposition to first decide on the class to be elected, which was negatived after a battle, the President giving the casting vote. Elmore elected after a contest with S. Smirke. Plans of proposed changes and enlargements of National Gallery and Royal Academy laid on the table, and suggestions given.

‘*Wednesday, 14th.*—Etching Club resumed meetings at each others’ houses, beginning with mine. Tea at seven, supper at half-past nine ; preferable to our late dinners at King’s Arms. Webster sang the old Etching Club song again, much to the amusement of the newer members.

‘*Friday, 16th.*—Gave up my large study to children, who prepared it for our children’s party, I helping. All promised well, so went out. At seven the guests began arriving, and about eight they began “Bombastes Furioso,” which they did capitally ; then tableaux and charades acted. Supper and dancing concluded a very merry, enjoyable evening ;

about sixty-two guests. Robinson* and wife staying with us, and we promised to visit them next week.

‘*Monday, 19th.*—Preparing for workmen to lay down hot-water pipes. They came and began work.

‘*Tuesday, 20th.*—Fine cold day. Bad cold, but took rail to Berkhamstead and met Mr. Hutchinson; lunched, and drove to Bovingdon. Window looked pretty well.

‘*Wednesday, 21st.*—Packed up and went to Petworth to stay with Robinson and wife (at New Grove). Bad cold. Arrived at five. Comfortable oak-panelled tapestried bedroom, with good fire, and all very snug. Capital house.

‘*Thursday, 22nd.*—Visited gallery at Petworth House. Very interesting collection. Vandycks very fine; lady in blue, and two young men arming.

‘*Friday, 23rd.*—Dined at Colonel Wyndham’s. Party small, conversation nil; a good dinner, and wines excellent. Walked all round Petworth during my visit, averaging four or five hours daily.

‘*Saturday, 31st.*—Returned home, and very glad to find all done and studios very comfortable.

‘*Monday, February 9.*—Dined at Sulivans’ to meet Wilmer, whose son was going out to take his brother’s place (killed at Sebastopol) in the regiment in India.

‘*Tuesday, 17th.*—Old Captain Mudge, of the packet service to Ostend, dined with us. I had not

* H. J. Robinson, engraver, afterwards R.A.

seen him for eleven years, since we went to Switzerland.

'*Monday, March 2.*—Began a month's visiting in Life Academy—a tedious drudgery. Sat Bartlett, as piping boy.

'*Wednesday, 11th.*—In Life Academy sat Miss Froud. Arms very good.

'*Wednesday, 18th.*—Sat Thompson in Life Academy for the remainder of the month.

'*Tuesday, April 30.*—Duchess of Gloucester died at five, so that no private view by the royal party. Dinner likewise to be put off. Council meeting and lunch, and then to St. James's Park to watch workmen in the new ornamental water, Maclise and Hart with me. The former very amusing and comic in observations and jokes.

'*Friday, May 1.*—Worked on cartoon of "Charles I.'s Funeral" in morning; joined wife at private view of Royal Academy in afternoon. Tom Taylor and Forster very complimentary. Gave tickets to Mr. Eaton and wife, Mr. Burnand,* and one to Lloyd.

'*Saturday, 2nd.*—There being no Academy dinner to detain me, went out with Charlie to Windsor to sketch west doorway of St. George's Chapel for fresco. Preparations for Duchess of Gloucester's funeral going on. Rambled about the castle, and then walked up the river to Maidenhead, where dined and train back to London. Bonds† in

* Arthur Burnand, uncle of the editor of *Punch*.

† Edward Bond, chief librarian of British Museum. They used to live near us, and we went much on the river together. Mrs. Bond a daughter of the author of the 'Ingoldsby Legends.'

evening. A very well-written notice in *Times* of the exhibition of the Royal Academy, in which self much praised, and some blame (such as colour of flesh wanting in half-tones and rather waxy, and lights too white. This partly true in "Pilgrim Fathers," where the keynote of the sky is rather too white).

'*Friday, July 17.*—At half-past three went to Riverhead for a day's fishing with C. Began about seven in the evening, and caught four trout, two of them under size, so threw them in again. Next morning up at four, and we fished down to Otford, to breakfast at eleven. Caught four more, but two undersized. Took home four. Hot day and blazing sun. Found that for very fine fishing one fly was the best, especially in a weedy river encumbered with wood.

'*Friday, 24th.*—Eastlake told me he had heard from the Prince Consort. I was at liberty to proceed with fresco of King Charles's funeral without having it inspected. Dined in the picture-gallery at Dulwich—large party. Council of Royal Academy and fellows of Dulwich and many guests. Lord Overstone, Chancellor Kindersley, Dean Trench, Tupper, etc. A pleasant evening; good dinner; doors open into a nice garden. Dyce tried to get me to assist him to finish Margaret Street Church. I refused. Finished two designs for Longmans' new edition of selections from Moore, and sent them to Cundell to be cut in wood.

'*Saturday, August 1.*—Went with Cockerell and

Webster to see models for Wellington monument in Westminster Hall. Cockerell one of the judges, I find. He took notes, I saw, of remarks.

‘*Wednesday, 5th.*—Finished four drawings in Indian ink for Cundell, in illustration of Burns’ “Cotter’s Saturday Night.”

‘*Thursday, 6th.*—General meeting of Royal Academy, to award travelling studentship for two years. A show of hands demanded, whether either of the candidates (two) should be sent. Not a hand held up; so it is lost, and the sculptors take next turn.

‘*Friday, 7th.*—Finished sundry odds and ends and packed up. Wife and I to Sawley, Derbyshire, to the vicarage.

‘*Monday, 10th.*—Left Sawley with Samuel Hey (Vicar), who accompanied us as far as Crewe. Arrived at Preston at two, and visited our friends Mr. and Mrs. Newsham, who were most kind and hospitable. Mr. Miller came in to tea.

‘*Tuesday, 11th.*—Our host, Mr. Newsham, accompanied us to the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester. Took a day’s general survey previous to a second visit on return. . . . Much interested with the Portrait Gallery, which is full of historical interest. Saw our old curate and friend, Mr. Westmore, in the church, or cathedral. He kindly asked me to visit him on my return.

‘*Wednesday, 12th.*—Wife and I breakfasted with Mr. Miller. Charming collection of pictures; two of mine I did not like—small unimportant things. Leslie’s and Maclise’s best. Linnell, Landseer, etc.,

ditto. Walked up Ribble and saw the nets drawn four times, producing one 'sprod' (sea-trout?). Longing to get away from smoky towns to the open, wild, fresh country.

'*Friday, 14th.*—Left our kind friends at nine. Rail to Fleetwood, a dull place and dirty. Steamboat across to Peel; rainy, drizzly, and dirty passage. Rail to Broughton by Furness Abbey (full of visitors); dined at the inn, and hired a cart to Ulpha, six miles. Very hilly, and the journey full of hard bumpings to wife.']

I went to fish in the Duddon River, which Wordsworth made known by his sonnets. Lodgings were not to be had, but the lady of the squire, Mrs. Rawlinson, and her daughter, kindly found quarters for us in the pretty cottage of the blacksmith of the village at a short distance from his forge; and his good wife made us most comfortable. The fishing was a failure, to my surprise, the reason being that the clear, deepish stream runs over a pebbly bottom (small round pebbles), so that there is no food for the fish, which are very thin and small and half starved. Sea-trout come up in floods only, and the water clears and subsides too rapidly for sport, as they can only be taken when the water is milky. Charlie joined us here, and came on foot, from a visit in Westmoreland (to the Gandys),* over the hills by Coniston and Seathwaite Tarn. [C. and I walked to Duddon Hall to thank Mrs. Rawlinson for her kind consideration in ordering bread and

* Oaklands, Windermere.

meat from Broughton for us, etc. A handsome, agreeable woman, grand-daughter of Romney, several of whose pictures were on the walls.]

Seathwaite Church and village were the scenes of the life of 'Wonderful Walker,' as he was called, a true apostle of good works, immortalized by Wordsworth. He was a good parson, an agriculturist, and the village lawyer and schoolmaster. He educated his class of boys (and girls?) sitting within the communion-rails, where at the same time he spun wool for his clothes and rocked the baby's cradle. His stipend was about £30 per annum, which was increased by letting himself out for work in harvest-time, etc. Finding that his flock were addicted to dram-drinking, he brewed good, wholesome, mild beer, of which he sold only a limited supply to each person. He saved money, and sent sons to the universities. (I heard that his successor, with a stipend increased to £80, could not live in such an out-of-the-way place.) I visited the church, and saw the snug parsonage, and thus paid my small tribute of homage to so really great and good a man. We frequently toiled up the steep hill to Seathwaite Tarn, where wife read or worked while I caught a few small trout for dinner. [A solitary lake with a small island, a ruined boat-house, and a boat stove in.—*Diary*.] Our blacksmith's family were 'concernated,' while dining one day, by the appearance of a constable. The son (a fine young fellow) had joined a poacher in midnight fishing for sea-trout in preserved water. Great was the dismay,

and in spite of the tears of the mother and cries of the children, he was taken off for punishment. The good and respectable family felt the disgrace deeply.

[*'Sunday, August 16.*—To Ulpha Church. Clergyman read badly and preached worse; old and worn out. Congregation nearly all men, who seemed serious in manner, although lazy and sleepy.

'Wednesday, 19th.—Began a sketch of stepping-stones in water-colour—a pretty subject. Up Wallabarrow Crag and a long ramble with Charlie over the hills.

'Friday, 21st.—Sketched in morning the stepping-stones; sun made me feel quite sick.

'Saturday, 22nd.—Unwell; could not get up from giddiness and sickness [he had really got a slight touch of sunstroke the Monday before]. Charlie went out for the day with Mr. Hird, our blacksmith host, for a day's perch-fishing, out of a boat on Devoke Water.

'Monday, 24th.—Sketched stepping-stones, which finished pretty little subject suggested by Wordsworth's sonnet.

'Tuesday, 25th.—With Charlie for the day to Seathwaite Tarn. Strong south wind, but darkish. Took only sixteen fish. Enjoyable excursion; effects splendid towards evening; low evening sun under dark clouds. Got home both rather tired with fishing in wind. Found wife absent at Duddon Hall, to stay the night and visit Silecroft next day.

'Wednesday, 26th.—Charlie and I sketching about all day, rather lazily. Wife returned in even-

ing, very jolly after her visit to Mrs. Rawlinson. Reported Silecroft excessively quiet, but nice lodgings, and sea, distant nearly a mile, fine and open, but deserted.

‘*Thursday, 27th.*—Walked with Charlie to Silecroft, twelve miles off, to inspect rooms and country, but the latter seemed so dull that I called to say we should not go. Took train to Ravenglass, at the mouth of Eskdale. Scawfell fine in the distance. Dined at Ravenglass and walked across the ‘fells’ by Devoke Water (eight or nine miles) back to Ulpha. Day a success.

‘*Friday, 28th.*—Walked with Charlie as far as Crosby Gill Bridge, and took leave of him, he going back to school, poor fellow!'] Watched his retiring figure, fishing-basket on back. He had got over-heated in crossing the hills to join us, and had sat down near Seathwaite and got a chill, and as I saw him walking down the valley on his departure and heard him coughing, I had a sad presentiment that his lungs were affected; and although serious damage did not occur for some years, yet when he was over-worked at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, where he was curate to Mr. Wilkinson (now Bishop of Truro), the disease broke out again, and he was only saved by going to Tasmania for a sea voyage.

[‘*Sunday, 30th.*—Strolled up to Seathwaite Chapel. A poor old parson with a defect in his speech. Not bad sermon, very badly read off. Congregation lazy.

' *Monday, 31st.*—Walked to Duddon Hall to say farewell to Mrs. Rawlinson. Saw Mr. Rawlinson. Lovely day, bright and clear distance, and very sharp outlines. After dinner sketched a little in small glen near house, wife reading aloud Lord Mahon's History of England.

' *Tuesday, September 1.*—Anniversary of my wedding-day. Seventeen years of unmixed matrimonial happiness. Sketched variously for "Crossing the Brook." Called on two old men (brothers) of eighty and eighty-four, hale and vigorous. One spins wool, and showed us a coat of his own spinning. Perfectly intelligent and vigorous. There is an old woman near, aged ninety-seven, and various others. Packed up for departure.

' *Wednesday, 2nd.*—To Silverdale: beautiful and interesting line of rail, skirting Morecambe Bay, and looking up to the Cumberland hills across the water. Silverdale a mistake, dull prettiness. . . .

' *Thursday, 3rd.*—To Lancaster to call on wife's relations. Settled to leave Silverdale, I to go to Sedbergh, and pay my visit to Elams, and wife to stay with her aunt Ross.

' *Friday, 4th.*—Got to Sedbergh by Low Gill. I sent in my name as "Mr. Brown Smith," and the squire came out from his dinner to send me off! Poor fellow! he looked sadly unwell, and is really ill; however, the joke stirred him up.

' *Saturday, 5th.*—Rambled about Sedbergh. Lunedale charming; beautiful rocks and streams; fishing middling, a few salmon in the river.

‘*Sunday, 6th.*—To church. Parson stammers so he can scarcely read. What a shame for such defects to be allowed to obtrude themselves in the service! . . .

‘*Friday, 11th.*—To Hornby Castle by railway. The church tower octagonal and fine; church itself restored, and modern, and bad. Walked back to Caton, and stumbled on an old hall (Claughton), and while sketching there the occupant (during the summer) made my acquaintance, and showed me about the place, and I lunched there. A nice fellow, a Mr. Fenwick, a barrister, living at Hornsey, and we exchanged cards.

‘*Saturday, 12th.*—With wife and Lizzie and Mr. Harrison to Bowick Hall, a fine old place newly done up (in repair merely); old oak panellings in rooms. A pleasant drive and fine day. Back to tea at Mrs. Harrison’s, who was hospitably inclined. . . .

‘*Monday, 14th.*—Left Lancaster after a ramble by aqueduct bridge and call on F. H——, an odd character, looking very like a madman; big head, hair on end, round pot body, one arm, and altogether eccentric. Arrived at Westmore’s (Manchester) at eight o’clock. They had given up expecting me.

‘*Tuesday, 15th.*—To Art Treasures. Much interested, particularly with engravings and etchings. . . . Turner looks great here. His principle in many pictures is warm yellowish lights, supported by cool grays and delicate blues, delicate warm yellowish browns, focussed by a little touch of red, etc., toned into shade, and touches (small patches) of black or blue.

'*Friday, 18th.*—Left my kind host and hostess, the Westmores, for Crewe. There met wife, and with her to London.'

('Saturday, 19th, and onwards, details of fresco painting of 'Burial of Charles I.,' till about November 30th.)

'*Wednesday, October 7.*—Went to hear Spurgeon at Crystal Palace; 2,500 people present. Not much impressed with his eloquence. The 100th Psalm magnificent, sung by all. Spurgeon told Ferguson that it was the worst sermon he ever preached. The space was too great to make himself heard.

'*Saturday, 10th.*—Dined at club with Boxall; he threatened with paralysis, taking advice and medicine and going abroad.

'*November 2.*—A son, Arthur Stockdale, born.

'*Sunday, 15th.*—Called on poor Havell, who is, I fear, on his death-bed, and wrote to Treasurer of Royal Academy, who called next day and brought £10 from Academy, which I sent by Charlie, and he accepted it.

'*Friday, 27th.*—Council of Royal Academy, in the day-time, to inspect works for medals. First time of landscape composition* for the new Turner medal. Council agreed to give £50 each to Mr. Havell and Townsend from the Turner Fund, and to have two meetings annually for the purpose of voting pensions or donations. . . .

'*Wednesday, December 9.*—Started by rail to Staplehurst, and thence to Cranbrook to see

* Competition (?).

Webster ; arrived at tea-time. He much improved in health, and living in a nice red-brick house, and occupying a cottage with a red-tiled floor as a studio, together with a young artist, Hardy, a clever fellow. . . .

‘ *Wednesday, 16th.*—Called at Arundel Society office to see two drawings from Pinturicchio which they propose to publish, on which I gave my opinion. Returned home and began little subject of “The Stepping-stones.”’

No more diary beyond this, but the following letters of this year are of various interest :

G. Richmond to C. W. Cope.

‘ 10, York Street,

‘ *Nov. 11, 1857.*

‘ MY DEAR COPE,

‘ Ward has been so kind as to run up and tell me of my election by the Royal Academy, and as it is to your kindness that I owe this honour, my first and best thanks are to you. My debt of thanks to the other members of your body I must try to offer in person to-morrow, for I have to go away again this week for about a fortnight, and I think I ought to pay my respects to the Bishops without loss of time. Should I leave a card on all who dwell within the bills of mortality and write to the others? Please to tell me the usage in the matter by a single line, and I will start in a hansom as soon after twelve to-morrow as I can. My wife, my children, my mother, who is here, are delighted at the event ;

and, last, I can assure you that there is no other honour that could be offered me that I should value half as much as this from my own brethren in the art. Accept, my dear and good friend, the respect and affection of yours most truly,

‘GEO. RICHMOND.’

‘Nov. 12, 1857.’

‘MY DEAR COPE,

‘Although Ward was the first to tell me the news, your friendly hand first wrote it. I had written you a letter, but do not you bother to answer it; for, in the hope of seeing you, I shall make my first call at your house. If you are out, I shall thank your wife instead. . . .

‘Ever affectionately yours,

‘GEO. RICHMOND. ’]

1858.—Exhibited at Royal Academy: 1. ‘The Stepping-stones,’ not sold. 2. ‘Upward Gazing,’ a young mother fondling her child, who is gazing upwards. This was acquired in my studio by my friend Robert Barrow. Wife and I seem to have gone to Barnard Castle and Romaldkirk, to our friends the Robinsons at Petworth, and to Hastings, etc. [Also apparently on a short visit to Woburn Abbey, to see the Duke of Bedford’s pictures of the Russell family, with a view to the fresco of the ‘Parting of Lord and Lady William Russell.’]

In one of my frequent visits to Barnard Castle (I forget at what date) I sat on the box seat of the

stage coach which, in those days, united Barnard Castle to Darlington. The driver was a shrewd Yorkshireman, and interested me much by his comments on Dickens' account of 'Dotheboys Hall.' He had formerly driven on the great North Road, and described how the coach at vacation-time was filled by pupils going home for the holidays, accompanied by Mr. Shaw ('Squeers'). 'What a jolly time it was, and how hearty and healthy the boys looked!' The coach was covered with flags. The boys, armed with pea-shooters, peppered all that passed by. How well they fed, and how liberal was 'Squeers'! He stoutly denied that they were half starved. He allowed that there existed some schools like what Dickens described, but Shaw's was an exception. 'Then why,' I asked, 'should Dickens have singled out Shaw's school for exposure?' Coachman: 'I'll tell you, sir. Mr. Dickens had his information from a dismissed usher; it was a poisoned source. Dickens wrote to Shaw and asked to inspect his school. He went, and was shown into the parlour. Shaw came in, and said, "Follow me, gentlemen." He asked them to go through the hall to a side-door, bowed, and shut the door behind them. They found themselves in the road. They did not see the school.' Dickens was accompanied by an artist friend (George Cruikshank, whom Shaw observed making a sketch of him behind Dickens' shoulder). I asked the coachman what he would have recommended, seeing that he knew Dickens came hostilely. 'Well, sir,' said

he, flicking the leaders with his whip, 'I'd have prepared the boys in their best clothes, I'd have been very perlite, and I'd have taken them up and down, and into the field and garden, till they were well tired; and then I'd have asked them to stay and have a little refreshment, and I'd ha' gi'en them a couple of boiled fowls and a cut from a nice York ham and a bottle of wine, and I'd ha' made them comferable; that's how I'd ha' done! We should never have *heard* tell of Squeers' school then, no, no!' He added: 'There *was* bad schools, but Shaw's was not bad; Dickens ruined him.' When I was in those parts I visited Bowes and saw the school-house, then occupied by a farmer, who had married Shaw's daughter ('Fanny Squeers'). My friend Mr. Harrison, of Stubb House, told me that when he went to shoot over Bowes Moor he stopped at the inn at Bowes to dine and sleep, and generally invited Shaw to dine with him, and he said he was 'excellent company.' The caricature of 'Squeers' in the story, with his one eye, was very like him, he said.

1859. — At the Royal Academy: 1. 'Cordelia hearing the Account of her Father's Ill-Treatment,' for Mr. Arthur Burnand. 2. 'The Elder Sister' (Meggie and Arthur), for Mr. Lancaster. 3. 'Repose,' a small circular picture, acquired and engraved by J. H. Robinson. The engraving was not published, as it was not quite finished at Robinson's death. In the autumn wife and I visited the Sulivans at Llanbedr, in South Wales. Here the

first symptoms of a weak heart (fainting) appeared in my dear wife. A good trout-stream, but I could catch no fish, and one day I discovered the cause. The river had been limed, as I found lime on ledges of rock at the sides. A resident family here, who showed us hospitality, much interested me. Mr. R—— told me strange tales of his wife's powers. She was an accomplished woman, and had written an epic poem. She had lost an only son (age about twelve), and she told us, with great detail and frankness, how often he visited her. 'How?' I asked. She said while at needlework she felt her hand laid hold of, and it was made to draw long curves on large sheets of paper (which she kept on the table for the purpose) and very intricate and involved patterns, a lead pencil being used. I asked to see specimens. She showed me dozens of sheets as large as newspapers. Sometimes writing was apparent, and the spirit-hand had caused designs to be made, to be carved on his tombstone. We were taken to the churchyard to see it. It was a monolith about six feet high, and the figures (geometric) were cut into it by a village mason from these designs. At the top there was an eye, from which lines or rays emanated, such as we see in old-fashioned woodcuts. I think there was a motto, but I forget.

The father told me that his young daughter, about fourteen, was frequently spoken to by her brother as she walked through a field of long grass, and that she saw the tops of the grass bend down as

he brushed over them. The mother also, when playing on the piano any ordinary tune, would feel her hands influenced to play strange combinations of chords, and had no control over them. She sat down to play one day, and after playing some time, she thought the spirit influence was not coming; but suddenly she stopped, and then struck quite different chords, harmonious, but strange. Mr. R—— told me, in reply to my inquiry, that he never had any similar experiences, but that he was convinced of their reality. I asked, 'What good could come of unmeaning or unintelligible scrawls, and was it likely that a spirit from another sphere would communicate with his mother for no more serious purpose?' He said it was a great comfort to them to be thus assured of their son's continued existence, and that at one time he had informed them that they would not see him for two years, as he was about to undergo some change. They both were quite free from reticence on the subject, and seemed never tired of being cross-questioned. A small trout-stream ran through his grounds, in which I fished with fair success. At the close of 1859 I completed one of the Peers' Corridor frescoes, painted, on one of Sir C. Barry's portable frames, in committee-room B, and it was fixed in its place on December 8th. Subject, 'The Parting of Lord and Lady William Russell.'

1860.—Exhibited: 1. Mr. Arthur Burnand's picture of 'Evening Prayer,' a child (Arthur) kneeling on his mother's knee. 2. 'Rest,' a mother and sleeping

child. In May of this year died our dear sister Lizzie (Benning), one of the brightest, kindest, merriest of mortals. She was married to a Mr. Jones, a clergyman at Egglestone, on the Tees River. She sank after a prolonged confinement with her first child. She was buried at Egglestone old churchyard, in the grounds of the Hall. She had a keen sense of humour and a store of amusing anecdotes. One of her stories was about a farmer who, in going home from market in his cart, fell out and was killed. She called and tried to console the poor widow, and advised her to be more temperate in her own habits, seeing how her husband had been punished for such indulgences.

‘Na, na, miss,’ said she, ‘the puir man only twice cam’ home sober; the first time he fell out and broke his leg, and now, this time, he’s broke his neck.’

Another day she (Lizzie) met a farmer friend, and said to him :

‘I hear, John, that you’re lately married; who is your wife?’

‘Weel, Miss Benning, I doan’t quite know.’

‘How so? Where did you meet with her?’

‘Aweel, ye see, miss, I went to t’ market, and as I was going I seed a canny lass warking along t’ road, and I says, “Will ye git oop and ride?” “Ay,” says she. So she gat oop, and I asked her, “Are ye gangin’ to t’ market?” “Ay,” says she. “What for?” says I. “To git a plaace,” says she. So I set her down i’ t’ market and left her; and as

I cam' back i' t' evening there was this same lass warking t' saame way oop hill. So I spak' to her again, and axed her, "Ha' ye gotten yer plaace?" "Nay," says she, "I hanna." "Will ye git oop and ride?" "Ay," says she. So she gat oop, and I axed her, "D'ye think my plaace would suit ye?" "What plaace is that?" says she. "Why, to be my wife," says I. "I doan't mind," says she. So we gat wed, and she's a rare good wife, but she's a perfect stranger to me.'

In the late summer wife and I, Nelly, and Arthur went to stay at Harwich, which was one of those marine, fishy, old-style places in which I delighted. A small steamer ran up and down the Orwell, between Harwich and Ipswich, in which I took an almost daily voyage, as I had my first taste of gout. There is another larger river, the Stour, leading up to Constable's country. Near Ipswich Gainsborough painted; and there is a lane still called by his name. On the opposite side of the Orwell is old Langridge Fort, painted by Gainsborough. The boating is perilous, as there is only a deep channel in the centre of the Orwell; and as the river falls at low-tide, you may find yourself suddenly aground in thick mud, and you must wait hours till the tide rises and sets you afloat. We got caught once, and the poor children were sadly alarmed, the oar with which I tried to shove off getting stuck fast in the mud. Fish was abundant, especially shrimps. While staying there a ragged regiment of volunteers to fight in Spain arrived: decayed potmen, greasy

waiters out of place, raw shop-boys, etc. They were marched at once on to the jetty. Having travelled from London in the night, they were sleepy, and many were drunk—a motley set. There were a very few young gentlemen among them, looking sad and shame-faced. Having no more use for English money, they threw their purses (empty, however) into the sea. One man in greasy black fell into the sea, and was fished out, and lay half drunk all day, shining and wet. Another, a sturdy bully in a white hat, stood up on a box and made a speech in stentorian tones. He called himself, and all those with him, 'liberators'; all the rest of us were 'slaves.' A soldier looking on was especially insulted, and told that his livery proclaimed him the 'slave of tyrants.' The soldier was an active-looking young fellow, and replied that, 'slave or no,' he was man enough to give the other a thrashing, and, suiting the action to the word, and taking off his coat and cap, he pulled the loud bully down and then thrashed him. The latter appeared no more! It was an amusing scene.

In the evening a large steamer came in and anchored, and the 'liberators' were taken on board in boats, to the sound of martial music and waving of flags. The poor fellows had by this time got sober, and cold and hungry, having eaten nothing all day, and the wet, shining man was bundled on board like a sack. It was a beautiful evening, and we lingered about in a boat, sadly thinking what misery and sickness were in store

for them. The colonel was a very smart, well-drilled fellow. We afterwards heard that he was a drill-sergeant who had deserted. Next morning the steamer had departed.

1861. — Exhibited at Royal Academy a small replica in oil: 1. 'The Parting of Lord and Lady William Russell,' Mr. Kelk's picture. 2. 'The Convalescent;' Mr. Fores, of Piccadilly, had it. 3. 'Scholar's Mate,' for Mr. Duncan Dunbar. All these were parted with in my studio before exhibition.

In the summer we took furnished apartments at Calais, and all the family went there, including my niece, Maria Kingdom. Emily was in poor health, and we hired an invalid chair for her. The restorative effects of the pure, dry air were amazing. She regained health and strength rapidly (and remained there after we left till nearly Christmas). Florry was suffering premonitory symptoms of after-illness. I was almost sleepless, both there and afterwards in Devonshire, when visiting the Sulivans, getting only a nap after dinner. I took bromide of potassium as a remedy subsequently, with good results. It was amusing to see Harry and Arthur at Calais having contests with a troop of French urchins, who invariably ran away from them ignominiously, Arthur armed with a tin sword and chasing them down the roads. The Ryans* lived here in retirement. Poor Mr. Ryan was confined to his bed, on the pillow of which always sat a large

* With whom he stayed in London at the outset of his art career.



"THE DEFENCE OF BASING HOUSE."

(Original Sketch.)

cat. Mrs. Ryan had died, and her sister, Maria Buchanan, kept house with Sarah Ryan. Ellen, another daughter, was a widow, still in distress for the loss of her husband. On our return home, being unfit for work, I visited friend Sullivan in Devonshire, and tried, by hard work with a salmon-rod in the Taw (but catching no salmon), and long walks, to tire myself out and thus obtain sleep—in vain. On my return my dear wife managed to read me to sleep, by gradually lowering her voice as I got drowsy. I found Thackeray the most interesting, and yet soothing, for the attention must be fixed to induce sleep. Chloral also helped. I took it at night for some time, and am not aware that it injured my brain. The fresco of 'Raising the Standard at Nottingham' was placed in the corridor in December.

1862. — Cartoon of 'Defence of Basing House' finished. Exhibited oil pictures of 'Two Mothers,' in two frames screwed together. I found the 'Industrious Mother' more attractive than the 'Idle' one, and I was induced to part with the former to Mr. James Brand, but afterwards I got it back from him, and returned the money, and sold the two, united, to Agnew (who afterwards sold them to Mr. Mendall, M.P., near Manchester). The fresco of 'Basing House,' painted in the water-glass method, was begun in July and finished in November. A son, Laurence Edwin, was born June 6, 1862.

When Charlie was at Oxford I had occasion to go

there during a summer vacation* to consult the splendid illustrated edition of Clarendon in the Bodleian, and the Rector of his college (Mark Pattison, of Lincoln) kindly allowed me to stay in rooms there. The Rector called on me. I returned his call. He seemed reserved, till, hearing me say something about fishing, when chatting with his sister, he crossed the room and sat down by me.

Pattison : 'Are you fond of fishing?'

Cope : 'Yes, and I was just saying how the water at Iffley suggested chub.'

P. : 'You are mistaken ; there is not a fish in the river here larger than a minnow, as it is swept with nets.'

C. : 'But I mean to try, nevertheless.'

P. (excitedly) : 'When?'

C. : 'This afternoon.'

P. : 'May I go with you, and will you lunch here?'

C. : 'With pleasure.'

After luncheon he retired, and came forth dressed in a rough sporting suit and cloth cap, and we took a boat, and my son sculled us down to Iffley Lock. I gave Pattison a large mulberry hackle-fly, and suggested his trying the deep pool under the willows below the lock. He stood up and fished 'secundum artem' for half an hour, and then said, 'There, I told you so.' So I said I would try. I soon caught a small chub. We crossed the river to the mouth of a feeder. I told our boatman how to act, and threw

* In 1861.

my fly into a deep place close under some osiers. It was taken. The fish was strong and large, and swam under our boat, but I got him cleared, and then he actually towed our boat up the little back-water. The Rector got excited, when, alas! the hook and fly 'came home' and the fish was gone.

Rector: 'There, now, you have convinced me.'

He must have weighed many pounds.

This was the beginning of a close friendship between us, and with me all his shyness and reserve were banished. Next day he got me to walk with him to Iffley to visit Miss Strong, daughter of Captain Strong (a banker), who became the future Mrs. Pattison. We stayed at each other's houses, and, I think the next year or so, we went on a fishing excursion together into Westmoreland and Cumberland. We first went for a few days to a friend's house, Mr. Thompson, an artist and poet, of Clifton, near Penrith, who had often pressingly invited me. We fished the Lowther by permission, but had poor sport, as the fish were small and scarce. We went on from there to Haweswater, to a farm-house known to Thompson, and there we had good sport, fishing out of a boat on the lake, catching char and trout, often on alternate days. While on the water one day, a farmer on a pony shouted to us and held up a letter. That was the usual way of getting letters, as there was no postman, and anyone who happened to be passing up the valley brought them. We walked back to Clifton with Thompson, and met the Rev. Mr.

Hayman (Fellow of Corpus), who gave me his translation of Dante—a very pleasant, genial companion. We visited Robert Preston at Ulleswater, where the Rector was much contented, and said, ‘Why, this man knows everything, and has all the right books.’ We then left Thompson’s hospitable house, and put our traps in a farmer’s cart, in which the Rector also deposited himself, lying on his back, to Temple Sowerby. I preferred fishing my way down a dell where ran a small tributary of the river Eden, to get a few trout, and finding a railway bridge across the river, I walked over it and arrived at our inn. Where was my friend? The landlady replied that a gentleman in a cart had come, but he seemed ‘varry particklar’; and as she had had a party of fishing gentlemen who gave great trouble and sat up very late, and this did not suit her weak health, she had sent him to a cottage in the village, ‘where maybe he could get a bedroom.’ There I discovered him, lying on a little sofa, our ‘articles’ littered about the floor. He seemed disturbed.

‘There’s a little bedroom for you,’ he said, ‘but a music-master has to pass through it to get to his own room. I can remain here, if we do remain.’

‘Have you got anything to eat?’ I asked.

‘No,’ said he dejectedly.

I went back to the inn.

Cope (to landlady): ‘Do you refuse to receive us because you have no spare bedrooms?’

Landlady: ‘Oh nay, we’ve got seven varry comfortable rooms; there’s plenty of room.’

C. : 'Then may we have two?'

L. : 'Oh ay, surely.'

C. : 'And can you get us chops and a few vegetables?'

L. : 'Surely, quite easily.'

C. : 'Then I shall fetch my friend, for we are both hungry.'

I went. The Rector was astonished.

'There,' said he, 'my arguments were fruitless; you go, and in five minutes all is settled.'

His despair vanished. We had a fire lighted, and were soon quite comfortable, and next day we got tickets for the river and enjoyed ourselves.

Our old lady friend, Miss Bleaymire, who lived here, invited us to dinner. A bad cold sent me to bed, so Pattison went without me. The conversation must have been amusing. It turned out afterwards that the landlady had consulted Miss Bleaymire about us, and she told her that, if she didn't make her friend Mr. Cope comfortable, she'd never forgive her. Hence it was owing rather to Queen Bleaymire's authority than to my eloquence that so great a change had occurred in the landlady's disposition towards us. The Rector quite appreciated Miss Bleaymire's character. Our last day came; the river had been flooded. Pattison thought fly was of no use, and went out with a minnow. I kept to fly-fishing, and went down to where the water was shallow and beginning to clear. There I caught a fish or two, but as the water got brighter they began to take greedily, and in two hours I

filled my basket with fine trout. We met at the inn. Said P. gloomily, 'I suppose you have, like me, done nothing.' I emptied my basket into two large dishes. 'There,' said he, 'that sort of thing will occur sometimes.' At four o'clock a fly came from Appleby, where we slept, and took train next morning.

Mark Pattison to C. W. Cope.

'Lincoln College, Oxford,

'June 29, 1862.

'DEAR MR. COPE,

'Hearing you are at Egglestone, I write to ask if it would suit your plans to pay Mrs. Pattison and myself a visit at Bamburgh during your stay in the North. I shall be in town during the present week occupied with the Indian Civil Service Examinations, but I hope to return to Bamburgh (where I have left Mrs. Pattison) by the 8th, or at latest the 9th, of July. I think the old castle is just the place you would like, and you might try a cast on your favourite Coquet on your way back. If you can make this suit you, will you let me have a line from you to that effect? Address Bamburgh Castle, Northumberland, as I don't know where I shall be sleeping in town.

'Yours very truly,

'MARK PATTISON.'

In returning from one of my visits to Barnard Castle,* I stopped at Tebay Station and walked to

* Probabl 1862.

Sedbergh (The Thorns), where resided the widow of my dear old friend, John Elam. I had not heard of the family for years, and I was uncertain whether Mrs. Elam still lived, as she was old and feeble. I went up a lane to the kitchen-door. It was snowing. I knocked. It was opened by their old servant James, whom I had known since boyhood. I said, 'How are you, James?' Said he, 'You seem to know my name, sir, but I don't know yours.' I asked him did he remember taking a boy into a field, and putting him on a pony, and the pony bolting into a shed and nearly knocking the boy's head off against the lintel of the door. 'Yes, sir, I remember; that was Charles Cope.' I then reminded him of Christmas games and tableaux vivants. 'That was Master Cope, too; but how do you know, and who told you about these things?'

C. : 'Do you think that youngster was like me?'

J. : 'Not a bit.'

So I told him who I was, and then he said, 'Coom in, sir, out o' t' snow;' and even then he scarcely recognised me, as I had a short beard, but he said, 'Sit ye doon.' This was in the kitchen; so he wiped a chair, and I sat down. I then asked after the family. J. : 'Why, mistress gets a bit feeble, but is middlin' well;' and he went and told them of the strange visitor, and I was ushered in and received a hearty welcome, and remained two days. I felt that I should never see Mrs. Elam's sweet face again. She and her husband had been associated with my early boyhood, and with the

latter I had walked hundreds of miles over the moors, from Gildersome, near Leeds, to Dent Dale, etc. He was a fine, big, manly Englishman, rosy, and with a bald forehead; a splendid walker, gentle and benevolent, and was to me as a father, and I loved them all as relations.

I went to Norfolk in November, 1862, and joined my friend and pupil Herbert Roberts in a voyage in a small cutter down the Norwich river, sleeping on shore at Rainham, then on to Yarmouth, up the river Waveney to Beccles, and then on to Lowestoft. It was a miserable, cold voyage: no wind, no sun, or hazy, and we had to pole all the way back to Norwich. This excursion would be pleasant in summer weather, but not so late in the year.

1863. — Exhibited at Royal Academy: 1. 'The Music Lesson' (Emily teaching Harry the piano). 2. 'Morning Lessons' (Harry and Arthur). Both small pictures, and both went to Alderman Salomons. 3. 'Contemplation,' purchased by Agnew before exhibition. 4. Portrait of Emily Cope (given to her future husband, Rev. James Cornford). 5. 'Reading for Honours' (painted in the garret at Abinger from James Cornford); sold to Mr. Pococke the first day of the exhibition. [Mr. Cope was examined before the Royal Academy Commission in March, 1863. Vide Appendix.]

I took rooms at Abinger at the Manor Farm for the summer, as my house was undergoing repairs and additions. Our dear Florry was very ill. Her mother brought her home from Surbiton, where she

had been at school with Mrs. Gerrard. When the workmen began, the noise and disturbance was too great for her, and, on friend Sullivan's most kind suggestive invitation, we went to his house at Rutland Gate, as the family were away; and there she enjoyed peace and quiet rest, until she died of consumption on the 30th of May. A touching memorial of her character, illness, and death was written by her dear mother, which shows Florry's refined and pure disposition, and also is full of unconscious eloquent testimony of her own loving and holy nature.* Florry had been confirmed in St. Barnabas's Church, Kensington, Dr. Francis Hessey's church, and he was unwearied in his kind ministrations to her till the end. After his long Easter Day services he walked all the way from Addison Road to Rutland Gate, in pain from rheumatism, weary in body, but unwearied in doing good in his Master's service; a truly faithful servant of his Lord—an exemplary 'good parson.' I ought also to have spoken of the great kindness mother and daughter received in the railway journey from Surbiton from Dr. Barker, Bishop of Sydney, and his wife. He carried Florry when they changed carriages, and insisted on her wearing his large silk handkerchief, and visited my wife afterwards. He was another 'good servant of Christ.' After Florry's decease we all joined company at Abinger, where we remained until our house was finished, under Somers Clarke's care.

* See 'Strength made Perfect in Weakness,' S.P.C.K., 1891.

During the alterations I occasionally went to Kensington, and going in one day unperceived through the open doors, I found our cook, left in charge, a very handsome, tall woman, waltzing with a young carpenter, he whistling a tune and smoking, in turns. When I appeared, he bolted into the coal-cellar, but I called him out. He took her out walking on Sundays (dressed like a gentleman), and promised her marriage. As he shirked his work, I complained of him to the clerk of the works. 'Which of the men is it?' said he. I pointed him out on the roof. 'That man!' he exclaimed. 'Why, he's a respectable man with a nice wife and two children!' He called him down and dismissed him on the spot. We sent the cook to Abinger, but to no purpose; she had several offers of marriage, but she was reckless, and they all gave her up. The housemaid was handsome also, but she fell into a rapid decline, and we sent her to Brompton Consumptive Hospital, where my sweet wife constantly visited her till she died. Harry and Arthur were ambitious of being rustics, and really got to talk in the local patois, and rubbed their hands with yellow clay to look the character better. Emily opened a Sunday afternoon class in a barn, where she read to a few rustics. The most attentive listener was an old farm labourer of Muggeridge's (our farmer), who never fell asleep; but unluckily it turned out afterwards that he was stone-deaf, and heard not a word she said. I suppose he liked to gaze on her sweet young face.

1864.—Occupied on cartoon of ‘Train Bands marching to relieve Gloucester,’ also on a small whole-length of Mrs. James Brand and her two boys. In the winter, wife and I, with Charles Benning, went to Boulogne to be with my wife’s father on his death-bed. He was buried in the cemetery at that place; an upright, honourable, fiery, generous man. [Professor Owen was at one time a pupil of his, and always spoke of him with admiration and respect, and said that, had he come to London, he would have become celebrated in his profession.]

CHAPTER VIII.

FRESCO PAINTING, ROYAL ACADEMY REFORM, ETC.

1865.—A small figure of Fra Angelico for a wall at South Kensington, afterwards executed, life-size, in mosaic, sent to the Royal Academy, and presented to that body (as well as 'Geneviève,' for diploma picture).

A large posthumous portrait of H.R.H. the Prince Consort, placed in the large room of the Society of Arts. The Queen came to see it in my studio. [She was accompanied by two of the Princesses, a maid of honour or two, and an equerry. Passing a half-opened door, where one of the smaller children was watching to see the royalties, the Princesses spoke to the child kindly, and she, encouraged by the condescension, asked, 'Would you like to go upstairs and see the baby?' at which there was a general laugh, which relieved the solemnity of the occasion. The Queen was very gracious, and had brought a packet of photographs of the Prince. She made some judicious criticisms, and made a present of one of the photographs.] Two posthumous portraits of William Dyce,

R.A., one head life-size for his brother-in-law, James Brand, and the other, smaller, presented to Mrs. Dyce. Fresco of 'Train Bands' finished in water-glass process, and placed in the Peers' corridor. The remaining fresco, 'Speaker Lenthall,' was completed about the same time in the following year.

This series of frescoes was intended to illustrate the virtues and heroism of some of the actors in the great Civil War, four of them on the Royalist side, and four on that of the Parliament. The frescoes (painted on the movable frames mentioned above) were protected at the back by a thick slate, over which the lath and plaster was placed on which the fresco was painted; and I cannot doubt that, being thus protected, much injury was prevented.

Whilst I was painting there, the Prince Consort caused a pamphlet to be translated from the German (a copy of which was sent to each of the frescanti), describing the water-glass method, a new method of painting fresco in Germany, which was considered indestructible. It consisted in applying to the surface of the fresco when finished (which was painted with ordinary water-colours and distilled water only, on the dry wall of mortar of lime and sand) a thin coating of liquid silica, 'glass-water,' spread by means of a large syringe, from which it issued like a cloud of spray. The first of the frescanti who tried this was Maclise, in his splendid fresco of the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, in the Royal Gallery. I watched its progress with keen interest. Of course, slight mistakes were

made in the first experiment. It was naturally thought that, if a very thin coating of water-glass would partly fix the colour, a stronger dilution would make it quite safe. But this is not altogether the case. The problem is to apply only so much glass-water as will combine with the lime of the wall ; if more is used, it is not absorbed, and comes to the surface in a gray deposit, which greatly obscures the clearness of the colour, especially in the darker shades, thus rendering the composition misty in effect. In his second fresco, of the 'Death of Nelson,' Maclise used much less glass-water, and applied it at longer intervals of time ; and he told me that in one place only he used it of the former strength, viz., on Lord Nelson's cocked hat, and that this was the only portion obscured with the gray mist. The rest is as clear as when freshly painted.

I may here mention that Richmond, to his great honour, although not acquainted with Maclise personally, after the death of that genius spent many weeks in gratuitous homage to his work, by endeavouring to remove the gray surface deposit. He kept two men employed, who were supplied with large washleather bags to beat the whole surface, and by this simple method he succeeded in dusting off a great deal of the loose incrustation (from the Wellington subject). This giving up of his own valuable time in endeavouring to preserve the work of another artist, and that one not personally known, is highly honourable to Richmond, and worthy of being recorded as an example

of generous appreciation of merit. But this is anticipating the course of the narrative.

Dyce was commissioned to decorate with frescoes the Queen's Robing-Room from the legend of King Arthur. These he carried out with his usual talent. They, like all pure frescoes (*fresco buono*), suffered somewhat from the climate and dirt. He died before quite completing the largest subject. After his lamented death, I was asked to finish one or two unimportant parts, and I also repainted two or three damaged heads with water-glass. Herbert decorated the Conference Hall with the subject of 'Moses giving the Law to the Israelites.' It was done in glass-water, and is a most impressive work. Ward was commissioned to paint the Commons' corridor. His frescoes were, I believe, done in water-colour only, without fixative, but as they and the frescoes in the Peers' corridor have since been covered with glass, it is hoped that they will not suffer further from decay.

I will not dwell further on the subject of the frescoes. Our efforts met with little sympathy from the profession. As Maclise once remarked to me, 'We are scarcely forgiven for attempting to extend the limits of our art!' The then Keeper of the Academy strongly advised me to have no part in what he called 'mere decoration.' I replied that 'all art ought to be decorative,' and the conversation closed. On looking back through these years, I feel how much of life has been wasted in, as it were, writing in the sand. Time's effacing fingers began

to obliterate at one end, while we were painfully working at the other; and when at last the difficulties were being solved, and the destructive agencies overcome by the judicious use of water-glass, the lamented death of the Prince Consort put an end to the Royal Commission of Fine Art, and the paltry sum of £4,000 per annum was considered too large for the British nation to expend on works of national art, and was withdrawn. Let us hope that the progress already made will not be altogether lost.

Many spaces remain for decoration, and fine subjects are suggested by great historians; and we may not doubt that able painters and sculptors will be found hereafter to complete and carry forward what has been commenced, and that the Houses of Parliament may yet contain noble works of British genius. If the niggardly parsimony of the Government continues, may not private liberality step forward in its place, and do what it has done in other directions from a sense of noble patriotism? The loss to the nation by the death of the Prince Consort, in all matters of fine art (as well as in other directions), is irreparable, endowed as he was with bright intelligence, refined taste, and enthusiastic interest. To me he was most kind, and he often enlivened conversation with some appropriate and merry jest.

In the summer of 1865 wife and I went to stay in a farm-house near Haweswater. Here we were visited by an old friend of hers, Anthony Parkin,

who invited us to see him at his house on the edge of Ulleswater. It was a perfect bachelor's palace, filled with his own wood-carving, having a good library, and with an excellent garden of flowers and fruits, and a boat-house with a fine boat. He had been an early friend of my wife's when a girl, leading her about on his white pony, and was a very accomplished man. In the afternoons he sculled us about on the lake. The fish here are destroyed by the water from lead-mines. He was a neighbour and friend of Miss Bleaymire. At our farm-house the two Miss Lucases and their two brothers were also staying. They were most kind to us in all ways. The laundress living two miles off, the young ladies actually took our washing, slung on an alpenstock, to the village where she lived. The brothers used to get beer in a stone jar, similarly slung on an alpenstock, from the inn at the head of the lake, some three or four miles distant. Here was a hamlet, and the smallest church in England. The resident squire was the descendant of ancient owners of property; he assisted in the church services with very solemn and audible responses. As we passed his garden-gate, he staggered forwards and shook hands with us all. We were told that he was never sober. He had a beautiful daughter, with raven-black hair. What a solitary life, to be immured up here through the long winters, her maudlin father being her only companion! What a subject for a novelist! The Lucases lived at Hitchin, the eldest being a great huntress.

My dear daughter Emily was married to the Rev. J. Cornford October 4, 1865. The acquaintance was formed at Abinger, where he was reading for orders with Mr. Powell, the Rector. She had a son (Leslie) born in May, 1867.

She was taken from us July 30, 1870, a victim to consumption, and was buried at Claydon, where her husband then had a curacy.

1866. — Exhibited at the Royal Academy: 1. 'The Thorn,' a sister (Nelly) removing a thorn from the hand of her brother (Arthur); sold to Agnew. 2. Portrait of Mrs. James Brand and her two eldest boys; small whole-lengths. 3. Head of W. Dyce, life-size, for J. Brand. In the summer stayed at Burn Hall, near Durham, with the Mastermans, and at Brinkburn Priory, and rusticated with the Dyce family at Bowes, near Barnard Castle.

In the summer of 1865 Charles Benning, Galloway, and I went to Barnard Castle, as trustees of Mr. Benning (my father-in-law), to sell the properties there. To me the scene was amusing. The large room at the King's Head Inn was taken for the purpose, and it was well filled with farmers and many others who could not by any possibility be supposed to be in a condition to buy land. The reason of their interest soon appeared. The auctioneer mounted his rostrum and made a short address, and then Lot 1 was put up. The biddings were slow, and the advances small. Things hung fire. Suddenly the auctioneer called out, 'Coom now, gents, waake

oop. John ! (to a waiter) 'tak' soom poonch roond ! Immediately jugs of steaming hot punch were handed round ; the farmers partook, and so did the numerous hangers-on who were not in the game, and who drank as much as they could get.

Auctioneer : 'Now, gents, let's try again ; the poonch 'll warm ye oop a bit.'

It had little effect on the canny Yorkshiremen, and the bidding was very slow ; but at last a climax was reached. The auctioneer then produced from his pocket a small minute-glass and held it up, saying, 'Noo, gents, so mooch is bid. I turn my glass.' He turned it no less than five times. Usually, just before the sand had run out, a bid was made. Then 'da capo' again and again. The real bidders did not seem to come forward till this wearisome process began. In the meantime the punch circulated briskly at short intervals, the onlookers imbibing it largely. At long last a field was sold, generally at its lowest reserved price. It was a long business, and towards the end both auctioneer and buyers got merry and noisy, and jokes were bandied about freely. The sums realized were less than the fields, etc., were worth, except when some very favourite fields with excellent aspect and soil were up, and then the bids came sharply. When the sale for the day was over, the farmers adjourned to their public-houses, and we were told that purchases often changed hands two or three times in the evening. Thus the actual worth of the lots was eventually reached, and even

exceeded ; but the profit went to the farmers, not to the owners, the sale by the auctioneer being only the first act of the play.

We had another sale in an outlying part of the country towards the moors. This was also held in a country inn. There were not more than three or four farmers to meet us, one of whom alone meant business. When the two fields were put up no one responded. The auctioneer got excited, coaxed and encouraged the principal farmer, but not a word did he say in response, and the sale could not go on for want of a bidder, although the fields were lovely, sloping to the sun, with a good farmhouse. At last we gave it up and drove away, and the farmer afterwards bought them for a good round price from the auctioneer. The only reason for his not bidding was his extreme shyness, and he looked as if he would wish to hide himself under the table when he was appealed to.

[Mr. Cope served again on the Council of the Royal Academy in 1866-67, and was appointed professor of painting in 1867. In this capacity he delivered a series of lectures, giving six each year, till the year 1875.

The following is as complete a list as can be made of the subjects in the present somewhat confused condition of the MSS. :

1. Introductory : Ancient and Mediæval Art.
2. Modern European Art.
3. Art (Technical) and its Decline, and the Causes of the latter.

4. On Composition.
5. The Study of Nature.
6. Execution.
7. Design.
8. Art of Painting (Technical).
9. Early Flemish and Italian Processes.
10.)
11. } Venetian Colours.
12.)
13.)
14. } On Academies.
15. Fresco-painting.
16. Colour in Nature.
17. Chiaroscuro.
18. Growth and Progress of Mediæval Art.
19.)
20. } Beauty.

He was also appointed to act as secretary of the building committee appointed to make arrangements for the change of site from Trafalgar Square to Burlington House. There were fifteen meetings altogether ; the first on November 15, 1866, and the last (at Burlington House) on December 21, 1868. He was present at all of these with the exception of two, when he was unwell, and took a prominent part in the building scheme itself, as well as in the previous negotiations with Government which led to the assignment of the new site at Burlington House, in exchange for the old buildings of the Academy in Trafalgar Square, required for the enlargement of the National Gallery. Shortly

afterwards he initiated a scheme of Academy reform in regard to the course of education given in the various schools, and the following letter was written by the then President, Sir Francis Grant, in acknowledgment :

‘ 27, Sussex Place, Regent’s Park
(No date, probably Nov., 1869).

‘ MY DEAR COPE,

‘ You have done a good turn to the Academy, for which I desire to tender my thanks. I give myself credit for getting you, Watts, Leighton, and Redgrave to meet, and put down your views on paper in a practical form. This you have done with much ability, and in such an exceptional manner that the Council were able to adopt all your suggestions, and I am sanguine in the expectation that they will be similarly received by the general assembly. I have come to the conclusion that mere notices of motions, to be discussed *viva voce*, end in nothing ; but that a well-digested scheme in black and white is of a tangible nature, and is sure to be understood, and, if judicious, to be carried out.

‘ I am ever yours very truly,

‘ FRANCIS GRANT. ’]

1867.—Exhibited ‘ Shylock and Jessica,’ sold to Mr. Tetley, of Gledhow, near Leeds. Painted a third ‘ Othello and Desdemona,’ a balcony scene, not exhibited. Wife and I went to stay with J. W. Atkinson, at Leeds, to be present at Charlie’s mar-

riage with his sister, my old friend John Atkinson's eldest daughter. They had long been attached to one another. The wedding was on August 7. At that time my son was curate to Mr. Wilkinson, then at Bishop Auckland, and afterwards was with him in his two succeeding parishes, St. Peter's, Great Windmill Street, and St. Peter's, Eaton Square. In the autumn we took rooms at Dorchester-on-Thames, at Mrs. Buckingham's, an old house near the church with a good garden. This place exactly suited us, as I hired an old wherry, and could get down a little stream into the Thames, on which we constantly disported ourselves, fishing and sketching. The Rector of the fine old church here, Mr. Macfarlane, kindly let us use his garden, and croquet was often played there. Mrs. Buckingham kept many fowls, and the consumption of eggs was enormous. We led a pleasant picnicky life, mostly on the river between Clifton Hampden and Wallingford, where we went for many necessaries.

One day we pulled up the river to see a house in which we thought of taking rooms at Long Wittenham. The good woman said, 'There has been a gentleman from Oxford here an hour ago, asking if you were here, a nice-looking young gentleman; he seemed disappointed at finding no one.' Suddenly the boys, Harry and Arthur, called out, 'Look at Meg, how *red* she is!' They received a sound box on the ears in reply. What could this mean? Opposite the mouth of our little river was a favourite camping-ground for boating men, canoists, etc. I

was amused one quiet evening to hear across the water the following conversation :

Boating man (preparing his night's supper and quarters) to a rustic boy : ' What church is that ?'

Boy : ' That be Dorchester Church.'

Boating man : ' It's a very *high* church, isn't it ?'

Boy : ' Noa, it be a long, *low* church.'

I caught large chub near Day's lock with fly.

I believe it was in 1867 that I was asked to write a report on paintings in oil at the Great Exhibition in Paris. I took my wife with me. On board the steamer going over we observed an old gentleman, an invalid, and admired the tender care taken of him by his sons and a daughter. We again met him at our hotel. At breakfast he sat next to my wife, and had much conversation with her. At last he asked to sit between us, and talked to me also. He was Sir James Shuttleworth, come to report on ' Education in France.' Seeing him daily, our acquaintance ripened into friendship, and I derived great benefit from his conversation. We had long talks, on Sundays and at other spare times, on many topics, even on religion, miracles, etc. The intimacy thus begun was continued after our return to London. He greatly appreciated the intellect and brightness of my dear wife.

While in Paris we were invited to a grand ball at the British Embassy, where we met several royalties, the Emperor of the French, King of Belgium, Prince of Wales, etc. The approach was lined by cuirassiers, amid a blaze of light. The entrance was

through the inner quadrangle, covered with awning and decorated over the whole walls with peony flowers and verdure. The dancing commenced with a quadrille by the royalties, and I observed that Louis Napoleon stood up with his partner, but danced by proxy! At a later hour the dancing became general. It was a remarkable scene of gaiety, and an assemblage of rank and talent. My wife kindly took charge of Miss Shuttleworth, and escorted her about the rooms. We walked to our hotel, having taken suitable cloaks, etc., as it was a most beautiful moonlight night, and we arrived, I believe, two hours earlier than our friends, who waited for their carriage.

1868.—Pictures: 1. 'Othello's Story,' a night scene (the one mentioned above as painted in 1867), for Mr. Barrow. 2. 'The Pilgrims at Emmaus,' sold in 1869 to Mr. Strutt, of Belper. 3. Portrait of C. S. Benning, as a rifleman, presented to him; all sent to Royal Academy. 4. A whole-length posthumous portrait of Colonel Trotter, for the Town Hall at Bishop Auckland (not exhibited).

In May I went with friend Barrow to fish at Chagford, in Devonshire, my dear invalid wife being with her married daughter, Mrs. Cornford, at Bath, for health's sake. She had been ailing for some months previously. It began about January. One morning I found her in bed apparently sleeping, and I asked the nurse, who slept in her room, why she had not called her. She had not liked to disturb her, she said. It was not sleep: she was un-

conscious. When the usual doctor, Mr. Roberts, came, he said her left side and arm and leg were paralyzed. I sent for Dr. Tanner at once. They treated her successfully, and after many weeks sensibility and motion were restored, except in her left hand. When strong enough, she went to Emily Cornford's, at Bath, and there improved wonderfully. After leaving Chagford I joined her, taking with me a basketful of trout, of which she was fond. Never could I have believed in the possibility of such a change for the better. I stayed some days, and took her out for drives in the pleasant neighbourhood. Her enjoyment and thankfulness were intense. She was able to return home in the early summer, and Tanner visited her. He was surprised to see her look so well; but after further examination he told me that I might lose her at any moment. He thought the young sons ought to be much with her, as 'the recollection of her sweet and gentle goodness might influence them through life.'

His prediction was true. In July she sat much with me, but was unable to discuss future plans of education, etc., saying that her judgment was gone, and she left all to be settled by me. She then went on a visit to Mrs. Dyce, at Streatham, to whom she was much attached. On the 28th (my birthday), I was to go and dine with them after a Royal Academy meeting. I went. The silence in the house seemed ominous. At length my daughter Margaret came into the drawing-room, and told me it was 'all over.' I was not allowed to see her. A large vessel in the heart had

burst as she was being helped to dress. She was gone! My wife, my friend and counsellor, my playfellow, unwearied in doing good, beloved of all, was taken from me! . . . Dear Margaret and I drove silently home. She was buried in the same grave as her lost children in the Brompton cemetery. Her character was unique; so earnest, and yet merry, and ever too industrious. When sometimes I begged her not to do so much, her laughing reply was, 'Better to wear out than rust out.' I believe that she inherited heart disease from her father, who died of the same affection, not many years before, at Boulogne.

'Gone before,
To that unknown and silent shore,
Where we shall meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning.'

Our children were left to me. My son Charlie and his dear May persuaded me to go with them for a change, first to Calais, where I wandered about the dunes, thence to Blankenberghe, a seaside resort in Belgium. We also visited Bruges, Antwerp, Brussels, Waterloo, etc. They were very kind to me, but it was a weary time, and I was glad to return home. Work alone could divert my thoughts. I began a small subject, 'The Rivals.' This was a slight subject, which should have been treated gaily and lightly, but I had no gaiety in me. It was hard, and severe in handling. It was a failure, and I hate the recollection of it even; no joyous colour, no spontaneity—done from a sense of duty only.

1869.—Exhibited: 1. 'Home Dreams,' a worn-out

seamstress fallen asleep over her work. Agnew had it. 2. 'The Domestic Chaplain,' a boy in velvet reading to his invalid mother, for Mr. Eli Lees. 3. A large picture, life-size, of 'Dr. Hume reading to the Duke of Wellington a list of killed, etc., at the Battle of Waterloo.' The Duke was represented sitting up in bed, dishevelled and grimy, as described in Dr. Hume's pamphlet (and in personal conversation). He had not even changed his clothes. While painting this, I had misgivings that the subject was a mistake. No man can look a great hero under such circumstances; but I went doggedly on. The critics abused it savagely. I destroyed it. In June I took Margaret with me to Durham, where we stayed with Canon Chevalier, and I painted his portrait for the large dining-hall at the University, of which he was a professor, a large half-length. Also I repeated it, smaller, for his son-in-law, the Rev. Dr. Pearse. It was a privilege to stay with the Canon, who was a man of strong character, lively and affectionate, and, although about the age of eighty, youthful, enjoying a game of croquet in the Monks' Garden, and on Sundays cantering away on horse-back to perform clerical duties in his parish, six miles off. He took us round his country parish, and it was interesting to see the hearty cordiality that existed between him and his parishioners, which extended to the cottage wives and little children. His love of children was delightful to witness. His niece, Miss Chevalier, presided over his house gracefully, and never seemed disturbed when he said to

her, perhaps two hours before dinner-time, 'Oh, I met So-and-so, and they are all coming to dinner.'

His hospitality was boundless, and he had a strong sense of humour, and was fond of reading to us humorous poetry (Calverly, etc.). He did not long survive our visit. He was an astronomer and mathematician. After leaving Durham Margaret and I went to Bowes, to Mrs. Highmoor's inn, and I got some trouting in the Greta, and sent a basketful to Canon Chevalier.

1870.—Exhibited 'Launcelot Gobbo' at the Royal Academy (Shylock and Jessica looking at L. Gobbo asleep after his dinner, a buzz of flies round his head. Shylock: 'He's a huge feeder, and he sleeps by day more than the wild cat'), for Mr. B. Peacock, Gorton Hall, Manchester.

In June I received a kind permission from Beresford-Hope (whom I had sat next to at the Royal Academy banquet) to fish in the famous stream at Dovedale, and to take with me two friends. We went (R. P. Barrow and Watters) to Hartington, where Hope's agent met us; and we were informed that it was a very special and unusual privilege, as the river was closed to fishermen during a fortnight of the may-fly season, as otherwise the slaughter of trout was too deadly. What sport we anticipated, as we sallied forth on the first morning! Alas, fishing is a precarious amusement! We found the river almost covered with may-flies, floating and fluttering down in little islands, but not a trout looked at them. Therefore there was no use in our trying to tempt

them when they refused to look at the natural flies. We soon found the reason. The farmers had been sheep-washing higher up the river, and the oily matter from the sheep's wool had sickened the fish for miles down. Friend Barrow, with his usual perseverance, fished on, and succeeded in catching two or three grayling, which I conclude are not so sensitive as trout. Watters returned to our inn, whence we heard the notes of his violin, with which he consoled himself for our disappointment on the river.

Arthur S. Cope was now about thirteen years old. He and Harry had been mostly educated by their brother-in-law, Rev. James Cornford, residing with him, but latterly had been at Norwich Grammar School. Finding that Arthur had a decided partiality for art, I took him home and sent him to Mr. Cary's Academy of Art (late Mr. Sass's) for a year, during which time he made good progress. Drawing to him seemed instinctive. Having thus laid a solid foundation in drawing, I sent him to school to Biebrich in Germany, for about two years, to learn modern languages; at the end of which time he returned home, and was under my care in art, and obtained his studentship at the Royal Academy from home. I had rather feared that, by two years of cessation from art study, he would have lost what he had acquired; but the contrary was the case, as I found that he had lost nothing, but could draw better than when he left off. He had really kept up his drawing by sketching his schoolfellows, to send

to their relatives, etc., and his master was so pleased with his drawings that he gave him many little privileges. In the autumn we went to our old quarters at Dorchester, alas! without the dear mother. In November Charlie and May left for Australia (on account of his lungs).

1871.—Exhibited: 1. 'Gentle and Simple,' a young lady (May) instructing a rustic family. The scene is the kitchen at Abinger, where the picture was painted. 2. 'Guy, the Bookseller, consulting Dr. Mead, President of the College of Physicians, as to the Plans of Guy's Hospital,' the architect in attendance. This picture was presented to Guy's Hospital (partly through the kindness of the Treasurer, Mr. Turner), where it still hangs in the board or dining-room.

1872.—Exhibited: 1. 'Oliver Cromwell and his Secretary, John Milton, receiving a Deputation seeking Aid for the Swiss (?) Protestants,' the subject suggested and commissioned by Mr. Cressingham, of Carshalton. 2. 'Contrast,' a child with fair hair (Nelly) nursing a black terrier; for Mr. White. 3. 'George Herbert educated at home by his Mother,' for Mr. Taylor Whitehead.

[The following letter gives some interesting details as to the first of these subjects:

'British Museum,
'July 27, 1871.

'MY DEAR COPE,

'I find the following passage in a letter of Nieuport, the Dutch Ambassador in England, to

the States General : " Some ministers and elders of sundry churches in London have been with the Lord Protector, and have petitioned, with many moving arguments, that his Highness would take to heart the mournful condition of the poor reformed inhabitants of some valleys of Piedmont ; for which he has thanked them, and declared that he was shocked in the highest degree at the inhuman cruelties which are practised there." The Ambassador himself had an interview with Cromwell, and urged his interference. Cromwell answered that " he was moved at it to his very soul, and that he was ready to venture his all for the protection of the Protestant religion, as well here as abroad ; and that he most readily with your High Mightinesses in this cause would swim or perish, trusting that the Almighty God would revenge the same," etc. I don't find mention of any envoy from the Protestants themselves. This subject seems a really good one, and if I might be so awfully impudent as to suggest a ridiculous idea of my own, I would propose, as you designed, that Milton should be present, and that Cromwell might be made to look with an appealing expression to him—or listening, if you please—as if they had already exchanged sentiments on the subject, or that Milton was speaking in their favour.

‘ Ever yours,

‘ E. A. BOND.

‘ You will find all you want historically in Thurloe's State Papers, vol. iii.]



"OLIVER CROMWELL AND HIS SECRETARY, JOHN MILTON, RECEIVING
A DEPUTATION SEEKING AID FOR THE SWISS PROTESTANTS."

(Original Sketch.)

In June I joined my friend Barrow in a fishing excursion to Canobie, Dumfriesshire. We lived at the inn, where we were most comfortable. Jack B—— was with us. We had fair sport, and on some days excellent, killing upwards of twelve pounds of trout each. Friend B—— was a keen angler, wading deep and working hard. He never used waders, and it was pleasant to see him, at the end of a day's fishing, coming in with wet clothes, and a fine girl, the daughter of our hostess, pulling off his blue worsted stockings and boots at the door. He then with bare feet paddled into the kitchen, where the girl dried his feet in front of the fire (like Ulysses and Euraclea), while the mother got him a glass of hot whisky and water; and when he was clothed in dry things and slippers, how rosy and benevolent he looked! There were miles of water and plenty of trout. While fishing up by the Linns (?), I found myself standing on a sort of dome-shaped rock, with fissures; where it had been upheaved; and, on further observation, I saw that the river had worn its way through the rocks, and on the opposite side there was displayed a section of the upheaved rock, showing accurately the various strata as clearly as if it had been sawn through. I afterwards made a rough sketch of the scene and gave it to Professor Prestwich, who told me it was a well-known instance of upheaval, and a very interesting one.

This reminds me of another discovery I made in the Tees below Romaldkirk. In a precipitous rock

(? limestone) I observed what seemed to me the well-marked impression of a large serpent indented in the rock. I made a cast in plaster of Paris of a portion of it, so that it looked like the body of the reptile, as the scales were perfect. I gave this to Professor Owen, who was pleased to have it. He told me that it was not a serpent, but a huge arm of a tree, and that it must have been carried down in a flood before the rocks enclosing it were formed, and previous to the coal formation. Part of the branch was entirely imbedded. It was on the left side of the river below Romaldkirk, where the stream is narrowed by rocks on either side.

1873.—Exhibited at Royal Academy : 1. 'Yes or No,' a girl kneeling at a table, in doubt what answer to return to a 'proposal.' 2. 'Gentle Craft,' a scene in a punt on the Thames : lovers fishing, children and boatmen in background ; for my friend Mr. Barrow. I think this picture was not the worst I have painted.

In June I was deprived of my dear daughter and playfellow, Margaret, by marriage with the Rev. A. Auchmuty.* This was the sequel of the adventure in 1867 at Long Wittenham, on the Thames, and accounted for the maiden's confusion. He had been the college chum at Oxford of my son Charles, and I believe the pair first met there at the Commemoration in 1865, when Margaret was staying at Lincoln College with the Rector and Mrs. Pattison, the year my son and his friend took their degrees.

* Scholar of Lincoln Coll., Oxon, and Newdegate prizeman, 1865.

He had been appointed to the Mastership of Lucton Grammar School, in Herefordshire, and the small living connected with it, a foundation by a Mr. Pierpont, a London citizen, whose statue fills a niche over the entrance, Hogarthian, with long periwig. Arthur and I accepted a kind invitation and joined my friend Armitage at Cowes, and had pleasant cruising with him in his yacht, the *Alerte*, mostly round the Isle of Wight, Torquay, etc. My son Charles and his wife returned from Australia.

1874.—Exhibited at Royal Academy: 'Taming the Shrew,' Petruchio reading and laughing, Katharina at table, indignant; servants removing dishes in background. Sold to J. Fielden, Esq., Dobroyd Castle, Todmorden.

Arthur and I again joined Mr. and Mrs. Armitage in the *Alerte*, and cruised to the Channel Islands, Brest, and along the French coast to Douarneney, La Croix Islands, and Port Louis; then by land to Quimper and Auray, and sailed down the river in a boat to Carnac. Back to the yacht, and crossed to Belle Isle. Then back to Concarneau, where we were detained some days by a calm; and at last set sail along the coast, anchoring one night at sea. Then made sail for the Isle of Wight in half a gale and a rough sea, but made Guernsey instead; anchored there, and sailed for England with a fair breeze the next day. It was a most enjoyable excursion in all respects. We arrived home about September 12.

1875.—'Home Attraction,' sent to Royal Academy; sold to J. Robinson, Esq., of Edenhurst,

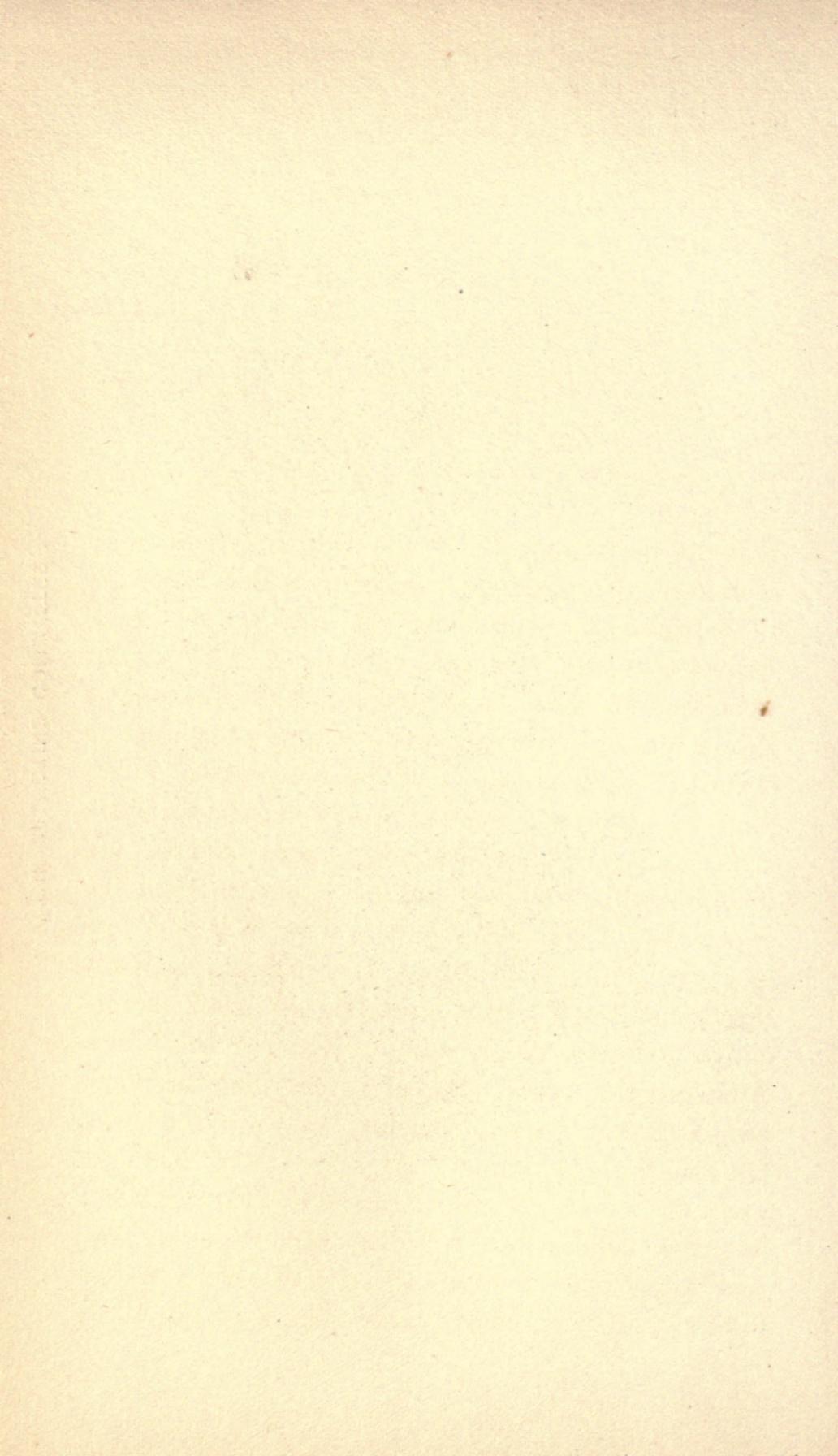
Sevenoaks. (I forget this picture.) I also sold to Mr. Bowles a small picture of Nelly at work, sitting at a window. Part of the price of this picture was contributed to a fund to help Mrs. Gerrard. Stayed with James Brand (for part of the time) while painting the Royal Academy Council picture (below).

1876. — Exhibited at Royal Academy a large picture of 'The President and Council of the Royal Academy sitting for the Selection of Pictures for the Annual Exhibition.' It contained portraits of members, the secretary, and carpenters, under Pattison, the foreman. The picture was purchased by my friend George Moore, and presented by him to the Royal Academy, where it hangs in the Council Room.



"THE SELECTING COMMITTEE."

(First Sketch.)



CHAPTER IX.

TRIP TO AMERICA.

HAVING been invited by the Royal Academy to represent them at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia as a juror on the fine arts, I took Arthur with me, and crossed over in May in the steamship *China*. A voyage across the Atlantic is always amusing, from the great variety of characters on board. The change that has taken place in our American cousins is marked mostly in their language and manners. They are much more sociable and talkative with strangers, and less exclusive than the untravelled John Bull, upon whom they seem to look with amused curiosity. In our ship's company there was also a great sprinkling of other nationalities going to Philadelphia as jurors or exhibitors. Amongst the latter who sat at our table at meals was a thorough good specimen of John Bull, with his nice little daughter. At first I took them for yachting people, but afterwards found that the father was the famous horticulturist, Mr. Waterer, who was taking over a large collection of rare camellias for exhibition—a hearty, jolly man, with good sea-

legs and a good appetite, and a sturdy defender of everything English, in opposition to Yankees, with whom he delighted to argue. At the same cabin-table was a Mr. Paget, juror on clothing machinery, a Swedish juror (a nice fellow), and a Bostonian lady and her niece. At first we were crowded, but after leaving Queenstown and getting into the Atlantic, empty spaces occurred at table, and we had more room. Some ladies never reappeared till we got to Boston.

I was amused at the contrast between British and American boys. A nice American lad, about eleven or twelve, seemed quite alone, so I talked to him and he got playful, until one day in joke I lifted him up and said, 'Would you like to have a swim over-board?' His manner changed, and he said, 'If you don't put me down, I'll stick my *knife* into *you*.' The poor lad's parents were ill, the mother in bed, and the father on deck near the warm engine-room in a sad plight. We had a fair passage, and I observed that when within two or three days of the American coast, most of the American passengers appeared in thick cloaks and warm wraps, as the weather got cold from the sea not being clear of winter ice from the North Pole. I found that no bathing begins before July is past. Mr. Waterer's political disputes were cut short by a sharp attack of gout, and his time was spent on a sofa in the chief engineer's cabin; and we, of course, looked after his daughter, walked her up and down the deck, and put her chair in sheltered places.

How interesting is the first view of a new continent! The bright, sunny buildings and the deep blue of sea and sky contrasted sadly with an approach to our dusky gray island, and Boston interested us also from recollection of the contests at Bunker's Hill, etc., in the American War. Near Boston an old lady reappeared on deck, and asked who I was, and why I was coming to Boston. I told her. 'Then,' said she, 'will you advise me what to do with some very fine works of art, mostly sculpture, which I have, but boxed up in a warehouse, and I want to sell them? Would you act as my agent?' She was very kind in giving me addresses of hotels and restaurants where I could dine not extravagantly, and particularly she told me to dine at the 'Equitable,' up eight stories high by a lift. We did so, and had a grand view of the harbour, etc., and were waited on by negroes for the first time. While standing on the flat roof, railed round, a gentleman and lady came up, and he asked me :

'Are you a Britisher?'

'Yes.'

'Wall then, I'll point out to you places connected with your whipping.'

And so he did, and it was very interesting to us. He told us, pointing with his finger, that in a certain window of a meeting-house a signal-light was shown as soon as the 'Britishers' departed, and that it would be repeated at various distances, so that the whole country might be prepared to resist us at any other place of our landing, and the American troops,

who were few in number, might be put along the coast for that purpose. He and his lady then invited us to stay a few days with them, and he would take us all about to places of interest ; yet these kind people did not know even our names. But we had to push on to our destination.

We went by the Fall River line ; took cars from Old Colony station, and embarked on one of their huge floating hotels for New York. It was delightful travelling. Each traveller had a separate little cabin. These ran all round the big ship, and were entered from the large central drawing-room saloon. Their windows looked seawards, and it was pleasant to lie in a snug little bed from which you could see the passing distant shore. The dining-saloon was below the drawing-room one. The furniture was luxurious, the carpets soft, making the footsteps noiseless. What one missed was an upper deck ! The only place for getting fresh air was a portion of the bows. We went to Philadelphia by railway, and put up at St. George's Hotel, very luxurious, but expensive (I think 4 dollars, *i.e.*, 16s., a day). Here we remained about a fortnight, when our fellow-traveller Paget told me that he had advertised in a daily paper (delivered gratis) for lodgings, and he had some fifty or more replies, and he gave us the bundle of answers in case we cared to choose from among them. The result was that we got board and lodgings with a private family ; for during that year our landlady told us the only way not to have your house filled with private

friends was to 'entertain strangers,' who were also more lucrative and less troublesome. They were kind people, and we were fairly comfortable, but the attendance was poor; and the temperature, during 'the heated term,' as they call it, perhaps made us fastidious, and we missed our luxuries at St. George's, where we had plenty of ice and heaps of strawberries at dessert, and where there were comparatively few flies. Here we could scarcely eat or sleep for them. Our bedrooms communicated by a door, and I was amused, on going to awake Arthur, to see only a sheeted human form, the only exposed part being his nose, on which sat and buzzed a crowd of flies. This was the first night. On the second, before Arthur went to bed, he opened wide his window and with a wet towel went whisking about, driving all his flies out of window and into my room. I, from bed, expostulated. 'Oh,' said he, 'when I have driven mine all out, I will also drive out yours.' He shut the door and began a performance for my benefit, and really almost cleared the room, and we then got some quiet sleep. Fine 'summer heat' has its disadvantages!

I need not describe the business part of our duties. The whole body of judges or jurors were first invited to meet the president of the exhibition, who made a long speech of 'welcome,' which was replied to by, I think, Sir C. Reed, the juror for education. Each section was then told off to its respective rooms in the judges' building. I was elected president for the fine arts. Our committee

was composed of representatives of all civilized peoples, speaking their own languages, but supposed to speak English also. We worked hard daily from nine to five, except an hour for luncheon. We each made a list of those pictures in any particular room agreed upon which we thought most worthy. Each then proposed, in turn, a work to be awarded a medal. A vote was then taken, and a result arrived at; and so on with each nationality. The secretary, Nichols, recorded the decisions. We got on harmoniously, on the whole. The only friction was between the Americans, who seemed to consider themselves rather advocates for painters of their own several States than judges. I remonstrated privately, and the reply was that, unless a juror fought hard for his own place, it would be resented when he returned home!

One day I received a visit in the judges' room from Miss Waterer, telling me that her father had been robbed in his lodgings of a large sum in greenbacks. Our secretary, Nichols, was having lunch at a table near, so I applied to him for advice. He said, 'Leave it to me to put into the hands of the police; the money will be restored, and if the thief is not found, they (the police) will be the losers.' All this being arranged, Miss Waterer, who had left, returned in haste to say that the money was all safe. She had found it in some pocket of the trousers her father had worn the day before. What a laugh we had! Mr. Waterer's landlady, a very handsome, tall woman, was furious. 'English-

men were so careless! The reputation of her boarding-house might be wrecked, and her servants' characters ruined.' My friend (as he became), Mr. Waterer, had very nice quarters in her large airy house, and we frequently sat with him in the cool evenings in 'the piäzer,' smoking and chatting, while the fire-flies flitted all around us.

We were joined occasionally by another boarder, a most interesting gentleman, also a 'judge'—I think, in agricultural matters. He was a man of large property in the Southern States, and had suffered greatly during the war between North and South. While discussing produce, he mentioned the fineness of the pigs in his country, and the wholesomeness and delicacy of their flesh, which he attributed partly to their superior food. In the autumn they mostly fed on peaches. I was surprised, but he added, 'They are almost wild peaches; I have about ten miles of them.' Mr. Waterer and he discussed farming matters, but I observed that Mr. Waterer was frequently silenced by the other's arguments. He was a man of gentle voice and manners, but profound, and one with whom one would wish to be intimate, politically as well as socially.

The duties of the judges' hall were pleasantly varied by the mid-day rest and the luncheons of excellent cold beef and light claret (the American beef is very superior, but not the mutton) on the extensive flat roof of a restaurant pleasantly shaded by a large awning, which admitted plenty of air but excluded the sun. Then there was a pleasant, cool

thatched Swiss luncheon - place, where everything was of milk or cream, ices, custards, etc., served by pretty Swiss girls.

It was a festive season in Philadelphia, and hospitalities were general. One of our committee, Mr. Claghorn, a banker, gave us frequent dinners. One day, while engaged in committee work, a card was brought up to me with the name 'Caleb Cope.' I went out and met a thin old gentleman with white hair, dressed in a gray suit. He told me that we had interchanged letters years before, and he had called on me to offer the hospitalities of his house. It was true; he had seen my name in art papers, and had wished to know if we were connected remotely. He had also sent an engraving of three 'brothers Cope.' Two were dead. Nothing came of it at that time, but it was the cause of our subsequent acquaintance and friendship in America. Would I come and stay at his country house at Chestnut Hill, about ten miles distant, to which there was a railway? I was too busy at the time, and too tired in the evenings to do aught but go early to bed; but I promised, when my duties were over, I would visit him.

I was then unwell and had to see a doctor, and when restored to health the doctor kindly insisted on driving Arthur and me up the lovely valley of the river Wizzahickon. He had a fine pair of horses, and a light open carriage with delicate thin wheels of lancewood. It was a long but delightful drive, and we arrived at Chestnut Hill rather late

for dinner, which was half over. We were received by the old gentleman most cordially, and he said :

‘Who is your friend who drove you? Will he not stay and dine, while the horses rest in my stables?’

I regretted that I had never heard his name, as he was my host’s family doctor, and they had sent for him ; I did not know. However, he was kindly bade to stay, and joined the party of six or eight, and they soon found they had mutual friends. Mr. Caleb had a very handsome young wife, a lady from the Southern States, and two sons. When the doctor’s horses came round, about eleven o’clock, I had an opportunity of asking him to let me know by letter the pecuniary amount of my debt to him.

‘Nothing,’ said he ; ‘I am proud to have been of any service to a Britisher,’ etc. And he was too positive to resist, and drove off in the dark laughing.

Oh, the pleasure of cool rooms in the fresh air of the country, and the being hushed to sleep by the waving murmur of the trees ! My bedroom was luxurious, with five windows and jalousie blinds, admitting air but excluding light. In the centre was a marble table, on which were wines and liqueurs, lemons, and a large block of ice. On the dressing-table were new brushes of all kinds, in their paper packets as they had arrived from the shops. On the bed were two very light gossamer blankets, and others hanging over the bed-rail to be added if necessary. All our linen requiring it was removed,

and reappeared next day washed and re-buttoned, and all seemed done without hands, for I saw no servant. I still had to go to committee work occasionally at the city by railway, and when I returned Mrs. Caleb would say, 'Now, go and refresh yourself and get rid of dust, and then join me in the piāzer.'

This ran round the house, so that there was always a shady side where it was cool. She was a sweet woman, with lots of talk, as, indeed, have all American ladies, and yet she was simple. She told me she had once been in England, and at Oxford she had 'met a very agreeable young man—did I know him?' 'Alas, no!' Mr. Caleb was a banker, but he often returned early and took us for a drive through pretty scenery. His coachman, a handsome Irishman, with a fine brown beard, had been through the wars with the Southern States. Although he could leave at any time, he had been with them for, I think, fifteen years. The women 'helps,' however, were constantly changing.

Mr. Caleb Cope's two sons used to have great romps with Arthur in the garden, 'fighting the Englishman,' as they called it. In a sort of park-like field, beyond the large garden, was a circular clump of fine trees, under which was a fountain of clear, ice-cold water, with seats around in the shade. This was also accessible to the public, and seemed much appreciated, but not abused, as such places are too often with us. We spent about a fortnight with these hospitable friends, and when we talked of

taking leave they would not hear of it. However, we were allowed to go on condition that we should return after our stay at the seaside, and Mr. Cope gave us a letter to the Quaker landlord of an hotel at 'Atlantic City' on the sea. It was a large hotel. No wine was allowed; finding which, some of our compatriots, 'judges,' left, as 'without champagne they could not dine.' I observed that most of the guests were Quakers—intelligent, healthy, strong-looking people.

The meals were excellent, and the service conducted by a staff of black waiters under the command of a chef, a very handsome, compactly-built man, in the finest linen and the smartest satin ties of primrose or pale blue, which set off his dark skin to advantage. I was interested in these black people. They were very zealous in their duties, and when dinner was over they all adjourned to some rough ground near the sea and played at rounders. They seemed a happy, contented, merry set, constantly singing and laughing. Their peculiar laugh, a sort of 'ugh, ugh,' seemed to come from deep chest recesses; and when one of them, while running after a ball, fell into a depression of the ground hidden by a bush of weeds, and his heels appeared above it in the air, the general laugh was contagious, in which the negro who had disappeared heartily joined when he rose, as his white teeth glittering in the sun showed us.

In the evenings there was a general parade of visitors on a walk above the track, and I was much struck by the beauty of girls about fifteen or sixteen

years old, who retained all the lissomness of youth with a developed womanly shape. They wore no bonnets, but some flimsy stuff over their heads, which fluttered in the sea-breezes. For bathing purposes the bathers undressed in fixed shelters lining the beach, from which they emerged and went across the sands in bathing costumes of all colours. It was a pretty sight. At our hotel, sitting in the piazza after early dinner was the custom. I was reading one day, when a pretty young girl came timidly up to me and said 'she was the bearer of an invitation to join some ladies who were desirous of knowing an Englishman.' I was alarmed, but followed her, and found myself seated amongst some eight or ten ladies. I underwent a searching examination into English politics, our opinions of Americans, games, society habits, dress, marriage engagements, and many other topics. I replied as well as I could, and they seemed interested, and were most courteous. After about an hour I got tired, and so I began to ask *them* questions. Amongst other things, I asked about the 'ranche life' in the Far West, two of the ladies being natives of those parts; and I had a most interesting account of their ways of living, and the extent of the various ranches. Some were many miles in extent. They had mostly Chinese servants; the cooks were always Chinese. The wages of their cooks were £50 a year, or even more; and they were very independent, having their own way in everything, otherwise they left.

I had also interesting talks with an aged couple, the parents of our host, who were on a visit. They wished to make me a Quaker! At first I was rather more than a match for the venerable old man, but on the second séance he was fortified by his wife, a most sweet-expressed old woman, in her becoming neat costume of folded muslin over her black dress. I happened to tell them that one of my earliest and best friends was a Quaker (or Friend), and so they were kindly disposed towards me. After a few days the husband came, armed with controversial books, extracts from which he read, and wished me to read others which he would lend me. This became serious, and I got off by saying I hated controversy, and as my stay was nearly at an end I had no time left. We took a tender farewell; we shook hands, and they regretted my departure, and the old man gave me his blessing. A venerable, kindly, good couple!

As the little town seemed raised out of the sea marshes, I asked about the water-supply, which was clear and soft, and was told that the basement under each house was one large cistern, filled in winter with rain-water, which lasted through the summer season. The wind usually blew from the land, but when from the sea the mosquitoes, which had been driven by the wind seawards, returned in swarms. They were the largest I had ever seen, and would bite through thick hairy trousers. The knee, while sitting, was the favourite point of attack.

We returned to our friends at Chestnut Hill for a

few days before leaving for England. Never did anyone receive greater hospitality and gentle kindness, and we left them with regret and the painful reflection that we should meet no more, as my friend was over eighty years of age and rather fragile, though lively. We corresponded for some years after we left, but at last this ceased, and I can but think sadly of the probable cause of the cessation.

When we had finished our duties as judges, and sent in our report, I was free, and we started for Niagara Falls, stopping for a couple of days at Watkins' Glen, a romantic gorge with a stream through it. The hotel was delightfully quiet. The meals were served in an ornamented out-building on the other side of the ravine, approached by a bridge over the chasm. The servants were all very pretty girls in quiet uniforms. In manners they were ladylike, courteous, but perfectly self-possessed and quiet, invulnerable to the wiles of 'Arry.' We were not able to get on the whole distance, as there was no train on Sunday, and we had to remain two days at Elmira, although only two or three hours from Niagara. Here I was unwell from a slight touch of sunstroke. The landlord said I must see a doctor, as I might have an infectious disorder, and he was bound by law in that case to decline my company! A young man came, regretted that his father was away, but said that he was competent as a medico. He stethoscoped me! I told him it was my head, which I could not raise. So he sat down

and asked about England. Then he got up and looked at my tongue.

‘Ah,’ said he, ‘that’s the mischief! Quite discoloured.’

(I had been eating a few blackberries.) He sent me something to cool me, and as soon as I could raise my head, with Arthur’s help, I got up, and we departed.

We spent four or five days at Niagara, which daily more and more impressed us. Arthur went under the American fall, having changed his clothes for oilskin cap and coverings, on which the spray rattled as he picked his way over the rocks. I was too heated to venture, as it was towards evening, and the guide said the sun was too low to dry my clothes. Arthur made some sketches. I was astonished at the verdure, and the large size of the leaves on the trees, ‘I guess’ caused by the constant spray and hot sun. Rambling above the Falls, I met a stalwart Britisher, and we joined company in a stroll—a most intelligent man. There were other English ‘judges’ in the hotel: Mr. W. H. Barlow (for motors) and family, and a Mr. Isaac Watts (for cotton yarns), who was generally thirsty, and greatly appreciated sherry-cobblers, gin-sling, etc.

We went by steamer down Lake Ontario, a still, quiet expanse with no features of interest, on board which I met my companion of Niagara, and we chummed together. He was in command of our artillery in Canada. Also there were the wife and child of the Governor of Canada, with whom we

conversed. The Colonel discoursed strongly upon the absolute necessity of closer union between England and her colonies; and when I said it was a subject not in my line, he told me it was the duty of every intelligent Englishman to urge its necessity on every possible occasion.

We touched at Toronto, and slept at Montreal. On coming down the St. Lawrence River we were steered by a grand old fellow, a native Indian. We passed Indian villages composed of small hut-like houses in streets, each with its village church with shining tin steeple. The 'rapids' required good steering through the boiling whirlpools, which caused the ship to whirl round and roll unpleasantly, but this was corrected by the rudder. On board we had a round-bodied comic jester, dressed in black, who described the scenery, etc. He said the Indians lived by fishing and poaching, and also by thieving. The women made moccasins and other articles with grass, beads, and feathers. We met with some of them at our hotel at Montreal. They were rather good-looking, copper-coloured, with black, straight hair and glittering black eyes. I regret not to have gone on to Quebec and tried to realize Wolfe's achievements, his climb up the steep hill, and battle on the Heights of Abraham. From Montreal we went, by Lake Champlain and Lake George, to Saratoga through a splendid country.

Saratoga is a town of large hotels. Ours, a principal one, is a type of most of them. The place was a large hollow square. On each side were

splendid dining and drawing rooms, each occupying one whole side of the quadrangle. In the centre was a garden, with large trees, and in it was an assembly room for balls, as well as a separate building for private 'families with children' and nurses. The drawing-room had every luxury in couches, etc., of silk and velvet damask, carpets of the softest texture and richest colours, so that there was perfect stillness and quiet peace. The dining-hall had separate tables, and about sixty or more negro waiters attended. While you dined, you were gently fanned to keep off flies. The very offices, lavatories, etc., were of cedar panelling. What our most modern hotels are I know not, but I never saw such refined luxury. In the ball-room was a large allegorical picture by a great French artist, and a splendid band of musicians. I need not mention halls for writing, newspapers, etc.; there was a post-office in the entrance hall, and everything was conducted with absolute privacy and quiet. Of course we imbibed a little of the famous Saratoga spring water, served out in glasses from a circular marble table in a garden. We left early in the morning, and had breakfast in the dining-room at one end, while at the other were gathered the whole body of black waiters, sitting in circles, and being catechized by a major-domo on their duties. He stood in the centre, and popped questions to each, but not in turn. It was an amusing scene. They seemed like children, and answered questions eagerly.

From thence to Albany, and down the beautiful river Hudson in a palatial steamer to New York. Here again met our friends the Waterers, and after two or three days got berths on board the steamship *Scythia* for England, where we arrived on July 29, making the 3,055 miles to Liverpool in ten days. The ship was crowded, mostly by Americans. In the deck saloon card-playing was going on during the whole time, and it was said that large sums were lost at euchre, and that an American 'colonel' had been 'cleaned out.' No wonder, as he was always drinking spirits! Some better-disposed Americans thought proper to interfere, and complained to the captain, telling him that he ought not to permit such proceedings. The captain interfered, and there was a row. He threatened to turn out the lights. He did not prevail, the principal loser declaring that, although he was cleaned out, he didn't care; he'd 'win it back some day.' One gentleman from Indiana offered to fight anyone who interfered. He was drunk, and was led away to his cabin by force.

I met on board an American Bishop of Rhode Island, Dr. T. Marsh Clark, D.C.L., Oxon, with whom I had much talk, and became intimate. He was a liberal and large-minded man. He gave me a book on religion, of his own writing. On Sunday he conducted a service, and his sermon was admirably discreet, addressed as it was to all classes, Christians and infidels, so that even the latter were impressed and respectful. A large ship is well adapted for

studying varieties of character. Arthur also made friends on board. He had sketched some passengers, and this got wind, so that he was asked to draw portraits of individuals for themselves, and had more than one pressing invitation to visit them in the States in return for his kindness. The weather being fine, there was no illness, and the decks were thronged with perambulators. At Liverpool the captain received a presentation purse and a round of hearty cheers from the passengers.

[My father told us the following little anecdote of the voyage, either outward or homeward. One day the steward came up to him and said :

‘ Beg your pardon, sir, but are you Mr. Cope ?’

‘ Yes.’

‘ Well, then, if you wouldn’t think it a liberty, I would like to ask if you are any relation to the *great* Cope ?’

‘ I don’t know. Who is he ?’

‘ You don’t know, sir ! Why, the great tobacconist at Bristol, sir.’

My father replied that he regretted he was not.

In a ‘ Lecture delivered before the Royal Academy of Arts by C. W. Cope, Esq., R.A., upon the subject of his visit to the International Exhibition at Philadelphia, 1876,’ of which only the shorthand writer’s copy remains, he gives a good deal more information about the business part of his visit, omitted in his later narrative. Of this lecture, the *World* wrote : ‘ If Mr. Cope, R.A., would print and circulate the lecture he recently delivered to a select

audience at the Royal Academy, he would confer a favour upon the public. The graphic sketch which he gave of his experience as a "judge" at Philadelphia was equal to any of his pictures. Nothing that has ever been said is more condemnatory of the system of testing artistic merit which prevails at international exhibitions. Mr. Cope's sketch of the stout and rich gentleman who was chosen to preside over the fine arts jury has touches equal to Dickens. His exposure of the "smartness" displayed by some of his associates had all the effect of a comedy combined with truth. It is the more important that the result at Philadelphia should be understood by the public, because something of the same sort may be repeated at Paris next year, unless it be settled beforehand that none of the artists are to receive medals, and that all the pictures sent are to be viewed on their merits. A work of art should not be degraded to the level of a sewing-machine or a pianoforte.']

CHAPTER X.

THE 'LECTURE.'

A MEMBER of the Council of the Royal Academy, who, I gladly take this opportunity of remarking, is always patriotic and takes a large and generous view of the interests of the public, suggested that the Royal Academy ought to take some steps to induce the Government to carry out the proposals of the American Commissioners. The expenses were so heavy, and the risk so great, that unless the English Government would pay the expenses of the transit there and back, with freightage and insurance, the probability would be that British art would not be represented. We waited upon the President of the Council and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and after a colloquy they listened to our request ; and the result was that they agreed to defray all the expenses and insure the pictures, so that by that action, which is entirely due to the proposition of the Royal Academy, British art was well represented at Philadelphia. A committee of selection was appointed, and they applied to the Queen and to owners of private pictures ; and, upon the whole, as

good an exhibition of British art was got together as was ever the case in any international exhibition. In fact, I went round several times with the judges of award, and they said they had seen no collection that made such an impression upon them as that of Philadelphia. It is to be regretted that there were many omissions, but I speak of it as a whole ; and the judges said they thought it highly honourable to British art. The German Commissioner especially, who is a hearty man, and, as I am told, a good painter, constantly said to me, 'I should like to see your English pictures.' I said there were good pictures in every place—some good and some bad ; but he said, 'They are all well made'—that was his expression for well done—'I should give them all medals.' I just mention him, among others, as expressing an opinion about the quality of the works that were sent.

The next thing was to select judges, and I was persuaded by my colleagues to go as judge for England, with Mr. Graham. We went out in a Cunard steamer. . . . I formed one or two acquaintances which I shall always remember with great pleasure. Amongst them were three American missionaries, one from Beyrout, one from Nineveh, and one from Lebanon ; three more intelligent men I never met with. . . . On the 24th of May we arrived at Philadelphia, at which time we were expected to assemble in a committee-room. Notice had been given to that effect. We arrived there at twelve o'clock on the 24th. There were about

thirty-five committee-rooms, of which No. 27 was for the painting group. Before being shown these rooms, we all assembled in a grand hall. I suppose the number of judges there must have been two hundred and fifty or three hundred. At the end of the room, under the American flag, of course—I should say there must have been two or three hundred thousand flags in Philadelphia—General Goshorn, the Director-General, made an address to the judges; and a very good, manly address it was. It reminded us of our duties, of the privileges we should enjoy while we were there, of the warm welcome we should receive, and he also gave us all a hearty welcome. He said, ‘We intend to make you very comfortable and very happy, and I hope you will find when you leave that you have received a very good impression of the jollity and hospitality of the people in our country.’ The extremely hot weather interfered with our festivities, which, however, took place after the judges had taken their leave.

The chairman wished that we should all be introduced to each other; so he wrote the name of every judge of award, and the judge was expected, when his name was called, to stand up, so that everybody might see him. It was very amusing to see the variety of manner with which men heard their names called out. This went on for a considerable time, and then we had a glimmering notion of who people were. General Goshorn then invited us to luncheon; a band played ‘Yankee Doodle’ and other sublime airs, and then we marched off to a neighbouring

restaurant, the band meantime playing 'God save the Queen.' After lunch were various speeches, toasts and so forth.

Next day we went to business, and had our first meeting of the fine arts committee. We found that the group of judges in the fine arts consisted of seven Americans and thirteen foreigners—twenty altogether. We met and discussed certain principles, and became a little acquainted with each other. I may as well describe a little who we all were. Among the Americans was first a gentleman—a very stout old gentleman, very rotund, very jolly. He was a great banker; and he had the largest private collection of engravings I ever saw. He had been instrumental in building the new edifice belonging to the fine arts. There were two painters, one from Boston, the other from New-haven; then came three writers or soldiers—I could not make out which—and a professor of a medical college. It was suggested that the banker should be our chairman, and I was asked by one of the Americans whether I would mind proposing him. I said, 'Not at all; you know what his qualifications are, and if you recommend him, I have no doubt that he is a very fit man.' He then became the chairman of our group. He then said he thought Mr. Nichols (a very clear-headed, intellectual man) would make a good secretary, and he was accordingly appointed. So we had a chairman and secretary, and then we went into committee. The foreign Commissioners were all very nice men. The Com-

missioners for England were myself and Mr. Peter Graham, who is connected with the firm of Jackson and Graham, and he was a judge of furniture and decorative work. From Germany there was Schlessinger, a painter, and Dr. Vogel, a photographer; from France, Emile Saintin; from Sweden, Dardel, an inspector of buildings; from Norway, Arbó; from Spain, Count Donadio; from Italy, Santardini and De Sanctis; from Austria, Costenoble; from Denmark, Dahlerup; and from the Netherlands, Van Beest, a painter, and a very jolly man, but he did not appear till all was over.

The first difficulty which we had was with respect to the laws by which we were to be guided, and the regulations, stating that all the medals awarded were to be equal bronze medals, and that every medal should be accompanied with the reasons why the medal was given by the proposer, and countersigned by the rest of the committee. This report, or certificate, was intended to be of great use, because it would enable those who had produced extraordinary things to advertise them. After these were read over, we very soon found out that practically it would be impossible to give such a certificate in the case of pictures. Each was asked why he would give a medal. One said the colour was bad—he would give the medal for the design, and not for the colour; so that although we could all agree that such and such a work was a good one, we could not at all agree why. This occasioned a great deal of discussion and argument, but at last it

was decided that it should be merely a general certificate for excellence in art. Then we found that to give equal bronze medals was really doing nothing; and I took advantage of a suggestion made to me by the Italian gentleman, when we were discussing what was historical painting and what was landscape. It occurred to me that we might divide the pictures into classes, and I suggested that if we had three or four different classes we should simplify matters very much; and after a great deal of interesting discussion, it was unanimously agreed that, instead of giving one uniform bronze medal, we should give medals to classes of pictures; and it was distinctly intended that a medal in the highest class of art should be more worth receiving than a medal in a lower class. For instance, a picture of a grand historical subject, nobly treated, showing great learning and equal art merit, is much more deserving than a picture of a poppy on the side of a wall, which, after all, is only a poppy. And in that way we flattered ourselves that we got over a difficulty, and instead of giving first, second, and third class medals, we wished it to be understood that a class in historic, sacred, or poetic art was of higher value than still life.

Having generally discussed these questions, we then set to work. The ground we had to go over was very considerable. We had painting, sculpture, decoration, stained glass, photography, wood engraving, etching, in fact, half a dozen other things, and the amount of labour we had before us was something alarming, especially during that hot weather;

so that we subdivided ourselves into committees, each committee having its own secretary. The committee on painting consisted of ten, of whom I was selected chairman. Some extracts from the report which I wrote to the Government on the adjudication of the award will give the clearest idea of our method of working.

‘At the first meeting of the committee of “judges,” it was determined to subdivide the group into six classes: 1, sculpture; 2, painting; 3, engraving and lithography; 4, photographs; 5, industrial designs, models, and decoration; 6, decoration with ceramic and vitreous materials, mosaic and inlaid work. By this proceeding progress was facilitated, and judges were selected according to their fitness as “experts” in the respective classes. They were empowered to propose awards of medals. These awards were afterwards submitted to a committee of the whole group, and required confirmation by a majority of signatures in support of the name proposed. Thus a certain amount of responsibility for the award made rested on each individual judge. I will now make a few remarks upon the class of painting to which I was appointed, and of which I was elected chairman. At the very outset of our labours, it was generally agreed that the regulations prescribed by the Director-General for the award of “equal” bronze medals, accompanied in each case by a certificate, descriptive of the particular merits of each work, were inapplicable to works in the fine arts. It was soon found that it was impossible to get a

jury to agree upon the exact reasons (which, indeed, are often undefinable) for preferring one work of art to another.

‘ In a mechanical invention such a description is both possible and useful, and is to the inventor of great pecuniary value ; but this is not the case in works of fine art, the peculiar merits of which, like the scent of a flower, cannot be so easily defined. It was therefore resolved to omit, in the case of pictures, any particular description or “ reasons,” and to substitute instead a general expression of “ excellence in art.” Another difficulty presented itself at the outset. It was felt that the high qualities of mind, the elevation of treatment, the correctness of design, and frequently the learning, necessary to produce a great work of art, were very different from those required for the representation of “ still life,” or for those reproductions which require little effort beyond patience or technical skill. After considerable discussion it was resolved unanimously to divide “ painting ” into “ grades,” so that, while the general principle of “ equal ” medals was retained, the distinction of gaining a medal in the most elevated branches of art would be greater than that of obtaining one in the least difficult. Painting was therefore divided into these following heads : 1, poetic, religious, or historic ; 2, genre, or scenes of familiar life ; 3, portraits ; 4, landscape and marine ; 5, animals and still life. The question was asked whether the “ judges,” in recommending these awards, were to be influenced by, or make

allowance for, the comparative youth of a nation, *e.g.*, the empire of Brazil or Canada? The director replied that the judges were to regard merit alone, and in no degree to consider nationality.

‘The system adopted by the sub-committee on painting was as follows: Each member proposed in turn the name of a painter, and the work to which a medal should be awarded; a vote was then taken, which was decided by a majority of votes, the chairman not having a casting-vote. These general principles being decided on, the various sub-committees commenced and continued their labours, meeting daily to record votes. The whole group met in committee from time to time to receive the reports of the sub-committees, and to confirm or reject the awards proposed. This was continued, “*de die in diem*,” until the pictorial matter was considered exhausted; but in order to avoid any possible unfairness or accidental neglect, it was agreed to re-examine the whole collection and meet again, when each member had the privilege of either re-proposing former names which had been unfortunate, or naming new ones. A final report was then agreed to, and the committee passed a resolution “to adjourn.” The judges consisted of eight painters, two sculptors, one architect, one photographer, one inspector-general of buildings, one director of fine arts, one employed in industrial design and decoration, and four “lay element” representatives (a banker, authors, etc.). The comparative number of medals awarded to each nation for painting is as

follows : United States, 13 ; Austria, 7 ; Belgium, 2 ; England, 13 ; France, 16 ; Germany, 7 ; Italy, 4 ; Netherlands, 6 ; Norway, 3 ; Spain, 6 ; Sweden, 2.'

Our little committee began to meet with some slight difficulties. Towards the conclusion of our labours one of the artists connected with New York said :

' I have had a telegram. I must go away.'

I said : ' I am very sorry for it ; I hope nothing has happened at your home.'

He said : ' I hope not.'

He did not come back for four or five days, and when he came back he seemed as if he wanted to say something of importance. I must say he was most kind and pleasant to me, but at last I said to him :

' I hope it is no domestic misfortune that has called you away ?'

' No,' he said, and then he began to warn me of the doings of our secretary, and he said : ' He is laying his pipes underground, and leading you all astray.'

Well, he began by saying that the work he was doing in his absence should be considered, and that he should be allowed to have an equal number of nominations as the others, otherwise he would be losing his privilege. . . . We pointed out that it was not a privilege, but a duty, that two or three of the members of the committee had not arrived at all, and were we to go over all the ground again when they came in ? But the end of it was he utterly failed. He made a

great many other difficulties, and we soon found that our jolly chairman, although a most benevolent old gentleman, and a giver of splendid banquets, never had been round the galleries! To show the sort of man he was, he proposed we should meet at three o'clock twice a week. We reminded him that we had to get home, but he said :

‘No, you must stay till October.’

We had one day of general inspection, and the Commissioners allowed us a Sunday. This old gentleman fell fast asleep and never went round the place. He put every obstacle in the way of our coming to a conclusion; however, we went on, and in the end the chairman said he thought the committee had come to a somewhat hasty conclusion, and that some works ought to have been awarded medals which had received none. And at last he said :

‘Well, gentlemen, you cannot go away without General Walker’s leave.’

We asked whether there was anything which we had omitted to look at, and we were told :

‘Yes, there is a School of Art of Philadelphia; they have sent the most beautiful things in the whole place, and to omit any reference to them would be doing a gross injustice.’

He also said that there had been great complaints that we had neglected Mexican art, and two members were deputed to go and inquire. These gentlemen went out and were absent about half an hour, and then came back in a terrible state of heat and

discomfort, and said, 'We have been in Mexico.' . . . Four photographs were all the work! Then, as we could not do anything else we adjourned, *sine die*, about the end of June. . . .

After my return home I received a letter which I was not at all unprepared for from the secretary of the British Commissioners, Mr. Trendell, who was in all respects as kind and as obliging a man as I ever met with. This is the letter of August 15 :

'DEAR MR. COPE,

'A matter of very great difficulty and delicacy has arisen in connection with the fine art awards, and, at General Walker's express wish, I write to you immediately on the subject. It is right that I should say, at the outset, that I am quite certain there is the strongest feeling among the chief executive of the exhibition, and more especially on the part of General Walker, that in no case should there be even the semblance of discourtesy to yourself. It is proposed by the Centennial Commission—the supreme body here—to extend the area of the awards in the fine art group, without, of course, making the slightest change in the specific awards made by the sub-committee on painting, of which you were chairman. Thus, instead of eighty awards, it is proposed that there should be some such larger number as two hundred. General Walker states that in several groups the proportion of awards is twenty-five to thirty per cent., while in the painting

group it is, at present, not four per cent. The initiative in this new action proceeded, I am informed, from the unanimous feeling of nine of your colleagues who are still in Philadelphia, who expressed themselves as conscious that many meritorious pictures were necessarily excluded since the number of awards was so limited. The General Direction coincided in the view taken, being anxious to recognise elements of good work as well as distinct excellence. They felt that for over three thousand paintings two hundred awards cannot be considered excessive, and it is assumed that the fine arts committee unintentionally somewhat misinterpreted the spirit of the system on which it was desired they would act, by circumscribing so much their awards. I should mention here that both Count Donadio and Mr. Schlessinger left letters with General Walker, expressing their opinion that the scope of the awards ought to be extended, and stated that the only reason why they have not taken part in the further examination was that, as they had been members of the painting committee, and had acquiesced, though against their judgment, in the limitation of the awards to eighty, they felt now a delicacy in joining their colleagues in further action.

‘General Walker feels himself in a dilemma. It seems to be a case in which the lesser of two evils ought to be taken—on the one hand, strongest feeling aroused by the paucity of fine art medals; on the other, the unhappy necessity for acting in the

absence of yourself, the chairman of the committee for painting. General Walker emphatically repeated to me to-day that your absence, in the decision of this delicate question, has been specially felt, and he is most anxious to be assured that you are of opinion that the course taken has been the best possible under the circumstances. I fear I have not been a very lucid chronicler of this complication. You will understand, of course, that the foreign Commissioners whose countries have few awards, and who have managed at this date to ascertain the fact, are very irate. Two medals only to Belgium is severely felt, so that General Walker has literally been on the horns of a dilemma.

‘ Believe me, etc ,

‘ A. J. R. TRENDALL.

‘ Charles W. Cope, Esq., R.A.’

To this I replied as follows :

‘ DEAR MR. TRENDALL,

‘ I am not at all surprised to hear that a sharp pressure has been brought to bear upon the Centennial Commissioners, and that they have augmented very considerably the number of awards in the section of the fine arts. There are two principles : one, to give medals only to high and unquestionable excellence ; the other, to give them to average merit. Both these principles were fully and fairly discussed in committee, and it was decided by a majority—a large one, I believe, speaking only

from memory—to adopt the first. It was felt that the amount of average merit in the pictures exhibited was very great, and that, if the judges lowered the standard beyond a certain point, the medals must be distributed broadcast, and the honour of gaining a medal would be nil. The principle adopted by the resolution of the committee was adhered to in the award of the medals, although the actual number given slightly exceeded that which had at first been approximately suggested. Towards the conclusion of our labours it was evident that the principle of upholding a high standard had operated to the disadvantage both of nations and of individuals, and that national pride, as well as private friendship, was offended. You mention the case of Belgium, but it is notorious that the names of many of the most excellent painters of that distinguished school are absent. The fault, therefore, was that Belgium had not contributed more worthily. The partiality of private friendship for individual painters was also offended. This, of course, was inevitable. My own opinion is that (although I thought England was hardly treated, and expressed this view in committee), with very few exceptions, the best pictures had been selected, and very few left out. At the same time, it should be mentioned that, in order to avoid any accidental injustice, opportunity was afterwards given to each member to repropose names already rejected. Of course, an adverse decision by the committee did not change the opinion of the proposer; the decision was bowed to,

though not acquiesced in. But I repeat that these cases were comparatively very few, and by no means justify such a great extension as that now sanctioned. I cannot, however, but regret that the principle of selection adopted by the committee has not been adhered to, though I have no doubt that the course now acted upon will be more popular.

‘ Please to thank General Walker for his kind and courteous consideration for myself as chairman, and tell him that I have little doubt his action will contribute to the satisfaction of many of the exhibitors, and prevent many jealousies and heart-burnings, even if it lowers the honour of gaining medals. You know my private opinion about medals, which is also that of most Englishmen—they are a mistake in works of fine art. England gives none, wishes for none ; and I think it will be found that the best painters in all countries will more and more abstain from contribution to international exhibitions. They will not submit their well-earned fame to be imperilled by the exhibition of, perhaps, unimportant specimens. As a possible instance of this tendency, I may remark on the conspicuous absence of the best painters of the French school from the present exhibition. I extremely regret, as you are aware, that I had not the power of withdrawing most, if not all, the English pictures from competition ; and I ascertain, since my return home, that some of the contributors whom I happened to have met had entirely forgotten the question of medals, and that they had

borrowed pictures to send to Philadelphia, simply from a desire to respond to the invitation of the British Government, and with a generous wish that England should be worthily represented. One good result, in my opinion, may follow from the action of the Centennial Commission in setting aside the decision of the committee in favour of a wider distribution, whereby mediocrity will be gratified and the honour of gaining medals reduced. When medals are no longer valued, it is to be hoped that their administration will cease, and that the time will come when men will exhibit "all for love, and nothing for reward."

‘ Believe me, etc.,

‘ C. W. COPE.’

Belgium had scarcely any pictures. We went round several times and found none of the great masters. We were briefly informed that the Belgian dealers in their pictures objected to their going to America, and it was not the interest of the dealers to send them. The same remark applies to the French pictures, and I think it will be found so more and more. The great painters will not send their works abroad for the sake of getting medals, and the medals only give offence without gratifying anybody. After all this happened, I received a letter from our secretary, Mr. Nichols, a distinguished soldier, as well as a good writer—altogether a very clever man. I received first of all a copy of the *Nation* newspaper, and in it there was a letter which

I suspected to be written by Mr. Nichols, because I saw his initials at the end, and he afterwards told me it was his writing :

‘ To the Editor of the *Nation*.

‘ SIR,

‘ I desire to make public the facts with regard to the awards which have been given to paintings by the executive committee of the Commission of the Centennial Exposition. A statement of this kind seems necessary because of inaccurate stories which have been told, and in justice to the judges of the painting committee, and especially to the foreign judges, who returned to their native countries with the confident belief that their report would be respected by the Exposition Commission. The larger part of the awards in painting reported by the Exposition authorities were not recommended by the regular committee.

‘ The history of this business is as follows :—In Group 27 there were some twenty-eight classes of objects. The judges selected to recommend awards to these classes numbered twenty gentlemen, a large proportion of whom were foreigners. When the group came together and was organized, the work of recommending awards was assigned to committees. There were nine judges chosen for painting, six for sculpture, three for photography, and so on. All of these were selected because of their special fitness for the tasks imposed. The

nine judges who formed the committee on painting were a body of experts of high character and rare capacity for the delicate and arduous labours which belonged to that class. These judges were: Messrs. Charles West Cope, R.A., of England; Carl Schlessinger, Germany; J. Emile Saintin, France; Count of Donadio, Spain; Frank Hill Smith, F. Weir, and George Ward Nichols, United States; Guglielmo de Sanctis, Italy; Kruseman van Elten, who acted in the place of F. E. Heemskerck Van Beest, Netherlands. At the first meetings of the judges in Group 27 an attempt was made to fix the number of awards in the class of painting. Another subject of great importance was fully discussed, and it was unanimously agreed that the plan for making awards as proposed by the Commission could not altogether be put in practice in painting and sculpture.

‘ At the beginning of the sessions of this committee information was asked of the Chief of the Bureau if the question of nationality was to be considered in recommending awards. The answer came that the merit of the work was to be the only consideration. In obedience to this rule, governed by this principle, for every day for nearly four weeks the judges were at work, sometimes holding two sessions each day, all the while examining, making notes, discussing, and deciding. These decisions were singularly free from national or personal bias. It was intended that, while the awards might be few in number compared with

other expositions, they should be valued because they were deserved. In each case the award was made by a vote of the majority of the committee. On several occasions it was said, "We have given enough awards. If we pass beyond such and such a degree of merit, all distinctions will be lost, and the awards will have as little value as those given at Vienna or Paris." Finally, by an almost unanimous vote, they did halt, and although the effort was subsequently made by one or two members of the committee to reopen the lists, it was refused, and the committee made its final report to the entire group. This report was accepted, and the awards were signed by the individual judges and endorsed by the signatures of a majority — eleven — of the other judges of the group. Subsequently the other committees made their reports, which were also accepted. The group, having finished its work, asked the Commission to be discharged. They were told that they could have leave of absence, but that a final discharge could not be granted at that time. The group then made its final report, adjourned, and all its books and papers were formally placed in the office of the Chief of the Bureau of Awards. With the exception of two or three, whose duties as Commissioners kept them at Philadelphia, the judges separated and went to their homes — in Italy, France, England, or elsewhere. Several weeks after this the Chief of the Bureau, on behalf of the chairman of Group 27, issued a call to such of the judges as were in this country to

meet at Philadelphia. The object of this call was to have more awards given to paintings. There was not at that time in the United States a quorum of the group, and several of the judges who were here refused to attend, recognising only the authority of the Commission to reassemble them. At the meeting held in response to this call there were eight persons present. A committee from this body was informed by General Goshorn that "further recommendations for awards in painting would be considered." Whereupon a committee of three was appointed—not one of which had served on the regular painting committee—to make out a new list of awards in painting. Two of this committee were from the United States, one from the Netherlands, and two of them did not report presence until the very last meeting of the group. The only other two members of the regular painting committee present at the meeting refused to serve in this extraordinary scheme, and protested formally against it. In the case of the German judge this action was more significant, as he was one of the minority who had in his committee favoured giving more awards. The committee appointed at the above-named meeting reported to the Commission some 128 names in addition to the 85 which had been regularly acted upon. The Commission confirmed the entire 128.'

A list follows, and then the letter goes on :

'The following table will show the distribution of awards relative to the different nations by the

regular committee, which consisted of experts from all the great nations, and also the same distribution, so far as is known to me, by the other committee, who were citizens of only two or three nations :

	First Award.	Supplementary.	Total.
United States	13	28	41
France	17	19	36
England	14	10	24
Belgium	2	13	15
Netherlands	7	24	31
Spain	6	2	8
Germany	10	12	22
Austria	6	7	13
Italy	4	0	4
Sweden	2	0	2
Russia	4	3	7
Norway	3	0	3
Mexico	0	2	2
Brazil	0	1	1

‘ G. W. N.

‘ Cincinnati, *October*, 1876.’

Now, with reference to the Netherlands, I may say that the Dutch Commissioner arrived when it was all over, and he said, ‘ The more medals you give, the better they will be pleased ; you must give a great many more.’ And it is evident that he is one of those gentlemen who have been at the bottom of this scheme for increasing the number of awards. One of the New York artists told me, ‘ Whatever you do, it is no matter to me ; I shall

stand well with all the New York artists if they know I have made a good fight.' Then they give two supplementary awards to Mexico, and one to Brazil. Under the first award there was nothing. The Emperor of Brazil was there, and he was very anxious that the infant art of Brazil should be encouraged, and a great deal of pressure was put upon the Commissioners to give medals; but merit was our guide, and if we went by any other rule, we might be going on giving medals now. The jolly chairman made a speech, and he said there was a great painter who was called the American Rubens, and he had not been awarded a medal. However, not a single member of the committee would propose his name, and yet this was one of the grounds of the offence that was taken. I know no more of the matter than that there has been an enormous increase in the number of medals given, but I have had a letter from a friend of mine since, and being very much connected with art, he gives the opinion in America. He says:

'Doubtless you have read an account of the concluding ceremonies of the exhibition. There has been a good deal of animadversion indulged in as regards the judges' decision, especially those made on appeal. I see one of the German officers calls the second tribunal a "stump jury." Indeed, as I told you, when you were exercising the duties pertaining to your official position, it was one that unavoidably brought with it "more cuffs than coppers.'" Then he goes on to say that the pre-

vious Commissioner had got them into such difficulties, that they had life-long troubles in consequence of it. Then the secretary's letter gives me a little insight into who the people were, and he says it is a disgraceful business, and has been so declared by the press, and so on. . . .

One curious feature of American art is, that it is nearly all in some degree like some other art; some pictures are Venetian, some Belgian, or other styles, and there is a want of originality. That, however, must be the case in all young countries. The artists go abroad; they are fond of other countries, and naturally reproduce the scenery, while they do not produce much of the scenery of their own country. There is very little of national American art: the only national art consists of their landscapes. They are enormous in size, and the scenery is so grand that one does not wonder at the artists trying to represent it; but they have the same characteristics which some of the Swiss landscapes have—the art is wanting; there is none of the delicate feeling with which one is familiar in other schools, and they have not learned a perfect art-language. This shows that no amount of fine scenery in nature will produce in itself good pictures, unless the artist's mind is brought to bear upon the subject, and the thing is done with good taste.

* 'The French school of painting was inadequately represented, many of the leading French painters having contributed nothing. But the abstinence

* These paragraphs are taken from the printed report, instead of from the lecture, as the language is better than in the extempore speech.

from exhibition by the painters was atoned for by the sculptors, and the bronze figures were among the most remarkable and beautiful productions in the whole collection, and received the warmest approbation.

‘Not so, however, with the large majority of Italian pieces of sculpture. The art seems to have descended to mere materialism, the aim of the sculptors being to represent curious distinctions of surface-texture in cloth, or linen, or knitted fabrics, difficult undercuttings of network enclosing fish, and such-like trifles. The quantity of these works is surprising, suggesting the painful reflection that where there is such an abundant supply the demand must be considerable, and pointing to the conclusion that the art is debased into ministering to the taste of the ignorant.

‘The contributions from Austria were very striking in the direction of colour. Amongst them were some remarkable works, gorgeous in many-hued brilliancy, or subtle in refined delicacy.

‘In religious art the noblest contributions were sent by Spain.

‘The specimens of line-engraving are very few, and it is to be feared that this noble branch of reproductive art is likely to die out. The improvements made in photographic processes, which can reproduce works in a short space of time and at comparatively little cost, are elbowing other kindred arts out of existence. The specimens of photogravure from pictures were very excellent.

‘The art of etching, however, is well represented by exhibits from France, England, Austria, and America. It is an art adapted not only for reproducing the works of others, but in the hands of genius it is a fascinating method of expressing original thought and feeling, combining the utmost freedom with the subtlest delicacy. In France it is used as a means of illustrating books with original designs, and its consequent effect upon art is most advantageous.

‘I was requested by the Canadian Commissioners to inspect the works of art contributed by the Dominion, and to adjudge extra awards specially given by their Government, consisting of gold, silver, and bronze medals. I had great pleasure in complying with their request. The collection was not very large. There were some very good busts; the best pictures were to be found amongst the landscapes.

‘I will add a few words only on the British collection of paintings. It seems to be universally conceded that, among the various nations which have contributed works of fine art, England stands conspicuously and honourably prominent. This generally-expressed opinion is confirmed by the verdict of most of the foreign, as well as the American “judges.” . . . I may perhaps be allowed to add, in conclusion, that the collection of the diploma works of deceased Academicians, contributed by the Royal Academy, was highly appre-

ciated by the more enlightened citizens of the United States.

‘ I have the honour to be,

‘ My Lord Duke,

‘ Your most obedient servant,

‘ C. W. COPE.

‘ To his Grace

‘ The Lord President of the Council.’

I also might mention that I took some little trouble to try and feel the pulse of America about the possibility or probability of there being a demand for English paintings, and I am sorry to say I met with no kind of response ; indeed, I believe that the encouragement of art in America is at a very low ebb. I saw one or two collections of pictures contributed by private collectors, and I made the acquaintance of one or two people who had collections of pictures ; but they were very small pictures indeed : there seemed to be no feeling in favour of collecting these things. I met some Philadelphia artists, who seemed to be in a very desponding mood. They said there was very little to be done.

On one occasion I was at a soirée, and an American gentleman asked me what I thought of their art. I said there was a good deal of promise about it, and he asked me whether I could mention anything peculiar. I answered that there were some pictures I had seen there that I had also seen in London, and which I recognised again with glad-

ness. He left me for a moment, and returned with another gentleman.

He said: 'Will you go on now, and tell me your opinion of American art?' I went on talking about these pictures and others, and he said, 'Do you know by whom these pictures are done?'

I said: 'To my surprise, I find to-day, for the first time, that they are by a lady, and I am told she is an American, although a resident in England; but I did not know that until we were going round the exhibition to-day.'

This (second) gentleman said: 'Will you allow me to introduce you to her father?'

The fact is, he was her father. He asked me to go and see him. I did so, and if I had been longer in Philadelphia I should have been glad to have stopped at his house, as he wished. This is an instance of one of the little pleasantnesses we met with in the course of performing our duties. I am sorry I cannot enter much into the subject of architecture, but what struck me was the excessive size and massiveness of their buildings: there is immense energy and an immense amount of aspiration. There is every possible style there. In Philadelphia there is an interesting building, where the Declaration of Independence was signed, and where they have a collection of antiquities, such as the waistcoat of Washington, the bullet that killed Captain ——(?) at Bunker's Hill, and many other curiosities, also the Declaration of Independence itself, now getting very faded and dim, and difficult to read. And they

are erecting now in the middle of Philadelphia a building which I suppose will be one of the largest in the world. They have got as far as the basement-floor, and the size and massiveness of the arching and the doorways, and the beautiful paneling, struck me as very fine. I wanted to see the design of the whole building, but I was not able to do so. This building has been in abeyance in consequence of its enormous expense, but now they are going to finish it. It is to be a solid massive palace—the largest, I believe, in America—of white marble. I suppose white marble there is not very much dearer than stone is with us, and consequently it is made very much use of, the result being a dazzling brilliancy about the public buildings. There is every kind of architecture—Greek, Renaissance, Modern Greek, Gothic, Modern Gothic, Venetian—in fact, the Academy of Fine Arts at New York is a copy of the Doge's Palace ; there are also many specimens of the coloured-brick style.

One of the great features in America is the hotels. They are much more public buildings than our hotels are. The basement-floor is usually open ; very often there is a restaurant, a barber's shop, and every kind of convenience for people who are not staying in the hotel : hot and cold water, brushes, toilet-soap, and so on. There are also rooms for newspapers, and other accommodations that strangers need ; and anybody may go into these parts of the hotel and make himself at home, because, of course, in hotels which have from seven hundred to eight hundred bedrooms,

it is impossible for anyone to say whether a man is staying in the hotel or not.

Now about the people. I want to correct a misapprehension that exists. I received from all the people whom I met the greatest civility and kindness. They had the greatest interest in England, or 'the old country,' as they called it. They made the observation that we Britishers were very proud, and that we would not allow ourselves to be loved. There is some truth in that. The peculiarity of Americans is that they are very confidential; they give you their own histories, and expect you to tell them yours. . . . You meet a man who asks you where you come from and where you are going to. He tells you where he is coming from and where he is going, and he does it so naturally that you do not feel it at all intrusive, as you would in England. Then there is their remarkable power of talk. I scarcely ever met with an educated American who is not able to speak with great fluency and power. I used to hear discussions when the fire-flies were flitting about—arguments about Free Trade, Protection, and so on—and I confess I never heard subjects so freely and fairly discussed. . . . I attribute a great deal of it to the public life which they lead. The extreme heat of the weather obliges them to be a good deal in verandas, the families all round visit each other constantly, and there is a community of interest that leads greatly to a cosmopolitan and enlarged feeling. They are not nearly so exclusive as we are. I received

every possible attention : invitations of all kinds, presents of railway passes from Philadelphia to the sea-coast and back for the whole season, and things of that sort.

As an instance of the feeling towards England, I will mention some remarks made by widely different persons. A gentleman said, 'We have the same heroes as you ; we look upon all the English writers as our writers ; we consider Shakespeare as much ours as yours ; the first place an educated American goes to on his arrival in England is Stratford-on-Avon,' and so on. He went very fully into this, and he said, 'You do not suppose America would sit quietly down and see England driven into a corner ?' I said, 'In what way ?' He said, 'Supposing she was really in difficulty with France or any other country, do you suppose America would see her over-run ?' Another gentleman said, 'If England wanted help, and called to America for that help, we should send you over half a million of men.' I am bound at the same time to say in fairness that, in coming home on board ship, I had a good deal of talk with some American men of the lower class, and I told them what I had heard. They said, 'Don't you believe a word of it ; there are many Americans who would like to see England at the bottom of the sea.' That only shows that there are different laminae of society, but there are in America gentlemen to whom there are no superiors in the world, and all these people have a strong affection for the old country ; and when we hear of the

American 'tricks,' as they are called, these are done by people whom the bulk of Americans condemn as much as we do. And I wish to show that there is a large and strong class in America, who do not come forward in politics, but who have the strongest feeling of affection for England.

There is in some minds an impression that the Americans are a very drunken set. All I can say is, I never saw anything of it. All the upper classes drink iced water. A gentleman from Boston told me that in the Eastern States wine was never placed on the table, or if it was, the ladies thought it a hint for them to leave the room. One reason is that wine is very scarce and very dear, a bottle of claret, *e.g.*, costing 2 dollars, or more than 8s. On the other hand, I am told that there is a vast degree of drinking at the bars, and that no bargains are made without adjourning to the bar. I did not see anything of the kind. I often passed the bars, but as often as not the beverage that men were drinking was iced lemonade, or something of that sort. I did not see any drinking to anything like the extent we have heard of.

There has been of late existing between the two countries a much better feeling. This was repeated to me again and again. The bad feeling is greatly occasioned by certain most scurrilous newspapers, which rout up everything they can to promote hostility against England. The educated classes have the strongest feeling in favour of England, and I was told by some of the officers at the Inter-

national Exhibition that the intelligence, the activity, the judgment of the British Commissioners and the judges have greatly promoted that good feeling, as well as the liberal response of the British exhibitors. As this is a growing feeling, I think everything should be done to bring about a stronger and more affectionate intercourse.

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

AFTER arriving at home, my daughter Charlotte Ellen was married to J. Watson Nicol, a young and promising painter, the son of Mr. Erskine Nicol, Associate of the Royal Academy, and painter of the celebrated humorous Scottish subjects. After this I went up to join Charlie and May at Maxwellton, Dumfries. He was acting as temporary chaplain to Mrs. Laurie. They lived in a cottage called The Mains, close by, kept by a good couple, the head-gardener and his wife. The house was full of guests, pleasant people and pretty girls, and we received from Mrs. Laurie the greatest hospitality. There was a trout-stream also, the Cairn water, running through her property, which was greatly appreciated. After the heat and bustle of the past months, the cool pastures seemed doubly delightful. My son and his wife were for two years living with me at Kensington, as he was helping his old friend and former Vicar at St. Peter's again.

1877.—Exhibited at Royal Academy: 1. 'Bianca's Lovers,' Bianca at a table: seated beside her sits her

(supposed) language-master ; her (supposed) music-master behind, growing impatient, says his instrument's 'in tune.' L. Master: 'The bass jars.' M. Master: ''Tis the base knave that jars.' Sold to Mr. C. P. Matthews, of Romford. 2. 'Hope Deferred,' a girl drooping in her chair. Sold to Mr. J. Fielden, Todmorden Castle. I here begin to be uncertain about dates and events, having no records, but I think I must have spent the summer of 1877 at Shoreham, near Sevenoaks in Kent, painting the picture of 'Lieutenant Cameron's Return Home.' I had seen a newspaper account (in the *Daily News*) which greatly interested me, and I communicated on the subject with the Cameron family. They cordially offered to help me, and I first went to Shoreham and made sketches, and got a few photographs of the church and churchyard, and of the family and neighbours who were present. I could find no room in which to paint, when Mrs. St. John Mildmay kindly offered me the use of her photographic studio attached to the house, which I thankfully accepted. Arthur accompanied me, and we had lodgings near the paper-mill, and I went daily to the great house to my work. We received the greatest kindness from the Cameron family in every possible way. The Mildmays were absent during a great part of the summer, so that I did not feel myself an intruder. A short thanksgiving service was held at the church before the hero entered his home. The principal figures were all portraits from life: the venerable father, Rector

of the parish, standing to receive his son at the church-door; Mrs. Cameron and the young ladies; the gallant African explorer standing up in the little carriage drawn by enthusiastic parishioners and villagers amidst shouting and joy. The Mildmay family were present, and their neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Hichens, and others, all of whom kindly sat to me more or less. As the studio was close to a beautiful flower-garden, it was very pleasant. There was also a little trout-stream full of fish. This picture is now the property of Mr. Mildmay, and was exhibited, I think, in the Royal Academy in 1878.

In the spring of this year Charlie and May's child Florry was born in my house, and was named after my daughter Florry, who had been a very great friend of May's. They soon left me, as he was appointed as Warden of a House of Mercy at Maplestead in Essex, where I occasionally visited them.

1879. — Exhibited 1: 'Hamlet and Ophelia.' Ophelia returning to Hamlet his gifts: 'Gifts are of little worth when givers prove unkind.' Hamlet is sitting moodily by the fire. Sold to J. Dawson, Esq., Northbrook, Exeter. Also, 2. 'Sad Memories'; 3. 'Hesitation'; 4. 'Country Life in the Olden Times.' As Arthur and I were now alone, the other children being dispersed, I felt that the house was larger than I required. I therefore let it to Mr. W. C. Mitchell, a young and ambitious painter, and having sold most of the furniture,

I went first to Lucton to reside with Margaret and her husband, and from thence to stay with Charlie and May in their pretty little cottage at Maplestead. Here I met Miss Eleanor Smart, sister of an old pupil of mine (Gregory Smart). She was also an old family friend. She took pity on my solitude, and we became engaged. We were married at Barnet, the residence of her brothers Robert and Newton Smart, the rest of her family, brothers, Revs. John and Gregory, being present. John Smart and my son Charles officiated. This took place on November 19, 1879. We went first to Exeter, then to Budleigh Salterton for a few weeks (where my old friend Mrs. Gerrard was then living), and then returned to Lucton, and remained there till we settled at Maidenhead, but not before we had gone over all the pleasant country around London in search of a dwelling-place, and we extended our search even as far as Arundel.

Mr. Harrison, of Lancaster, died in 1879, and his wife in 1881. He left his property to be divided equally amongst his nephews, C. Benning, H. Ross, Rev. W. B. Galloway, and me—the two latter representing his nieces. We all went (with our wives) to Morecambe to administer the estate.

1880.—Exhibited: 1. 'An Inquisition'; 2. 'Perplexed'; 3. 'The Good Shepherd.'

In 1881 exhibited: 1. 'Far-away Thoughts'; sold to Mr. J. Craufurd. 2. 'Janet Escaped,' portrait of a grandchild, and given to her mother, my daughter Margaret Auchmuty.

1882.—1. 'Summer Time'; 2. 'Anne Page and Slander.'

My son Harry was taken away on July 28, 1882. He had led a very unsettled life, poor lad! After leaving his brother-in-law he was taken into a large merchant's offices by a friend of mine as a great favour. He threw it up, in consequence of being found fault with. I then placed him with an accountant in the City, with whom he remained more than a year. His report was not satisfactory, as his master could not depend on his accuracy. He left him. He made objectionable acquaintances, and, thinking it advisable to cut off all bad connections, I sent him out to Australia. There he soon got on to a station and learned stock-breeding, etc., and in consideration of his instructing two of the squatter's sons he received a small salary. He left him, and took to cattle-driving with a party of men, living an out-door life on horseback and sleeping on the ground. Their business was to undertake to drive hundreds of cattle from one part of the country to another. He then had fever, and took a clerkship in a store, where he was very ill. As soon as he recovered he became an agent for the colonies. Here he saved enough money to enable him to come home, and he paid for his passage to England. The ship was nearly wrecked, and had to return to port to refit. After disputes with the owners, they agreed, in order to avoid a lawsuit for the recovery of his passage-money, to pay back a certain sum. With this he went to Sydney, and took

passage in the steerage of a ship bound for England. He appeared amongst us one night after dinner, gaunt and grimy, and carrying a small (nearly empty) portmanteau, and two or three spears and boomerangs, a prodigal son! I refitted him with new clothes, and he soon looked his old handsome self. His next scheme was to return to Australia with an ice-making machine, which he assured us would be most profitable. I ordered one, and Harry engaged a mechanic to work it. He settled at Sydney, and on consideration of his giving up his ice-machine to a brewer, he was taken into partnership, as without ice it is difficult to brew in hot weather. After a few months he and his partner disagreed and separated. He opened an office as general agent, and seemed to be thriving, and as he was very genial and merry he had many friends. Not feeling well one day, he went to a doctor and consulted him. As he left his door, talking and laughing, he suddenly fell forward down the steps. He was taken back into the house—dead! It was caused by heart-disease, the remains, I suppose, of a severe attack of rheumatic fever when he was about four years old, and from which the doctors thought he would not recover. Poor lad! he was a very handsome, well-knit fellow, very merry and amusing, and no one's enemy but his own.

My youngest son, Lawrence, distinguished himself at school at Dover, and his master suggested his trying for an open scholarship at Cheltenham, as his own son also was going to try for a senior scholar-

ship. The lads went, and had for two or three days to undergo an examination. I was staying at the time at Ulpha in Cumberland, and I received a letter from the headmaster, to inquire 'in what master's house at Cheltenham I would desire to place my son.' I replied that, although I knew my son had entered into the competition for a scholarship, as he had returned to school I had concluded that he had failed in getting one. It turned out that the lads had been of opinion that they had failed; and, instead of waiting to see the report of the examiners, they had left without making any inquiries. Lawrence had really stood very high—I believe second, out of twenty competitors. He stayed at Cheltenham for some years, and got on well, satisfying his masters both in his work and conduct. I then placed him as articled pupil with my old friend Stanhope Busby, son of my old friends of early years at Brighton, and now Town Clerk of Derby; and when Lawrence had passed his final examination as an attorney, he elected to go out and practise in Australia. There he has remained ever since, settled down at Casino on the Richmond River, New South Wales; but, partly owing to disastrous floods, and the non-completion of a proposed railway, he has only just maintained himself. Everything in the way of business is predicted to spring up when this railway is completed. May it be so!

[Here my father's own writing ceases, and there remains but little to add in order to complete the

narrative of his life. He retired on to the list of honorary members of the Royal Academy in 1883, and ceased to exhibit after the year 1882. He lived quietly and happily at Maidenhead, and his various children and grandchildren visited him there from time to time, as circumstances permitted. He still amused himself in painting, and executed several small subjects from old designs of former years. Many of these, however, have, by his wish, been destroyed, as he was conscious that they were not up to the standard of his former capabilities. One large picture of the 'Seven Ages,' from Shakespeare, he kept on hand, and brought forward to a certain advanced point, but never quite completed it, finding a difficulty in obtaining nature to work from. He was more or less busy on it in various ways until within a very short time before his death.

During the first few years of his sojourn at Maidenhead he enjoyed much being on the river, though he began to prefer being sculled to sculling himself; and at the age of 72 he took to tricycle-riding, and travelled over a good deal of the neighbourhood in every direction, often taking sketch-book and colour-box. On one of these occasions he got over-heated, and a subsequent chill brought on a severe and dangerous illness, and he feared that if he recovered it could only be to lead the life of a complete invalid. However, he recovered more completely than any of us dared to hope; and one day, when he was complaining of his feebleness, his good doctor (Moore)

exclaimed, 'You? Why, you're the strongest man in Maidenhead!' He was in the habit of going up to town for about a fortnight in the season, to be present at the Academy on the members' 'varnishing days,' as they used to be called; and we used generally to have a large family gathering at the private view, and all lunch with him there.

He latterly gave up going to the Academy dinner, but so late as this year* made his appearance on one of the members' days, and received a very warm welcome from his brethren, which greatly pleased him.

He was always fond of dogs. At Kensington we had a succession of terriers of various sorts. One of the earliest, Spice, a little black and tan terrier from Barnard Castle, was immortalized by John Bell, the sculptor, who designed a clever umbrella-stand in bronze, Spice sitting up begging, with a hunting-whip in her mouth, the twined lash of which holds in the umbrellas. A neighbour of mine in Essex, Mr. C. Brewster, had a handsome fox-terrier he wanted to get a home for, and as my father wanted a dog at Maidenhead, I asked for him, and conveyed him there, and he became a great favourite, and was my father's constant companion for several years. The following letter contains a reference to him :

'Maidenhead, Christmas Day, 1888.

'MY DEAREST LADDIE,

'All best wishes and love to you all. May every blessing attend you and yours! Thanks for

* 1890.

your good wishes. Of course, at my age I cannot expect "many happy returns," but I feel deep gratitude for the many I have already had. "Goodness and mercy" seem to have followed me throughout my whole life, notwithstanding troubles incident to humanity. I hoped to have sent you as a Christmas card some lines I have been inspired to write on dear old Romp, with a small photo of the dog at the top,* but the photographer could not get them done on account of dark weather; but you shall have a copy as soon as I can get some. The lines, probably, are very poor, but I felt them strongly, and they came spontaneously. Arthur Auchmuty seemed to like them, as I submitted them to him in manuscript, and he edited them in one or two points. How much I miss that dear little animal, I can't say. He was so gracious, so grave, and yet so affectionate. I think I will not have another; one gets too fond of them, and their loss is too sad. . . . Good-bye. Love to May and Florry, and from Eleanor also.

'Ever your affectionate Father,

'C. W. COPE.'

As late as 1886 Mr. Cope acted as examiner in painting for the South Kensington Schools of Art, to which office he had been appointed in 1870. The questions, like his lectures on painting at the Royal Academy, cover a wide field of art interest, embracing the history and progress of art in ancient and modern times, various methods of painting, charac-

* From a little oil-picture he painted of Romp at the window, watching for cats.

teristics of different schools and masters, and technical details, such as the preparation of fresco-grounds, and the durability and composition of various colours. He also interested himself in a local art school at Maidenhead, and, I think, used to offer an annual prize for some years. These various employments, and much reading, filled up the later years of his life usefully and agreeably, and he retained the vigour of his intellectual powers, keenness of observation, and humour till the last short illness.

The following letter, which I received in Rome last year, shows how vivid his impressions remained after so many years :

‘ Maidenhead, *February 26, 1889.*

‘ DEAREST CHARLIE,

‘ I don't think that there is anything that I can suggest for you to see at Rome which (and more) you have not already seen, for the guide-books are so copious, and so many things have been unearthed since I was there. I regret not having visited the Catacombs and the tombs of the early Christian martyrs. What most of all delighted me were the Vatican marbles, wondrous art productions of the Greeks, and I was never tired of going there. I think you will find so much to interest you at Naples, that I think too long a time is given to Sorrento, which is rather a place to live in for the summer hot months than for a hasty visit. If you do go and stay there, take a boat and scull under the cliffs to your right, towards Vesuvius, and explore some of the caves you will find there,

gruesome and lonely. Then there is Pompeii, and Pæstum, and Ischia, and Procida. If you have a week to spare for Sorrento, I suggest whether it would not be more interesting to go over the hill to Amalfi (lovely), and then, from Salerno, take a trip and back (one day) to the glorious temples at Pæstum; then Ischia, what an interesting island! Capri, grotto blue, etc. From Naples there are the Mare Morto and Grotto of Posilipo, and places of great historical interest; then Vesuvius—now, however, not, I suppose, in eruption. Then at Florence there are heaps of things to see: the gallery, with collection of early Italian paintings, and also the Tribuna (Venus de' Medici, and some of the finest paintings). Then the Pitti Gallery: splendid collection. How I envy you your tour! but I am contented and thankful to have seen the beauties years ago, and can live on the recollections. . . .

‘Ever affectionately yours,

‘C. W. COPE.’

The next four, amongst other things, have reference to these ‘Reminiscences,’ which I persuaded him to write.

‘Maidenhead, *July 29, 1889,*
‘2nd day of 79th year.

‘MY DEAREST CHARLIE,

‘A thousand thanks for your very kind wishes for me and my future life. It is quite true, as you say, that I have no wish to live longer than God in His merciful dispensation shall permit me some

faculty of the enjoyment of His many mercies. We all naturally shrink from a life of weariness and pain, when old age only produces "labour and sorrow"; when a man becomes a burden to himself and to all around him, and the only happiness left is to be delivered from our poor, worn-out body. May a merciful Father give me patient resignation, and thankful submission to the universal law! When I look back on my life, I realize how greatly I have been blest, and led on in a marvellous way to a peaceful old age, far beyond my expectations; and this reflection ought to cause me to trust Him for the future, which I endeavour to do. . . . We hope to leave for Bournemouth to-morrow. . . . I hope that Blankenberghe will do you all much good, and make Florry fat and jolly. The air there is certainly very bracing, and the good food at the boarding-houses will help. I have begun the "retrospect," and have got through the only real dark period of my life after my poor father's death. I was thinking of skipping this period, but I have merely generally touched on the various points, and it required an effort to recur to what at the time was so painful. What follows is not painful; for although I had one great affliction, there was no trace of sin mixed up with it, as in the former case. Give our loves to May and Florry, whom I hope some day to see again. Thank Florry for her well-written letter. Bless and thank you.

‘ Ever affectionately yours,

‘ C. W. COPE.

‘The Sawyers,* Ed. Bonds, Gooldens,† are all going or gone to Bournemouth.’

‘Bournemouth, *August 21, 1889.*

‘DEAR CHARLIE,

‘You will be sorry to hear that our visit here has been a sad failure. After the first three or four days I was taken ill . . . and was kept in bed under treatment, and got up at last very weak and thin. But I gain a little strength daily. I think I must be rather a tough subject, to rally so often. . . . Then poor dear Eleanor, I think, overdid herself in her anxious solicitude, and now she is being doctored. . . . I never can feel grateful enough for her great love and watchfulness. We got as far as the pier one day, and that is the utmost of our walks. The Bonds are here, and come to cheer us occasionally, and the Sawyers also are close by and most kind. But the blossom of illness has produced some fruit, I fear, of no great flavour: viz., I have steadily worked at my diary, and have got as far as my return from Italy and settlement in Russell Place; and shortly I am going to Lisson Grove, and then to Barnard Castle and my marriage. I almost think this will be a good place to leave off. What think you?‡ The romantic part of my life will have ended then, and my professional life is rather jog-trot. We have had more than usual of wet and wind. Eleanor hired a chair and wheeled me about, but we have lost

* Rev. W. Sawyer, Vicar of St. Luke's, Maidenhead.

† Maidenhead.

‡ I thought *not*.

many days from damp and gloom. We hope you are all jolly. Our loves to you all.

‘Ever affectionately yours,

‘C. W. COPE.’

‘Maidenhead, *October 18, 1889.*

‘DEAREST CHARLIE,

‘I have obeyed your behest. The autobiography is done, with the exception of a few addenda at the end which have occurred to me since I began. There are three volumes of thick copy-book nearly. It is singular how events which have happened long ago and been forgotten seem to “crop up” again when the attention has been directed to that period of life—even to names of people and places. Also, it is a sad fact that one’s memory is clearer as to events happening many years ago than with regard to those of later date, showing how much one’s attentiveness has failed in later years. The impressions are much less sharp and distinct in old age than in youth. Of course, my “recollections” at present are a confused mass of stuff. If it should ever happen that they are privately published, they will want much weeding. . . . There is not much of one’s professional history*—a great deal of fishing excursions and travels. To me these are much more amusing to write about. . . . Enough, the task is accomplished, and it is at your service, if you care some time to edit it. . . . In short, do as you like. . . . Our loves to you both.

‘Ever affectionately yours,

‘C. W. COPE.’

* This has had to be supplied from other sources.

‘Maidenhead, *December 20, 1889.*

‘MY DEAREST LADDIE,

‘I sent my little tip to Florry yesterday of 10s., as I do to all my grandchildren. I hope she will buy something to please her, and I wish her and you and dear May every Christmas blessing and a happy new year! I enclose two or three more items to be inserted somewhere in my autobiography. I may add others if they occur to me, but unless I put down at once what crops up, I forget it next day. I have been wondering whether I should say anything about artists’ models. They are rather a curious lot, and some of them, *e.g.*, Bishop and Westall, and some of the females, have rather interesting histories; and it would show to the outside public what a severe and serious business sitting is, requiring temperance, fortitude, and great self-discipline and punctuality, and also that worthless and vain characters are of no use, and soon come to grief and loss of employment. What do you think about it? [Here follows family news.]. . . I’m tired, so good-bye, my dear lad. Love to May and Florry.

‘Ever affectionately yours,

‘C. W. COPE.’

I had urged him to say something on the subject of models, and have since found on a loose piece of paper the following preparatory outline:

‘Royal Academy Models.—Necessity of, to serious design; consequences of neglect of; the petticoat

school; essential to sculpture and historical painting. Examples of models — Male: Rafter (the old fruiterer), Westall, Bishop, guardsman. Female: Mrs. Dobson, history of; a model married, and went to Australia; the three sisters; Devonshire woman; the Arab girl. A model must have conduct, sobriety, punctuality, enduring patience, honesty, temperance, good health and temper, intellectuality, modesty. Italian models and their mothers.'

And in another note-book is a commencement of the subject, in these words:

'A thorough knowledge of the human form is essential to all serious art. This is self-evident, and has been acknowledged by all great masters, both in ancient and modern times. As well may a surgeon hope to excel in his calling without an intimate and accurate knowledge of the many tissues, bones, nerves, arteries, and internal structure of the body, as an artist to represent the various actions of the form, the due balance of the figure, its average movements and proportions, without sound and intimate knowledge of its external anatomy. Strange to say, that of late this necessity is disputed, and artists of some standing have affirmed that knowledge of structure is unnecessary, and that the draped figure is quite sufficient for purposes of study; in other words, that ignorance of the form to be painted is the best guide to its due representation in art. Leonardo da Vinci compares the drapery on a human form to water running thinly over rocks,

veiling, but not concealing, the forms beneath. How, then, can this be done successfully without knowing what, and where, the forms are ?

This is all, but it is suggestive, and should be interesting and intelligible—to the art world, at all events.

The 'last birthday' letter :

'Maidenhead, *July 30, 1890.*

'DEAREST CHARLIE,

'Many thanks for your kind wishes for my health and happiness after commencing my eightieth year. I gratefully feel and constantly acknowledge God's great and continuous mercy towards me through my whole life. And even in my greatest troubles I have been able to see abounding mercy, especially in God's removal of your dearest mother when continued life would have been only pain and suffering from a mortal disease. May He guide my feeble steps during the possible short remainder of life! . . . After full consideration, Arthur and I concluded to sell the house* if we could. . . To-day I hear that a lady . . . is the purchaser. It is a great relief to me to have got rid of that anxiety. . . . We propose to go to Bournemouth next Tuesday or so. . . .

'Ever affectionately yours,

'C. W. COPE.'

The next is the last he ever wrote, and half an hour after the receipt of it I received a telegram to

* At Hyde Park Gate.

say he had caught a chill and was seriously ill. The letter refers to some designs he kindly made for five windows in the chapel of the House of Mercy at Great Maplestead, Essex, when I was Warden there, which he gave me, and of which I secured the copyright. They were executed in glass by Powell, of Whitefriars. The subjects are: on one side, to illustrate penitence, 'The lost sheep found,' 'The lost piece of money,' 'The return of the prodigal'; and on the other side, to illustrate the religious life, 'The Pharisee and the publican,' and 'The Good Samaritan.' They had been much admired, and I found had been copied, without permission, for a restored church in another part of the country.

'Bournemouth, *August 10, 1890.*

'DEAREST CHARLIE,

'I return the enclosed copies of letters. The first point which occurs to me in answer to your inquiry is: Did you register the copyright of the windows?*' If not, I fear you cannot proceed to punish the offender who has cribbed the designs; but it is, I believe, not too late to register them if you wish to prevent others from doing the same. . . . I fear you rate too highly the merit, and still more the pecuniary value, of the little designs, either now or hereafter. . . . Certainly no one has the right to reproduce them for his own benefit in any way without your permission. On the whole, I should let the matter rest as it is. I confess that I

* I did.

feel pleased that they should be so far appreciated as to be copied. . . . So the old home is sold, as I told you, to a lady of considerable means (Mr. P. says), so she will probably enlarge and beautify it. . . . We are pretty comfortable here in our old quarters. . . . We shall be delighted to welcome you in October, whenever you like to come. The Arthurs and Nelly and Margaret, etc., are all at Porlock, and seem to be enjoying themselves in rustic quarters. . . .

‘Ever affectionately yours,
‘C. W. COPE.’

This letter, written on the Sunday previous, I received at Heyst-s.-Mer, a little watering-place on the coast of Belgium, on a Tuesday morning. On the Monday afternoon, sitting out on the West Cliff at Bournemouth, he appears to have caught a chill. Then came the telegram within an hour of the receipt of the letter. A second telegram the next day said there was no change, and a third on Thursday, ‘You had better come.’ So I started by the night-boat, and reached Bournemouth about mid-day on Friday, the 15th, finding my brother Arthur had arrived the night before from Porlock. We sent for my two sisters, who arrived the next day, but did not any of us see him (except Arthur), for fear of alarming him. The chill had developed into congestion of the lungs. Gradually we were allowed to see him, one by one, and he seemed pleased to find that we were there, but was mostly

in a state of drowsiness and only half conscious of what was going on.

On Wednesday, the 20th, the doctor said he hoped he was going to pull through, as he had had a better night, and I had written to inquire about an invalid carriage to take him home to Maidenhead as soon as he was able to bear the journey. Arthur and I went to Swanage for the day, and walked back to Bournemouth in the afternoon, and when we got back he was much the same. But that evening fresh symptoms arose, and the doctor feared his strength would not be equal to the additional tax on it. The following morning (my birthday, the 21st) he said the vital powers were failing, and it could only be a question of hours. He was not suffering, but unconscious; and we remained with him till five o'clock in the afternoon, when, with a slight ineffectual clearing of his throat, he breathed his last, almost imperceptibly. He looked just as we had so often seen him when asleep, and retained his ordinary fresh and healthy-looking colour. That was the last view we had of him—a peaceful, painless ending of a happy and honoured old age, with his wife and children round him.

What his life was the preceding pages have displayed—as far as possible in his own words. I have preferred to leave what he did write as he wrote it, only supplementing the 'fishing excursions and travels,' which he found 'more amusing to write about,' by a fuller account of his professional career,

in order to make the story of his life more complete and, as I hope, more interesting. In two letters he says: 'Of course you will not expect to find in them any careful writing or elegant English—they are dotted down roughly for you to recast them as you may wish.' 'I fear they are sad rubbish. It will be for you to look over, rearrange, and weave an Addisonian story which shall be pleasant to read.' To a certain extent I have departed from this advice. The story may not be 'Addisonian,' but it is his own. So I prefer to give it; and so, I trust, the reader will prefer to have it.

BRUGES, *December 27, 1890.*

APPENDIX I.

EVIDENCE OF C. W. COPE, R.A., BEFORE THE ROYAL ACADEMY COMMISSION, 1863.

THIS Commission was 'appointed to inquire into the present position of the Royal Academy in relation to the fine arts,' and consisted of Lords Stanhope, Hardinge, and Elcho, Sir E. W. Head, and Messrs. Stirling, Seymour, and Reeve, Lord Stanhope being the Chairman.

Charles West Cope, Esq., R.A., *examined*.

1731. (*Chairman*): When were you elected an Associate, and when were you elected a Royal Academician?—I was elected an Associate in 1843, and an Academician in 1848.

1732. We have received so much information as to the present state of the Academy, that our object is to obtain from you any suggestions you may have to make with respect to any improvement you may think desirable. As to the system of teaching, is that satisfactory in your opinion?—Not in all respects. All questions as to improvements in the schools are continually being mooted by the Academy itself. As changes are constantly occurring in the state of art in the country, so corresponding changes are requisite in the kind of instruction. One great reason why the schools are less fully attended than they might be is that there is an immense amount of encouragement for small pictures of a low order, and the students do not attend sufficiently; they prefer staying at home and making money by painting little pictures for sale.

1733. You do not think that there is any considerable defect in the present system of teaching?—I cannot say that I do. One or two of the members have been anxious to have a day Life School;

they say that the gas and the heat of the room at night are very deleterious, and that it would be better to have the clear light of day. But then it would be a question whether you could get any students to attend. There are fewer now than there used to be, even in the evening; and from the circumstance of there being such a great encouragement for pictures of domestic interest, they have less interest in high art.

1734. Do you apply your remarks to the whole of the schools?—Yes; the Academy for four or five years have been going into this question. A committee was appointed, who went into the question most carefully, and made sundry suggestions. The schools have lately been put on a new footing, and every advantage has been taken of the recommendations of that committee, but they have not had time to work yet. The new regulations have only been promulgated this year.

1735. You think that the governing body are well disposed to consider any improvements?—Undoubtedly; in fact, it has been their most anxious desire to do so. Committee after committee have been appointed with that very object.

1736. Are you satisfied with the drawings of the students which you have observed within the last few years?—They vary very much indeed. There is at all times only a very small percentage of really good drawings, and a great many very indifferent ones.

1737. Have you acted yourself as a visitor?—Yes; last month I was a visitor.

1738. In which school?—In the Life School.

1739. What did you think of the drawings in that month?—They were fair average drawings—there was nothing of great excellence. The attendance was not large, but the students were very attentive and industrious. The smallness of the attendance is accounted for by the Council thinking it necessary to be more rigorous in the admission of students to that school, and making the test a little more severe, by requiring the students to make the drawings in a limited time, so that fewer can get admission into that school.

1740. It has been given in evidence before us that three or four years ago you brought forward a motion to take into consideration the rank of Associate?—Yes.

1741. The object at that time was to increase their number. Has it ever occurred to you how far it might be desirable to

continue the class at all?—That is one of the questions which is also mooted within the walls of the Academy. There is a party for keeping it as it is, another party for doing away with the rank altogether, and another for increasing the number. The question has been under discussion for some time.

1742. We have had evidence to the effect that a great deal of disappointment and soreness is caused to artists by the probationary stage, as it is called, and it has been recommended that the system of Associates should cease entirely, and that there should be some increase in the number of Royal Academicians. Will you state your own views on that point?—When I brought the matter forward at first, I thought that one way of remedying the evil would be by an increase in the number of Associates ; but the more I have looked into it, the more convinced I have become that an increase in their number is not the most advisable way in which a beneficial change could be made.

1743. If any well-considered scheme could be adopted for dispensing with the rank of Associates, it would have the advantage of your individual opinion in favour of it?—It would ; at the same time, it is a subject of some difficulty. There would be a great safeguard in an Associate list, if it were very much limited, say to eight or ten, so that there might be only a sufficient number to elect from. It enables the body to refuse full election to any member who had very much fallen off or disappointed expectations. A limitation in the number would have the effect of preventing any long delay. Anyone who was elected an Associate, supposing that there were only half a dozen or ten Associates, could not be in the body more than three or four years.

1744. In the event of the Associate class being dispensed with, have you any practical measure to suggest with reference to the present Associates?—That would be one of the difficulties in making any change ; it would be a painful thing to make a change on that account. No doubt the majority of those gentlemen who are now Associates would be elected Royal Academicians.

1745. Still, it does not follow that all the twenty would be deemed perfectly eligible in all respects?—No.

1746. Therefore, there would be a difficulty on the one hand in electing all the twenty in a mass as members of the Academy, and on the other hand in selecting a few?—There would.

1747. Should you be inclined, as several other Royal Academicians have stated that they would be, to have a limitation of the privilege which now enables you to send eight pictures to the Academy?—Certainly.

1748. You would not think it a hardship if the number were reduced to four, or any smaller number than eight?—No.

1749. Have you ever pursued your studies at Rome?—Yes.

1750. Do you ascribe great importance to giving a young painter the opportunity of pursuing his studies at Rome for one or two years?—Undoubtedly; but not in the case of a mere boy. I think that the time when advantage is to be attained by travelling is after a student has done something himself, and when he is able to appreciate works of art.

1751. You are aware how limited the present travelling studentships are in the Academy. Supposing the question of funds to be settled, would you rejoice to see a considerable extension in the travelling studentships, so far as painters are concerned?—I very much doubt if I should. I doubt the advantage of it. Speaking of those who are going through the course of the Royal Academy teaching, I think that when they feel the necessity of it themselves, it would be an advantage; but it would be absolute ruin to a great many painters, such as the painters of domestic subjects, the kind of art most appreciated in this country. I do not think that they would derive any advantage whatever from going to Italy; but I think it is indispensable for students who cultivate the higher branches of art.

1752. As to persons desiring to pursue those branches of art, having no funds of their own, do you think it desirable that, if possible, the Academy should furnish such persons with the means of study at Rome?—Yes; I should have no objection to that, if they gave evidence that they deserved such assistance. If they showed the necessary amount of talent, it would be very desirable.

1753. If evidence of the requisite merit were given by gaining a gold medal, or some other prize appointed for that purpose, you would think it an excellent thing that funds should, if possible, be supplied for such a purpose?—I do not think that the gaining of a gold medal is a sufficient test; the Academy offer those medals, and rather than break faith with the students, they give them when very often it is felt that it would be better to withhold them.

Many have obtained them who have scarcely deserved them, having painted what was only a little better than a bad picture, and, therefore, their having obtained gold medals would not always entitle them to be sent abroad.

1754. According to the present system, must the gold medal be awarded to someone? Supposing that one of the judges should think no artist competing deserved the medal, is he nevertheless obliged to give it?—No; when the general body meet, the first question after having inspected the pictures is, Shall a medal be given at all? That is decided by a show of hands; the hands are counted, and that settles the question. There are generally a number of the members who lean to the indulgent side, unless the picture is very bad indeed. I do not remember the gold medal to have been often refused, though the minor medals are withheld frequently.

1755. You think that there should be a much more efficient test?—Yes; I think that a man should have practised his art for some years, and then if he can show that he requires some assistance, it would be a very good thing to afford him the means of travelling.

1756. If there were a stringent test, and if assistance were afforded only in those cases in which the artist showed that he had no means of his own, you would very much approve of his pursuing his studies in Italy?—If his art lay in that direction.

1757. (*Lord Elcho*): Are you thoroughly satisfied with the general constitution of the Academy, in respect to the mode of election and the general management of its affairs?—I think the constitution generally a good one as to the management of its affairs. As to the mode of election, I think that it might be a little more open. I believe it has been lately made more open. It was necessary some years ago for a candidate to put his name down annually. I think that any man of eminence should be elected at once, whether he has put down his name or not, ascertaining first that he would be willing to belong to the body. Of course, there are two sides to the question. If you elect a man, you must know that he would be willing to be a member, and would perform the duties of a member; but if he do not wish to be a member, it would not be desirable to elect him. I do not see any great hardship in the present system.

1758. The rules at present require that a man shall put down

his name?—Yes; but he may put it down by proxy, it having been ascertained that he is willing to belong to the body.

1759. Still, you think that such a requirement might be abolished advantageously?—I see no difficulty in that part of the question, but I do think that going through the ordeal of the Associates' list, and remaining in that list for years, is a difficulty in the Academy. It is a time of transition, unpleasant and painful to those who remain for a long period in it.

1760. With reference to the elections themselves, do you think that the best men are always elected?—No; I do not think so always.

1761. Do you think that the non-election of the best men, which occasionally takes place, is owing to any defect in the mode of election?—To a certain extent, I think it is. At present, the principle is sometimes rather a selection. A list is placed before the members, and each member scratches a name on that list. The two with the highest number of scratches are put together and balloted for, so that you select the best of these two; but if it happens that each of those candidates has a party who are determined to bring him in, then the independent members of the Academy can merely choose between them.

1762. You think that in that respect, as regards the actual practical method of electing, there might be considerable improvement?—Not very much; it is done with the greatest care. It only happens sometimes that one or two of the candidates may have a number of friends, and when those two come on for ballot, the body are obliged to select one of them. It does not follow that the one selected is not a good member, but he may not be the very best at that time on the list, and the best candidate is sure of election at a future time.

1763. Do you think, with regard to the exhibitions, that the pictures are justly chosen and hung?—Yes; I think so. I think it is conscientiously done; and a proof of it is, that exhibitors prefer the Academy to any other place of exhibition, and nothing could be more fair than the way in which the hanging and selection are done. The only improvement to suggest in respect of the exhibition would be, that members should not be allowed to send in so many works as they are now at liberty to do.

1764. Do you consider it desirable that the Academy, as

originally constituted, should consist of painters, architects, and sculptors?—Yes.

1765. And that the Academy, in order properly to represent what it professes to be, should represent the most distinguished artists in those branches?—Certainly.

1766. Assuming that as a basis, would you be inclined to suggest any definite proportion which those representatives should bear to each other in the body itself, taking forty-two as the number of members?—I doubt whether a definite proportion would be desirable. The painters are more numerous than the architects and sculptors, and there is more art in painting and sculpture than in architecture; some architects are mere builders.

1767. You would not lay down any rule?—There has been an attempt to do so, which failed.

1768. When was that attempt made?—Three or four years ago. It was to this extent—that it was to be decided from which class the election should be made before the election was proceeded with. Why, I do not know; but I remember that there was some practical difficulty in the proposed change.

1769. (*Chairman*): Was it actually acted upon?—No; there has been a wish occasionally expressed on the subject, and a by-law was passed, but it was found in some way impracticable.

1770. (*Lord Elcho*): What is your opinion with reference to the election of water-colour painters to the honours of the Academy?—I would admit water-colour painters as members, certainly.

1771. At present, by the rules of the Academy, water-colour painters *qua* water-colour painters are not eligible?—I am not aware that they are excluded.

1772. Is there any instance that you know of in which a water-colour painter, as a water-colour painter pure and simple, has been elected?—No; and I do not think that they would desire it. They have their own societies; and they are perfectly contented, I believe, to remain as they are.

1773. Are you aware that a memorial was presented to Parliament by Lord St. Leonards some years ago, on behalf of the water-colour painters, in which it is stated that by the rules of the Academy at present they are not eligible as water-colour painters to the honours of the Academy?—I never heard of it, and I am not aware of any law of the sort.

1774. Do you consider the Royal Academy at present to be a

public or a private institution?—Public in regard to its educational duties ; private in regard to its funds and management.

1775. Being a public institution for the promotion of fine art, do you think it desirable that it should receive a more definite recognition than it has hitherto received, say by its being permanently established in a public building, and that, along with such recognition, in whatever form, there should be certain responsibilities attached to it?—I should have supposed that the position of the Academy was sufficiently recognised already, and that the services it has already rendered to art in the way of education deserve both recognition and a permanent building of its own.

1776. It has sometimes been held by members of the Academy that the Academy is an institution attached to the Crown, and that the public have no right to interfere at all with the mode in which it manages its affairs, or the way in which it does or does not promote art?—The position of the Academy is an anomalous position, no doubt, having been founded by the King, and being semi-public and semi-private.

1777. Are you of opinion that public opinion ought to bear upon the Academy in the management of its concerns?—I think it should do so to a certain extent only.

1778. Supposing that the Academy consisted of forty-two members, as at present, what would be your opinion as to the desirability or otherwise of adding a limited number, say eight non-professional men, persons of position and influence, interested in art, and giving them a voice in the management of the concerns of the Academy?—I cannot conceive what such non-professional members would do ; nearly all the questions which come before the Academy are really technical questions.

1779. Do you call the election of members of the Academy a technical question?—Yes, I do. I think that artists on the whole are the best judges of an artist's powers.

1780. Is it simply the opinion of artists that guides the Royal Academy in their selection of members?—I think so.

1781. I understood you to say that public opinion did influence the Academy in its proceedings, one of the most important of those proceedings being the election of outside artists into their body?—Public opinion influences the Academy, of course, because any mistakes committed by them would render them

amenable to hostile criticism ; but I think that the Academy should rather guide an ignorant public than be guided by them.

1782. Or in the election of members?—They are open to the abuse of the newspapers, but I do not think that public opinion influences the Academy. An artist is able to estimate at their precise value the works of his professional brethren better than any layman could possibly do. I think that this is the case in any other profession.

1783. Do you not think that all professions are apt to get cliqueish and narrow-minded, and blind to what public opinion says out of doors?—I think so, if the members are not occasionally changed ; but if, in an institution, you have a constant infusion of new blood, the new members operate upon the old ones, and the greater the current through the body, and the more fresh the blood, the better. If non-professional men were introduced into the body, they would be subject to the same law, and would themselves become more cliqueish in proportion as they were less informed. If laymen are introduced into the Academy, you may also have laymen introduced into the College of Surgeons, for instance, or into the Inns of Court.

1784. Take, for instance, the Medical Council of the United Kingdom : are you aware that non-professional men are introduced into it for the very reasons which I have suggested as being applicable to the Royal Academy?—No ; I am not aware of that.

1785. (*Mr. Stirling*) : You would yourself object to the introduction of such members as Lord Elcho has suggested?—It is a new idea to me ; I cannot conceive what they would do in the Academy. I think that they would find it uncommonly dull ; nothing can be heavier than many of the meetings of the Academy.

1786. Do you think that they would not only not assist, but rather be in the way of, the deliberations of the professional members?—I think they would. That would depend upon the nature of the question before the Academy ; but nineteenth-twentieths of the questions before the Academy are matters almost purely technical, such as the best means of educating the students, and I do not see that they would take any great interest in those questions, or that they would be able to assist in their settlement. Even many members themselves, landscape-painters,

if called upon, have scarcely any opinion to express upon those subjects—on the educational portion, at all events.

1787. Supposing an artist to have attained a very much greater popularity with the public and with the art critics outside the profession than he has attained among artists, do you think it likely that the presence of those laymen who might, perhaps, be inclined to support his claims, would lead the professional members to promote the election of a person whom they themselves would not otherwise have chosen?—I do not think it would. From the experience of some fifteen years during which I have been a member, there is a desire, I think, among the majority of the members in the Academy, to get the very best men they can; the Academy have no other interest than to elect talent wherever they find it. There are always men in every body who become antiquated, and they would remain so still; but there are also always younger members constantly being added, who invariably support the younger talent. As to the popularity of an artist with the public and art critics, if he is not liked by the professional judges, I much doubt his real ability.

1788. (*Lord Elcho*): Notwithstanding that desire to get the best men, you have told us that, in your opinion, in the way in which the system now works, the best men are sometimes not elected?—It is not often so.

1789. (*Mr. Stirling*): Do you think that an infusion of non-professional blood would increase or diminish the chance of unfortunate election?—I have not given much consideration to the question, but it appears to me that it would increase it. A little pressure might be exerted, and there might be more favouritism than there is now. The great difficulty is to prevent nepotism.

1790. (*Lord Elcho*): Would that pressure and influence exist exactly in the ratio that those who exercised it represented, or did not represent, public opinion outside the walls of the Academy with reference to the merits of artists?—I do not think that public opinion should influence the Academy in their elections. I think that each member should give his vote honestly and conscientiously, without minding at all what other people think, and I think that any lay pressure should not be tolerated.

1791. (*Mr. Stirling*): Do you entertain a clear idea as to what a representation of public opinion means in the view suggested? Lord Elcho wishes to have public opinion, non-professional

opinion, represented in the Academy. Does any mode occur to you by which it would be possible to obtain a fair representation of that public opinion?—I do not see any mode, nor do I think it would be desirable.

1792. If there were a selection by the Crown of eight gentlemen, as suggested by Lord Elcho, would you be prepared to admit that they would probably be a representation of public opinion, and be acknowledged by the writers on art and the critics of the public press to be a fair representation of public opinion?—I do not think that they would be so acknowledged at all, and I think that the profession would immediately lose their confidence in the Royal Academy as a body, if their decisions were influenced by non-professional pressure. I believe that on the whole the Academy, with all its drawbacks, is now looked upon as being desirous and anxious to do its best. The opinion of artists would not be influenced by the opinion of non-professional men. Supposing that A, B, and C were brought into the Academy by the pressure of certain lay members, it would give great dissatisfaction to the artistic body.

1793. (*Lord Elcho*): Why?—Because the judgment of the best painters, sculptors, and architects in the country would be felt to have been unfairly influenced by being made subservient to non-professional pressure.

1794. From incompetent men being elected?—Yes.

1795. Do you believe that none but a professional artist is capable of giving a sound opinion upon a matter of art?—Yes, a very sound one, I do; just as I should suppose that the opinion of Coleridge or Milton on the merits of a poet would be more valuable than that of the mere readers and admirers of that poet's writings.

1796. Is it for artists solely, and their praise and good opinion, that painters paint and exhibit upon the walls of the Academy?—Certainly not.

1797. In so far as preparing pictures for exhibition goes, artists do consider the opinion of non-professional men to be of some value, inasmuch as they consult their tastes in the selection of their subjects, and paint for their approval.—In that way public opinion has an effect upon art. And that is a proper and legitimate way.

1798. If the public, this non-professional element, are capable

of judging pictures upon a wall, are they not capable of judging whether the merits of an artist are sufficient to entitle him to a place in the Royal Academy or not?—I think that the two things are essentially different. A person who judges of paintings on a wall judges of some work which, perhaps, he himself has given a commission for, and his influence is exercised over that artist whom he has asked to paint the picture; but it is a distinct thing to suppose that therefore that individual patron of that painter would have an unlimited knowledge of art, so that he should influence the elections into the body. I think that the two things are entirely distinct. I think that the proper influence on artists on the part of the non-professional body is in the way of the approval and encouragement which they meet with outside the Academy. An artist, when he exhibits in the Academy, does not exhibit to please its members, but to please some part of the public outside, and in that way his works are influenced. The majority of pictures on commission now are painted for merchants in Lancashire. They like a particular class of art, and they select the painter whom they most approve of, and with whose works they have the greatest sympathy: but it does not follow that therefore they would be fit to be lay members of the Academy because they encourage art, and are very much interested in art.

1799. Your objection to this non-professional element, so far as the election of artists goes, rests upon the fact that commissions are given for special painting on special subjects. There are many works on the walls of the Academy which have been so specially commissioned. There is no such thing, is there, as catholicity of art on the part of painters or of the patrons of art; that is to say, that it is seldom that works are painted or ordered without having a reference to some special technical detail either of subject or of treatment?—Very seldom indeed.

1800. Do you think that a healthy state of art?—No; but I think that it is owing to a want of employment of a higher order of subject, such as the decoration of churches or other public buildings. The Italians were all influenced by high feeling; in fact they were considered, and they considered themselves, as in some degree spreading religion. That is it which promotes high art. At present there is nothing of the sort; but the Academy is not to blame for that.

1801. What you have just said rather goes against exhibitions

altogether, as far as their being calculated to promote high art is concerned?—Yes; very likely they may have no good effect in that respect.

1802. Do you not think that you would find cultivated taste and love of art in those eight gentlemen, large views of art and sufficient catholicity in their taste to lead them not to look to those small details which you have referred to—the specialities of art—but to take a general broad view of the merits of an artist's works?—There are numbers of such men; but the question is, what would they do in the Academy, what function would they exercise? For instance, when an election came on, is it proposed that they should agree among themselves who was the fittest man? They might disagree among themselves, and if they really were sincere and true judges they would disagree. If they were otherwise, it would be a clique, which would ruin the institution, or any institution. The healthiness of opinion in any body depends upon each man having his own opinion. Then you get upon the whole a fair decision; but if you have any clique acting together, there is an end of the independence of the body, and the body will become contemptible.

1803. (*Viscount Hardinge*): How do you suppose that artists are to ascertain what public opinion really is as to the merits of their works; is it by reading art-criticisms?—Not at all. I do not think that they care very much about public opinion, which is often mere fashion; they know who on the whole is the best man; every artist has an exact appreciation of the artistic merit of his contemporaries.

1804. You stated before that the Royal Academy ought to be influenced by public opinion?—Each individual member is probably influenced by public opinion as to the choice of subjects he may paint; but I think that the Royal Academy should rather lead public opinion than be led by it.

1805. How are they to get at what the verdict of public opinion is?—Public opinion is so entirely a thing of yesterday or to-day that it is not to be depended upon. Public opinion now is quite another public opinion from what it would have been in the time of Raffaele.

1806. That being so, you think that the Academy ought not to be influenced by it?—I think it should not, except in the selection and hanging of pictures. Public opinion in the present day,

I think, is hard to define, and nothing could be a greater mistake than for the Royal Academy to be influenced by the writers in the press. If you estimate public opinion by what is written in newspapers, nothing can be more uncertain and often ignorant. A man may be written up into a position of eminence, and thought to be a genius by the public who read those panegyrics, but is the Academy therefore to elect that man?

1807. The question arises whether the infusion of a lay element might not give to the council of the Academy a certain amount of support by expressing what public opinion really is, and not what it seems to be, as set forth in the journals which you have alluded to?—The lay members, it seems to me, would really be greatly influenced by what they read and see in those journals.

1808. Do you think that eminent practical men and lovers of art are men who would be influenced by what they might read in art journals such as you allude to?—No; eminent practical men would not; but a taste for looking at and talking about pictures does not constitute competency. There would be great difficulty in selecting them.

1809. They might either be nominated by the Crown or be elected by the Royal Academy; might not the Royal Academy possibly know who were competent among that class of men to fill such an office?—I doubt whether the members of the Royal Academy would feel any confidence in any such tribunal at all.

1810. As to the hanging of the pictures, we have it in evidence that the pictures are hung as fairly as the space of the Royal Academy will allow. Would it be desirable, do you think, that artists should have the option of having their pictures not hung at all, rather than having them hung where they cannot be seen; for instance, that a letter should be written to the artist telling him that the size of his picture renders it difficult to hang it in a good place?—I think that is done. I have known of letters having been written to artists, saying that there was not room for their pictures, and asking whether they would wish to withdraw them.

1811. You give them the option of having their pictures hung in a bad place?—I think it is done occasionally. I have an impression that the secretary has that sort of thing to do. With reference to the hanging, there is one thing in which I do think the sooner there is a change the better. There is a regulation at

present that no picture larger than kit-cat size, with figures of the size of life, shall be hung below the line. I think that is a very great mistake. It would exclude from below the line such a picture as Gallait's Egmont. That regulation will, I hope, be changed, and such a change would be a means of encouraging a larger kind of art in the country than now exists. No one would put his whole strength out upon a finished picture of expression to be placed above the line.

1812. You stated that you are constantly getting an infusion of new blood into the Academy. Does it not sometimes happen that Associates are elected into the body of Academicians from kindly feelings in consideration of their names having been a very long time on the list?—I think that feeling may occasionally influence one or two votes, but not generally.

1813. Not materially?—Not materially. There is always difficulty in an election.

1814. Do you not think that the Royal Academy ought to be in such a position as to be able to place its hand upon any very eminent man who gave evidence of consummate merit, and that such a man should be at once elected a member of the Royal Academy without any putting down of names?—I think so. I think that the putting down of names is a mistake. But yet on the whole the conclusion which one comes to after looking at the names of the distinguished artists who are not members of the Academy is, that there are very few indeed.

1815. Still there are a few?—Very few. We all think of Mr. Watts, of course. Mr. Watts would no doubt have been a member if he had put his name down, but the Academy very properly requires some expressed wish on the part of the candidates.

1816. That might be ascertained privately, might it not?—Yes, certainly; but with some very few exceptions there are scarcely any artists of eminence who are not in the Academy.

1817. (*Mr. Reeve*): Is not Mr. Noel Paton an artist of eminence?—Certainly, but he is, comparatively, a young exhibitor.

1818. (*Viscount Hardinge*): Is his being a young man any reason why he should not be elected?—Certainly not, but I mean that he has not been so long before the public as some other candidates.

1819. (*Lord Elcho*): What should you consider as the age of a

man's majority in art?—There can be no rule, but if the election to associateship is a test of majority, then I believe the average age is about fifty.

1820. Is not Mr. Noel Paton an older man than Mr. Millais?—I do not know. I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with him.

1821. (*Mr. Reeve*): You mentioned that sometimes the result of the competition for the gold medals was not satisfactory on the part of the students of the Academy. Might not that be obviated to a certain extent by throwing open gold medals of the Academy to the general competition of the country?—Yes, I think so. I think that is not a bad suggestion.

1822. Would not that tend to stimulate the pupils of the Academy by competition with all the schools of design throughout the country?—I see no objection to that.

1823. Might not some further advantage be gained by inviting the public, as you do on other occasions, to be present at the distribution of prizes, and to see the works?—I think so, certainly.

1824. I infer from what you have said that you think there is more influence and favour and personal friendship in the election of members than in the hanging of pictures, which you said you thought was done with extreme impartiality?—As long as we are human beings there must be such influence, and there may also be some professional rivalry.

1825. If there were a certain fraction of the Academy who were non-professional men, so far as they were concerned, that professional rivalry which you spoke of would not exist, would it?—I think it might just as much. The non-professional members might have some friends whom they would attempt to bring in, just as much as the Academicians.

1826. (*Lord Elcho*): That would not be professional rivalry?—But it would be prejudice in favour of some friend or supposed genius.

1827. (*Mr. Reeve*): Would you agree to this, that the great object of such a body as the Academy ought to be that the power vested in their hands should be exercised as much as possible on public and general grounds, and as little as possible on private and personal grounds?—Most undoubtedly.

1828. By the rules of the Academy it is provided that 'There

shall be a Chaplain of high rank in the Church. There shall be a Professor of Ancient History, a Professor of Ancient Literature, an Antiquary, and a Secretary for Foreign Correspondence—men of distinguished reputation.' Do these persons perform any duties whatever?—I believe that the Chaplain says grace at the dinner—nothing more.

1829. Might it not be desirable that those gentlemen, men of distinguished reputation, who are selected by the Academy, should have either duties or power attached to their office in those matters with which they would, as men of the world and men of eminence, be conversant? For instance, that they should give lectures, that they should have votes in the general assembly, and be eligible to the Council?—There I think you would be going beyond a limit which I think it is necessary to preserve.

1830. You would not give them the privileges and the duties of the other members of the Academy?—I should consider them only honorary members. Any opinion or advice on a subject in which they were eminent would be of course most gratefully received, but still, on questions of art and on elections, their opinions would not be so valuable. I cannot conceive that the Chaplain's opinion, for instance, on the question whether A or B should have a medal would be of any great value.

1831. You would prefer that those honorary memberships should remain pure sinecures?—Yes; but if the honorary members chose to deliver lectures on subjects on which they were authorities, I think the Academy would feel most grateful.

1832. Admitting that the opinions of those gentlemen would not be of much value on the distribution of medals or the hanging of pictures, are there not many questions connected with the fine arts in this country and with the government of the Academy in which the opinion of such men might be of use? Might not those persons act as a link between the professional members of the Academy and the State?—I do not think that they would. I think that nearly every lay member of a body would have some professional friend of whose opinion he would be really only the reflection.

1833. Do you conceive that five gentlemen of distinguished reputation could not be found who would exercise this public trust with singleness of purpose and solely in view of the interests of art, without private motives?—I do not doubt their singleness

of purpose or honourable intentions in the least degree, but in proportion as they were less informed than artists, they would be liable to erroneous judgments, and I fear their appointment would lead to favouritism.

1834. Might not that be obviated by their being nominated by the Crown?—There would be great difficulty then as to who should advise the Crown. The Crown ought to be advised upon such a point by the artistic body.

1835. (*Chairman*): Are you afraid that political influence would step in?—Not at all. I fear that lay members would be influenced by the prevailing fashion of the time.

1836. (*Lord Elcho*): There have been many Commissions nominated for the purpose of judging of works sent in for public competition. You yourself were one of the prizemen at the exhibitions of cartoons in Westminster Hall, were you not?—Yes.

1837. Those works were judged of by a Commission?—Yes, a mixed Commission.

1838. There have been several mixed Commissions, have there not, for similar purposes?—I am not aware of the number of them.

1835. For instance, the Commission which sat on the designs for the Foreign Office; in short, there have been various Commissions on matters of art. How were they chosen—they were nominated by the Crown, were they not?—I do not know.

1840. Have those Commissions, do you think, on the whole, worked satisfactorily?—Yes; I think on the whole they have.

1841. Do you think that their judgment on the matters referred to them was a fair and sound judgment?—I am not prepared to say that I do in every particular.

1842. Take the first Commission to which I referred, the Commission in which I think you got a premium. Do you think that the judgment of that Commission was sound?—I think so, generally; but there may have been exceptions. It must be also borne in mind that the late chairman of that Commission was a really practical artist, and that the secretary is a most accomplished artist.

1843. Do you think that the judgment would have been sounder upon that occasion if the Commission had been composed solely of members of the Royal Academy?—No, perhaps not. I think it would have been as sound.

1844. (*Sir E. Head*): The Academy, in your opinion, ought to contain within itself the best painters, architects, and sculptors in the kingdom?—Yes.

1845. With a view to the application of the arts to public monuments and to the decoration of public buildings, and matters which the Government has to carry out, is it most desirable, in your judgment, that the opinion of the Academy, consisting of the best painters, architects, and sculptors, should be brought as much as possible to tell upon those who are charged with the execution of those works?—Yes, I think it should be.

1846. Would not that opinion be much more likely to be made to tell upon the Government, and upon those in whom the discretion was vested, if a certain number of men of position moving in the world, perhaps connected with the Government themselves, were in constant contact with the members of the Academy and virtually a part of the body?—I think that end would be gained perfectly without their being actual members of the body. I think that by following the precedent which has been mentioned, namely, selecting the most fit members out of that body, who themselves had no self-interest to serve, to be united with lay members of a Commission, you would get perhaps a still better opinion, and it would be less likely that there would be any favouritism or professional rivalry to interfere with their judgment.

1847. You are of opinion that a standing mixed Commission, consisting partly of professional men and partly of non-professional men, should be at the command of the Government, or should be consulted upon matters of art?—I think so.

1848. Rather than that those matters of art should be acted upon by the direct influence of the Academy, you think that they should be assisted through this non-professional medium?—I think that, upon the whole, that would be better. I think that there are a great many objections to the Academy alone doing it. They would be in a most painful position: their decision might not be always satisfactory, even to the members themselves. The majority would, of course, carry the vote, but there might be so large a minority that the result might not be satisfactory to the body at large, and perhaps unsatisfactory to the country, a responsibility which it would be scarcely fair to put upon them; besides which, many of the members of the Academy might be

candidates for public works themselves, and they would, therefore, not be eligible. I think that for such purposes a mixed Commission such as you have mentioned would be better.

1849. Do you not think that in such a mixed Commission as that, to which questions of professional excellence would be submitted, the same objection exists to the non-professional element as would exist to the admission of the Academy itself?—I think it would to a certain extent; but inasmuch as it is possible that the non-professional members might be influenced in some degree by the professional opinions, and as their united opinion might have great weight with the public, there would be less objection.

1850. Having regard not to the weight with the public, but to the intrinsic excellence of the advice given, you think that it would be better if such a Commission consisted of artists alone?—I think that a judicious selection of impartial and disinterested members of the Royal Academy would give the soundest opinion the country can produce.

1851. You think that such a select or intermediate body would be or might be consulted upon matters of public taste, and would be more valuable, so far as its opinion itself was concerned, if it consisted wholly of artists, than if it included the non-professional element also?—I think it would if the selection were good; it must depend upon the choice made out of the body.

1852. Who is to make the selection of the professional men? the same difficulty meets you there, does it not, as there is with regard to the selection of non-professional men?—The selection would be, perhaps, better made by non-professionals. I think that the opinion of certain members of the Royal Academy on any question of art would be invaluable; but I think that the opinion of some members of that body, from their not having given certain subjects very much attention, would not be worth having, nor would they wish to give it; but when you can get a man perfectly disinterested who has practised art, and who has catholic feelings in art, that man's opinion is worth having, and is the most valuable opinion upon the whole that you can have.

1853. Are you speaking of professional men?—Yes, there are such men in the Academy.

1854. You do not think it desirable that the direct opinion or judgment of the Academy should be brought to bear upon those

subjects without the intervention of some other body?—With regard to the public, it would be better to have that non-professional element also.

1855. I do not exactly understand why the non-professional element would be beneficial in the intermediate body, and hurtful in the Academy?—I think that the questions in the Academy refer much more to the management of the institution itself, and, in fact, are matters of detail which only artists of practical experience are competent to discuss.

1856. Do you not think that, with a selection of non-professional persons, such as Lord Elcho was speaking of, some candidates might be put in of moderation of feeling and gentlemanly character sufficient to guard against their vexatious interference with purely technical details? Do you think that there would be any inclination on the part of persons of that kind to interfere in purely professional subjects in a manner which would either inspire mistrust, or would cross the feelings and wishes of the Academicians and artists?—I do not think that there would. I cannot conceive that they would have any such object or feeling; at the same time I think that the judgment of the Academy would be considered a more competent tribunal by the outside artists, on questions of excellence, than if their judgment were watered by non-professional influence.

1857. (*Mr. Reeve*): The members of the Academy, being professional men, contribute to the funds of the Academy by exhibiting. If non-professional men were virtually members of the Academy, there would be this distinction between them and the professional men, that they would contribute nothing to the funds. Has that distinction anything to do with your objection to non-professional men?—Not the least.

1858. I believe you are a trustee of the funds of the Academy?—Yes.

1859. Did you execute any instrument on becoming a trustee?—No.

(The witness withdrew.)

APPENDIX II.

CATALOGUE OF PICTURES PAINTED BY C. W. COPE.*

Date of
Painting.

1832. 1. Small picture of a girl.
 2. The Golden Age : kit-cat, exhibited at Royal Academy ; not sold.
 3. Portrait of G. Hallam, two years old : painted for Geo. Hallam, Esq. (and a small head of ditto presented), exhibited at Royal Academy, 1851, well hung.
 4. Portrait of Miss Worthington, afterwards Mrs. Wilner.
1834. 5. Study of a girl's head (Michele) : presented to Arthur Glennie.
 6. The Sirens (painted at Florence) : bought by Miss Worthington, and presented to R. Sullivan, Esq. ; exhibited at Royal Academy (Somerset House), hung in Antique Room.
 7. Small head of Eugénie Sullivan : presented to R. Sullivan, Esq. ; not exhibited.
 8. Small portrait of son of Sir H. Floyd (Florence) : not exhibited.
 9. Mother and Child (three-quarters, Florence) : exhibited at British Gallery ; sold to Mr. Beckford, Bath ; repeated for Marquis of Lansdowne, 1842 (No. 42 infra).
 10. The Convent Door : painted at Florence for Wm. Hey, Esq. ; kit-cat canvas, exhibited at British Gallery.

* This list is taken from a note-book in my father's (or mother's) writing.—ED.

- Date.
1835. 11. The Condemnation : half-length, exhibited at Royal Academy (1836), hung in ante-room (not sold); called in Royal Academy catalogue 'The Death Warrant.'
12. The Lovers : three-quarter panel, exhibited at British Institution; sold to Henry Atkinson, Esq.; repeated for Mr. Kiallmark (No. 13).
13. The Highland Soldier's Return : exhibited at British Institution; sold to Mr. Mollison, an engraver.
14. Dog and Boy (called 'Cronies' in Royal Academy catalogue, 1837): half-length, exhibited at Royal Academy; given to R. Sullivan.
15. Watteau subject : three-quarter panel, exhibited at British Institution; forget what became of it.
16. Paolo and Francesca : Bishop's half-length canvas, exhibited at Royal Academy (1837), hung in left angle of great room, just above line; sold to the *original* Art Union.
1836. 17. 'Love in the Virgin Breast of Beauty Lying': exhibited at British Institution; not sold.
18. Portrait of Mr. Minshull : sent to Royal Academy; rejected.
19. Ditto repeated, 1845.
20. Portrait of J. H. Andresen of Christiania, as a young Franciscan monk : cleaned and presented to him in 1859.
21. Doorway of St. Mark's, Venice : exhibited at British Gallery (painted at Venice); sold to Marquis of Lansdowne.
- 1836? 22. The Interior of an Italian Osteria : about seven feet, exhibited at Royal Academy, 1838.
1837. 23. Study from Miss Kiallmark, looking up : given to her.
24. Maiden Meditation, done from Miss Kiallmark, size of life : exhibited at British Institution; sold to Mr. Harris; bought by Mr. Walford, Lowndes Square.
25. The Applicant : exhibited at Liverpool; sold to John Clow, Esq.; bought at his sale, 1852, by Miller.

Date.

26. Portrait of Mrs. Atkinson : small half-quarter.
27. Portrait of Mrs. Holroyd.
- 28? The Post Office : exhibited at British Gallery.
29. The Chess-Players : exhibited at British Gallery (not sold) ; Liverpool ; Glasgow, 1851.
30. Portrait of Richard Atkinson, Esq. : not exhibited ; sold to Miss Atkinson. [Second portrait painted in 1844 (?).]
- Probably* 1838. 31. Osteria di Campagna, between Rome and Ancona—Vettura Travellers' Repast ; German students in the background : hung under the line in first room, and at Manchester Exhibition, 1857 ; sold to Mr. Villebois, of Benham.
1838. 32. The Flemish Mother : exhibited at Royal Academy (not sold) ; Mr. Merrit, picture-cleaner, had it to mend ; hung in middle room.
33. Portraits of Sir E. Filmer's children : exhibited at Royal Academy Commission.
34. Dog 'Pepper' : painted at Barnard Castle ; given to H. Benning, Esq., now in possession of C. S. Benning, Esq., The Limes, Dunstable.
- 1839-40. 35. Altar-piece for St. George's Church, Leeds : size sixteen feet by ten feet, exhibited at Royal Academy, 1840, and at Liverpool, where it had the prize of fifty guineas awarded ; presented to the church.
1840. 36. Beneficence } upright, about two feet apart, ex-
37. Benevolence } hibited at Royal Academy ; hung under line in great room—' Help thy father in his age, and despise him not when thou art in thy full strength,' and ' Almsgiving ' (Royal Academy catalogue titles) ; painted for Mr. Sheepshanks.
- 1840-41. 38. The Board of Guardians : size about five feet, exhibited at Royal Academy—' Poor Law Guardians, Board-day Application for Bread ' (catalogue), 1841—then at Liverpool and British Gallery ; hung on line at Royal Academy ; not sold for two years, then disposed of to Mr. Cousins, an Art Union prize-holder. After Mr. Cousins' death,

Date.

- in 1890, this picture was sold at his sale to Mr. Cooper, Wellesley Road, Croydon.
39. The Penitent's Return: exhibited at British Institution; not sold.
40. Ditto, unfinished.
 ['Childhood,' Royal Academy catalogue, No. 1008, 1841.]
1841. 41. Mother and Child taught to Read: kit-cat, exhibited at Royal Academy, hung in architectural room; sold to Mr. Dorrington before exhibition.
1842. 42. Repetition of Mr. Beckford's picture, Mother and Child: for Marquis of Lansdowne; exhibited at Royal Academy, great room, under line.
 ['The Schoolmaster,' Royal Academy catalogue for 1842, No. 8.]
43. The Hawthorn Bush: half-length canvas, exhibited at Royal Academy, right corner of middle room; sold to J. Sheepshanks, Esq. "
 ['Hope,' Royal Academy catalogue, 1842, No. 193.]
1843. 44. The Cotter's Saturday Night: small half-length canvas, exhibited at Royal Academy, low down, right centre of great room; painted for Wm. Gott, Esq., of Leeds.
45. 'Search the Scriptures' ('Reading the Scriptures,' catalogue, Royal Academy): exhibited at Royal Academy, middle room, over line, large half-length canvas; painted for John Gott, Esq., of Wyther, near Leeds.
46. Portrait of Francis Wilmer (six years old): painted for Miss Worthington.
47. Cartoon of First Trial by Jury: exhibited at Westminster Hall; gained first prize of £300.
48. Jacob and Rachel: cartoon, exhibited at Westminster Hall.
49. Ditto, portable fresco, exhibited at Westminster Hall (destroyed by self in 1863).
50. The Tenants: exhibited at Royal Academy; bought by Dickson, of Bond Street; Art Union prize.
1844. 51. Palpitation: exhibited at Royal Academy; sold to J. Sheepshanks, Esq., before exhibition.

- Date.
1844. 52. The Cup of Cold Water: exhibited at the Royal Academy (No. 276); sold to Henry Benyon, Esq., before exhibition; bought by Mr. Munro (of Novar?).
53. Geneviève: exhibited at the Royal Academy; not sold; sent for diploma picture.
54. Portrait of Mrs. St. George Burke: exhibited at the Royal Academy; now at the Auberies, Sudbury, Suffolk.
55. Portrait of Richard Atkinson, Esq.: not exhibited; sold to Miss Atkinson. (Same as mentioned above, or a repetition?)
1845. 56. Cartoon of the Order of the Garter: exhibited at Westminster Hall. (No pictures in Royal Academy. Mr. Cope went to Italy.)
57. Small copy of Mr. Minshull's portrait: not exhibited; painted for — Morgan, Esq.
1846. 58. The Young Mother (nursing): exhibited at the Royal Academy, well hung in corner of great room; sold to J. Sheepshanks, Esq.
59. Pastorella: exhibited at the Royal Academy, sold to Sir J. Wigram.
60. Small cartoon (the second) of Order of the Garter: exhibited at the Royal Academy, hung in miniature room.
1847. 61. Maiden Meditation: exhibited at the Royal Academy; sold to J. Sheepshanks, Esq., before exhibition.
62. Robe of Righteousness ['Girl at Prayer,' Royal Academy catalogue]: exhibited at the Royal Academy; sold to Mr. Collyer, Art Union.
1848. 63. Cardinal Wolsey: painted for H.R.H. Prince Albert; exhibited at the Royal Academy.
64. L'Allegro } Exhibited at the Royal Academy;
65. Il Penseroso } both sold to J. Sheepshanks, Esq., before exhibition.
66. Cartoon of Griselda: exhibited at the Royal Academy, miniature room.

Date.

67. Fresco of Griselda : painted on wall of Upper Waiting Hall, new Palace of Westminster.
68. Small sketch of ditto, in oil : exhibited at the Royal Academy ; sold to — *Monro, Esq.*
- 1849.* 69. Fireside Musings : exhibited at the Royal Academy ; sold to *J. Gibbons, Esq.*, before exhibition.
70. The First-Born (life-size) : exhibited at the Royal Academy, sold to *Mr. Dewhurst, of Manchester*, in 1853 ; engraved for the Art Union, by *Vernon*.
1850. 71. King Lear : exhibited at the Royal Academy ; painted for *I. K. Brunel, Esq.*, for a 'Shakespeare Room' ; sold at *Christie's* in 1860.
- 72 and 73. Coloured sketches for the two frescoes in House of Lords, 'Order of the Garter,' and 'Judge Gascoigne' : exhibited at the Royal Academy, and at *Liverpool* same year ; *Glasgow, 1851*, screwed together (not sold).
74. Portrait of *Charles Henry Cope*, aged nine : exhibited at the Royal Academy (kept in family).
75. *Milton's Dream* : exhibited at the Royal Academy ; sold to *J. Gibbons, Esq.*, before exhibition.
76. *Evening Prayer* : *R. Newsham, Esq., Preston* (pencil note).
1851. 77. The Sisters (life-size) : exhibited at the Royal Academy (high), and *Manchester* same year ; sold at *Manchester* to *Watt* (Dec. 23, 1851).
- 78, 79, 80. Three subjects from the life of *Lawrence Saunders*, second martyr in *Queen Mary's* reign : exhibited at the Royal Academy, hung on the line, left hand, middle of second room ; sold to *Mrs. Thurnburn, of Murtle, Aberdeenshire* (July, 1851).
81. Portrait of little *Hallam*, painted at *Florence* : exhibited at the Royal Academy this year, well hung.
82. Portrait of *Lizzie Benning* (wife's cousin) : exhibited at the Royal Academy, large room.

* *Mr. Cope* one of the Hanging Committee this year.

- Date.
1852.
83. Marriage of Griselda : exhibited at the Royal Academy, large room, right hand, on line ; commission from Mr. Betts, of Preston Hall, Kent.*
84. Creeping like Snail unwillingly to School : exhibited at Royal Academy, right-hand side, in corner, well hung—little picture ; sold first day to Mr. Bashall, of Preston.
85. Blacksmith's Shop, painted on the spot at Aboyne : exhibited at Royal Academy, well hung, large room, left corner, screen.
86. Portrait of Florence Cope at Dinner-time : exhibited at Royal Academy, left side, on line, very well seen ; sent to Paris Exposition Universelle, 1867 ; property of C. H. Cope, 1890.
87. Drawing in chalk of little Christopher, taken after death : exhibited at Royal Academy, miniature room, on the line ; presented to the parents.
88. Portrait in oil, life-size, of Hon. W. S. Lascelles : not exhibited ; presented to Lady Caroline Lascelles ; painted from recollection ; engraved by F. Holls.
89. Drawing in chalk of old Mr. Hardy, Mrs. Christopher's father : not exhibited ; sold to them.
- 1853.
90. Othello relating his Adventures : exhibited at Royal Academy, great room, south wall, right-hand side ; commission from Mr. Barlow, of Upton Hall, Ardwick, Manchester ; sold by him, in 1857, to a dealer, and then to Mr. Houldsworth Motherwell, near Coltness.
91. The Page : exhibited at Royal Academy, middle room, next the centre, on line ; commission from Mrs. Phillips, of Heath House, Staffordshire.
92. Mother and Child : exhibited at Royal Academy, large room, left-hand corner—small picture ; bought by Mr. Sheepshanks.
93. The Mother's Kiss (life-size) : exhibited at Royal Academy, large room, left corner on entering, north wall ; not sold.

* Sent in August to Manchester, where the prize of 100 guineas was awarded it, Oct. 9.

Date.

94. Portraits of Eugénie Sullivan, painted in Italy, 1834 (No. 7), when seven years old, and her daughter, Greta Bell (No. 89), painted 1853, when five years old : exhibited at Royal Academy, end of large room, east wall, to right of President's picture, on the line ; presented to Robert Sullivan, Esq., Rutland Gate.
1854. 95. The Friends (portraits of C. H. C. and Charlotte Ellen, looking over 'Robinson Crusoe') : exhibited at Royal Academy, large room, south wall ; bought by J. H. Robinson, Esq., before exhibition.
96. Baby's Turn (Emily and Charlotte Ellen Cope feeding) : exhibited at Royal Academy, large room, north-east corner ; sold the first day to Mr. Lloyd, a dealer ; then, 1857, to — Rodgett, Esq., Preston ; to Wallis, dealer, 1859, and by him to Graves, 1860, to be engraved.
97. Cartoon of Lara (and fresco) : not exhibited.
98. Small oil sketch of Lara : not exhibited ; sold to Art Union of Glasgow in 1857.
1855. 99. Royal Prisoners (death of Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I.) : exhibited at Royal Academy, large room, line, right side of east wall ; sold to G. Courtauld, Esq.
100. Pensive (girl reading) : exhibited at the Royal Academy, large room, south wall, near east corner ; presented to H. C. Johnson, Esq., and left, at his death, to his brother, Edmund Charles Johnson, Esq., 4, Eaton Place.
101. Consolation (child trying to wipe tears from mother's face ; map of Sebastopol on the table) : exhibited at Royal Academy, large room, north wall, about the middle ; bought by J. Arden, Esq., Cavendish Square (copyright retained).
102. Portrait of Lizzie Benning (wife's sister).
103. Ditto, small (both kept in family).
104. Othello, replica, begun for Duchess of Sutherland (not exhibited, Mr. Cope being hanger that year) ;

- Date. sold to J. W. Leather, Esq., of Leeds, in December, 1855.
1856. 105. Departure of the Pilgrim Fathers from Delft Haven, 1620: exhibited at Royal Academy, west room, left side, centre, 1857; sold to Lloyd, and lent to him for two years for engraving. Lloyd failed, and the large picture was returned. Sent to America; afterwards, 1864, sold to Government of Melbourne, Australia, to form the beginning of a national gallery there.
1857. 106. Small repetition of Pilgrim Fathers: not exhibited; painted for him.*
107. Breakfast-time—Morning Lessons: exhibited at Royal Academy, east room, right side corner, well hung; commission for H. W. Eaton, Esq., 16, Princes Gate (now Lord Cheylesmore).
108. Affronted (portrait of Charlotte Ellen before dinner): exhibited at Royal Academy, middle room, right-hand corner; sold to Colls; engraved, without leave, by Bacon, for Lloyd.
109. Cartoon and fresco of Burial of Charles I., for Peers' Corridor.
1858. 110. Upward Gazing (baby Arthur): exhibited at Royal Academy, great room (N.B.—1, began in gray; 2, glazed over flesh; when dry, painted with opaque colour from nature, in parts. Sky, gray preparation, warmed with a glaze of red and yellow ochre; then ultramarine, and white over it when dry); sold to R. P. Barrow, Esq., Blackheath.
111. The Stepping-Stones: exhibited at Royal Academy, north side of great room.
1859. 112. Cordelia receiving the News of her Father's Ill-treatment: exhibited at Royal Academy, east end of great room; sold to Arthur Burnand, Esq.
113. The Elder Sister (Margaret and Arthur): exhibited at Royal Academy, middle room, corner; J. Lancaster, Esq.

* Lloyd?

Date.

114. *Repose* (Arthur as a baby): exhibited at Royal Academy, great room, north side; sold to J. H. Robinson, Esq.
115. *Cartoon and fresco of the Parting of Lord and Lady William Russell*: painted in committee-room B, and removed to Peers' Corridor, Dec. 8, 1859.
1860. 116. *Evening Prayer* (Arthur as a baby): exhibited at Royal Academy, great room, south-east corner; sold to Arthur C. Burnand, Esq.
117. *Rest* (Arthur): exhibited at Royal Academy, great room, near 'Evening Prayer'; sold to James Brand, Esq., of Bedford Hill, Balham.
1861. 118. *Parting of Lord and Lady W. Russell*: oil picture, exhibited at Royal Academy, great room, east end; sold to J. Kelk, Esq., before exhibition.
119. *Convalescent* (same size as 'Rest'): exhibited at Royal Academy, great room, south-east angle; sold to J. Fores, Esq., before exhibition.
120. *Scholar's Mate*: exhibited at Royal Academy, great room; sold to Duncan Dunbar, Esq., before exhibition.
121. *Fresco of Raising the Standard*: removed to Peers' Corridor, 1861 (December).
1862. 122 and 123. *Two Mothers*—1. 'She openeth her mouth with wisdom,' etc.; 2. 'Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain': exhibited at Royal Academy, great room, north-east angle. A mistake made in the priced catalogue prevented the sale of both together. The Good Mother sold to James Brand, Esq., on May 23. Not liking the separation, the Good Mother was borrowed, and exhibited with the other (head repainted) at Birmingham, 1864, and Mr. Brand consented to part with it again for the sum he gave for it. Bought it back from him, and sold the two together to W. Agnew, Feb. 21, 1865; he sold them to W. Mendall,* Esq., M.P., near Manchester.

* Samuel Mendel?

- Date.
124. Cartoon of Defence of Basing House: finished May 24; not exhibited.
Fresco of ditto: painted in water-glass method.
- 1862-3. Cartoon of Expulsion of Fellows done.
1863. 125. The First Music Lesson (Emily and Harry): exhibited at Royal Academy, great room; sold to Alderman Salomons early on private view day.
126. Morning Lessons (Harry and Arthur): exhibited at Royal Academy, great room; sold by Hart to Alderman Salomons, May 29.
- 1863-4. 127. Fresco of Expulsion of Fellows: finished and placed in Peers' Corridor before February, 1864.
1864. 128. Contemplation: exhibited at Royal Academy, left side of doorway leading into middle, great room. Picture begun in 1856; sold to Agnew before exhibition; he sold it to Samuel Mendel, Esq., of Manchester; copyright retained to C. W. Cope, his heirs, etc.
129. Portrait of Emily Cope (begun in 1860): exhibited at Royal Academy, corner.
130. Reading for Honours (C. H. C. at Abinger, done there): exhibited at Royal Academy; sold to Pockocke first day; copyright reserved and registered.
131. Cartoon of Train Bands.
132. Portrait of Mrs. James Brand: exhibited at Royal Academy, 1866, south side, east room.
1865. 133. Study of Fra Angelico, in oil, for a larger figure to be executed in mosaic: exhibited at Royal Academy, large room, right-hand corner going in; given to the Royal Academy, as well as Geneviève, for diploma pictures.
134. Large portrait of H.R.H. the Prince Consort (posthumous): painted in oil for the Society of Arts, to be hung in their large room with the Barry pictures.
- N.B.—May 1, 1865. Registered twelve works at Stationers' Hall, namely, seven frescoes and five pictures—Contemplation, Two Mothers,

Date.

- First Music Lesson, Morning Lessons ; Reading for Honours is copyright by agreement.
- 1866.* 135. Fresco of Train Bands, in water-glass, begun in spring, finished by the end of August.
136. The Thorn : exhibited at Royal Academy, centre room, north side ; sold to Agnew before it was finished ; copyright retained ; photographed by Bassano and Davis, but not published.
137. Posthumous portrait of W. Dyce, R.A. : head, life-size, exhibited at Royal Academy, north room, end.
138. Smaller three-quarter portrait, ditto : given to Mrs. Dyce.
139. Fresco of Speaker Lenthall, completing the Peers' Corridor series of frescoes.
1867. 140. Shylock and Jessica : exhibited at Royal Academy ; sold to Mr. Tetley, of Gledhow, near Leeds. (Mr. Cope hanger, instead of Sir E. Landseer, with Messrs. Richmond and J. Lewis.)
1868. 141. Othello (third picture of that subject, night scene) : exhibited at Royal Academy ; sold to R. P. Barrow, Esq.
142. Portrait of C. S. Benning, as Volunteer : three-quarter, exhibited at Royal Academy ; presented to him.
143. Pilgrims at Emmaus : exhibited at Royal Academy ; sold to Mr. Strutt, of Belper, in 1869.
144. Portrait of Colonel Trotter : exhibited at Royal Academy ; sold to Mr. Hicks.
1869. 145. Home Dreams : exhibited at Royal Academy ; sold to Messrs. Agnew.
146. Domestic Chaplain : exhibited at Royal Academy ; sold to Mr. Lees, Werneth Park, Oldham.
- Wellington and Dr. Hume : exhibited at Royal Academy ; destroyed.
147. Small portrait, whole length, of Dr. Pears.
148. Portrait of Rev. T. Chevalier ; large half-length.
1870. 149. Launcelot Gobbo's Siesta : exhibited at Royal

* Messrs. Cope, Horsley and Faed hangers this year.

- | Date. | |
|-------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| | Academy; sold to B. Peacock, Esq., Gorton Hall, Manchester. |
| 1871. | 150. Gentle and Simple: exhibited at Royal Academy; sold to Mr. Edwardes, Streatham. |
| | 151. Mr. Guy and Dr. Mead considering the Architect's Plans for the Proposed New Hospital: exhibited at Royal Academy; presented to Guy's Hospital; copyright sold to Mr. Turner, Treasurer. |
| 1872. | 152. Oliver Cromwell receiving a Deputation: exhibited at Royal Academy; commission from Mr. Cressingham, of Carshalton. |
| | 153. Contrast: exhibited at Royal Academy; sold to John White, Esq. |
| | 154. Early Education, by his Mother, of George Herbert: exhibited at Royal Academy; sold to S. Taylor-Whitehead, Esq. |
| 1873. | 155. Yes or No? exhibited at Royal Academy; sold to Evans Lees, Esq., Woodfield, Oldham. |
| | 156. Gentle Craft: exhibited at Royal Academy; sold to R. P. Barrow, Esq. |
| 1874. | 157. Taming the Shrew: exhibited at Royal Academy; sold to J. Fielden, Esq., Dobroyd Castle, Todmorden. |
| 1875. | 158. Quiet Employment: exhibited at Royal Academy; sold to Mr. Bowles, Enfield. |
| | 159. Home Attraction: exhibited at Royal Academy; sold to J. Robinson, Esq., Edenhurst, Sevenoaks. |
| 1876. | 160. Council of the Royal Academy—Selection of Pictures: exhibited at Royal Academy; purchased by George Moore, Esq., and presented by him to the Royal Academy, to be placed in the Council Room. |
| 1877. | 161. Bianca's Lovers: exhibited at Royal Academy; sold to Mr. C. P. Matthews. |
| | 162. Hope Deferred: exhibited at Royal Academy; sold to Mr. J. Fielden, Todmorden Castle. |
| 1878. | 163. Commander Cameron's Reception at Shoreham: exhibited at Royal Academy; sold to H. St. John Mildmay, Esq., in 1888. |

Date.			
1879.	164.	Hamlet and Ophelia : exhibited at Royal Academy ; sold to J. Dawson, Esq., Northbrook, Exeter.	
		Sad Memories	} R. A. catalogue.*
		Hesitation	
		Country Life in the Olden Times	
1880.		An Inquisition	} Royal Academy catalogue.
		Perplexed	
		The Good Shepherd	
1881.	165.	Far-away Thoughts : exhibited at Royal Academy ; sold to Mr. J. Craufurd.	
	166.	Janet Escaped : exhibited at Royal Academy ; bequeathed to Mrs. A. C. Auchmuty.	
1882.		Summer Time	} Royal Academy catalogue.
		Anne Page and Slender	

* Omitted in my father's note-book, but supplied by the secretary of the Royal Academy, from catalogues of those years.—ED.

APPENDIX III.

IN my mother's handwriting is a list of the cartoons in the following order :

1. Cæsar	Armitage	} £300
2. Caractacus	Watts	
3. Trial by Jury	C. W. Cope	
4. St. Augustine	Horsley	} £200
5. Cardinal	Bell	
6. Battle of the Beacon	Townsend	
7. Joseph of Arimathea	Parris	
8. Eleanor and Edward	Severn	
9. Alfred and his Code	Brydges	
10. Una	Frost	
11. Boadicea	Selous	

The following is the letter announcing the award :

‘ Gwydyr House, Whitehall,
June 26, 1843.

‘ SIR,

‘ I have the honour to acquaint you that the judges appointed to decide on the relative merit of the drawings sent in pursuant to the notices issued by her Majesty's Commissioners on the Fine Arts in April and July, 1842, and March, 1843, have awarded a premium of £300 to you for your drawing (marked ) representing the "First Trial by Jury."

‘ I have the honour to be, sir,

‘ Your most obedient servant,

‘ C. L. EASTLAKE, *Secretary.*

‘ Charles West Cope, Esq.’

The following correspondence took place with regard to the subject of the fresco for the House of Lords—‘Edward the Black Prince receiving the Order of the Garter from Edward III.’:

C. W. Cope to C. L. Eastlake, Esq.

Probably *Sept.* 30, 1844.

‘SIR,

‘I have been for some time engaged on the subject adjudged me by the Royal Commissioners for the fresco in the House of Lords—viz., “Edward III. conferring,” etc. That subject is involved in much historical obscurity, and Sir Harris Nicholas, who, with better materials, has investigated the subject more than anyone who ever lived, says that it never did occur at all, and that it is a positive absurdity. Under these circumstances I feel a difficulty about proceeding, and I would request of you to communicate with the Commissioners on the point. The Garter was worn as a badge before the institution of the order. The Prince never did receive it from his father, being equally a founder with him, and having himself most probably chosen his twelve knights companions. The nearest point about which there is no doubt is the three sons, John of Gaunt, etc. . . . receiving the Garter in 1361, which is historically true; but these would not be so interesting or conspicuous characters as the Black Prince. Under these circumstances, and in case the Commissioners decide on altering their decision, might I take the liberty of suggesting Edward III. knighting his son on landing, and just before the battle of Crecy, which would equally point out the King as the fountain of honour, and be unobjectionable in historic accuracy, more interesting, and with greater capacities for pictorial treatment? At the same time, I beg to state that, having settled on my composition and commenced some of my studies for the “Order of the Garter,” I am quite prepared to go on with that, should it be so decided by the Commissioners. I need not say that I shall be anxious to have as early a reply as convenient, as I am at a standstill.’

The same to the same.

‘Probably *Oct.* 10, 1844.

‘MY DEAR SIR,

‘I have conferred with Sir H. Nicholas, and also shown him the extract you gave me from a letter of one of the Commis-

sioners. He still upholds his former opinion—viz., that no such thing as any ceremony took place with reference to the Black Prince or the first companions or founders, either of investiture or installation, and that the Garter was worn previously to the establishment of a distinct order; that, since writing what has been quoted against him, he has made further researches, which are partly in the introduction to (latter part of) his work. However, that I may make no mistakes, I wrote down, from his dictation, as follows: “Sir H. Nicholas maintains that there is no authority whatever for the investiture of the Black Prince with the Order of the Garter, and that everything which is known respecting the institution of the order is inconsistent with such a ceremony ever having taken place in the instance of the Black Prince.”

(Both these letters are rough copies and unfinished. On the same sheet of paper as this last extract from Sir. H. Nicholas’s dictation is also apparently the extract referred to above ‘from a letter of one of the commissioners.’)

COPY.

Sir R. Peel to Eastlake.

‘Sir Harris Nicholas observes: “On October 12, 1347, the King and the Prince of Wales returned to England, where more triumphs were celebrated by jousts and tournaments; and there are strong grounds for believing that the Order of the Garter was finally established at his tournament at Eltham before the close of that year. . . .” That the selection made by the founder (Edward III.) of his first companions is an interesting part of the annals of the Order involved in much obscurity. He seems, however, to admit that it is quite clear that the Prince of Wales was one of the companions or founders of the Order (for Sir Harris Nicholas makes no distinction between companions and founders), “had all partaken of the recent glories of the campaign in France.” If (as it would appear they were from Sir H. Nicholas’s own history) the companions of the Order were originally selected chiefly, not exclusively, on account of military exploits in France, of which Crecy was one; if the companions were selected by the King; if the Black Prince was one, and the first, of those companions, I think the selection of that event as one to be commemorated in connection with the spirit of chivalry is not an historical absurdity.’

Copy of a letter from Sir Robert Peel.

‘Whitehall, Oct. 12, 1844.

‘DEAR SIR,

‘Whether this was the exact ceremony of investiture with the Order of the Garter in the case of the Black Prince seems to me a matter of comparative unimportance. The Order was founded by his father; it was finally established after military exploits in which the Prince took an active part. The Black Prince was the first companion of the Order. Whether his designation be companion or founder, the Order owed its institution to the sovereign—to Edward III. The Black Prince was not a founder in the sense which would imply that he, and not his father, founded the Order of the Garter; there must have been some act of royal authority, performed by the King, designating the Prince as a companion of the Order. The nature of that act is obscure, but surely we may select the act itself, be it selection, nomenclature, or investiture, as a fit illustration of the spirit of chivalry. I know none more fit. I doubt whether Sir Harris Nicholas’s second edition will throw much more light on the subject than his first, and I, for one, am ready to incur the risk of his new discoveries. “Nous avons changé tout cela” will hardly come with a good grace from Sir Harris in reference to events which occurred four hundred years since, and in regard to the true history of which he ought to be (at least, until his second edition shall actually appear) the highest authority. At present that is in our favour.

‘Very truly yours,

‘ROBERT PEEL.

‘P.S.—You may do what you please with my letter.

‘C. L. Eastlake, Esq.’

‘Whitehall, Oct. 19, 1844.

‘SIR,

‘In reply to your letters of September 30 and 10th instant, respecting the subject allotted to you, I have to acquaint you that, having submitted your statements to the committee acting for the Fine Arts Commission at this season, I am authorized to say that it is not considered expedient to make any change in the subject referred to.

‘I am, sir,

‘Your obedient servant,

‘C. L. EASTLAKE, *Secretary*.

‘C. W. Cope, Esq.’

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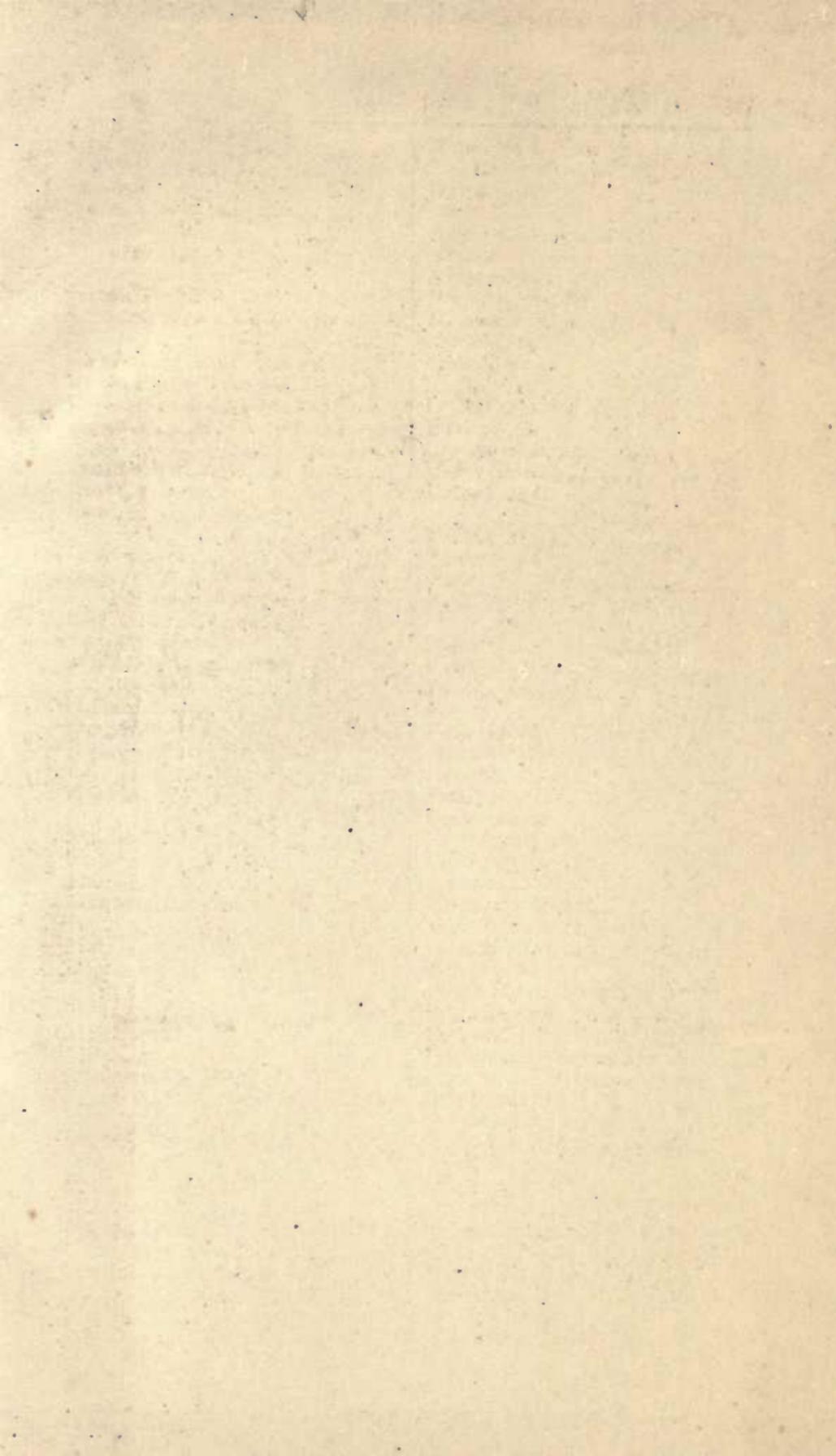
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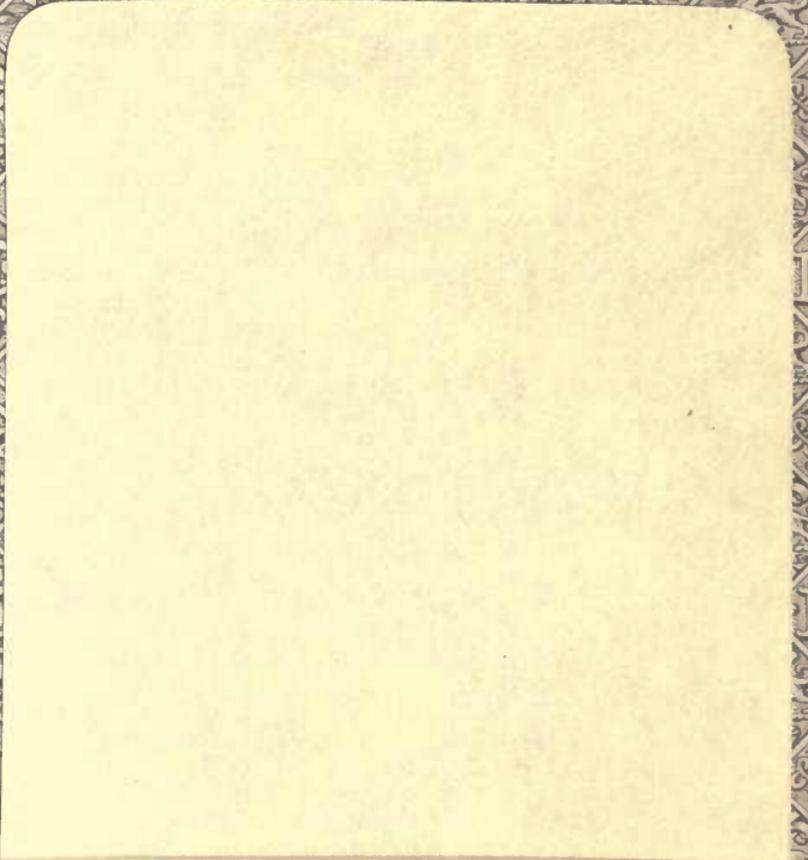
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